

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

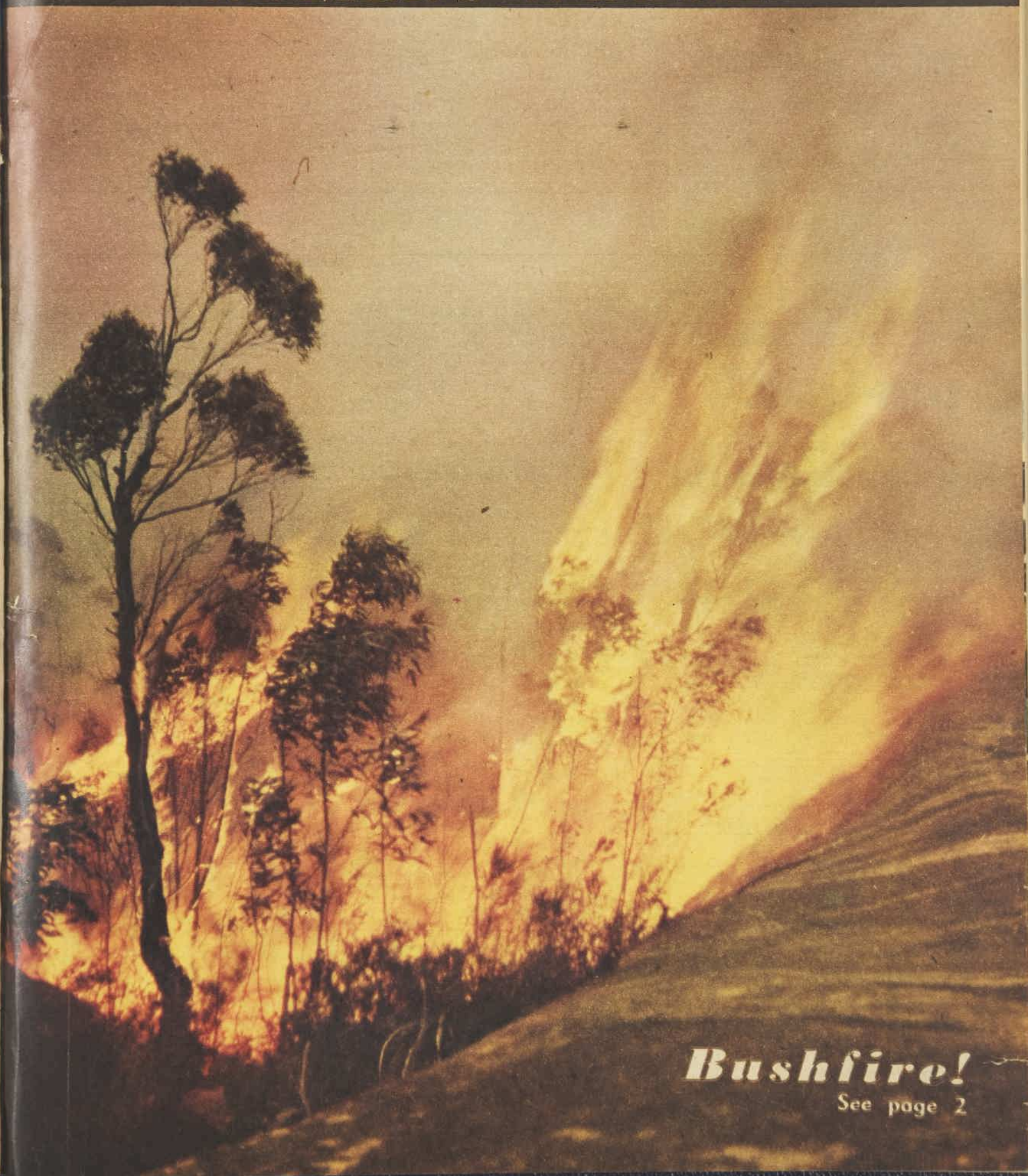
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 11, 1957

PRICE

9⁰⁰



Bushfire!

See page 2

Do it yourself
with bobby pins—a perm
and set all in one!



pin-Quick

Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls
(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut's Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours... use a hair dryer, go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven. Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home permanent you can quick-dry... and it sets the wave in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE sell Pin-Quick, the amazing, simple, easy-to-do home perm by Richard Hudnut... 13/-

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



GODDARD AND SONS LTD. MANUFACTURERS OF SILVER POLISH

House bright, house right
with

Goddard's
COQQ9LQ2



House-proud people everywhere ask for Goddard's—generation after generation. Goddard's polishes bring extra beauty into the home—and extra protection for your most treasured possessions. Yes, pride and good sense both demand Goddard's—because it's the best.

Goddard's Plate Powder—3/4 and Silver Polish—small 2/6, large 4/-

Goddard's Silver Cloth—4/-

quickly gives that silver-smith's gleam.



J. GODDARD & SONS LTD., LEICESTER, ENGLAND
Sole Australian Agents—Salmond & Spraggon (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 189C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 406P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Birling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

DECEMBER 11, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 27

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN

FOR Australia's total history of nearly 170 years, two of her worst enemies have been fire and flood.

But after seven generations, Australians still won't learn that although these two killers and destroyers can't be prevented they can be minimised and controlled.

Australians are casual folk with short memories. They live thousands of miles apart. A bushfire in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W. or in South Australia means nothing at the time in North Queensland or Western Australia.

Because fire and flood are seldom more than localised, there is never a sense of national urgency, of the need to organise and tackle a problem in a big way.

The flood waters recede... the fires go out... homes are rebuilt... tragedies become memories...

Until the next time, which to most Australians is remote, far off.

But next times do happen. Disasters that could have been prevented recur. And little or nothing has been done in between to save those lives lost or to prevent that valuable timber country from being ruined.

Every spring fire-hardened experts warn that it can and will happen again. And every summer some area gets burnt out because local authorities and citizens in that area have not taken the trouble to clear dry underbrush.

After every summer when the fires are out Australians forget—until the next time.

Our cover

● All Australians know the terror of bushfires captured so vividly in our cover photograph this week. The picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg as a fire swept towards the main section of the township of Faulconbridge in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales.

CONTENTS

FICTION

- The Payoff, Breton Amis 19
- The Round Voyage (Serial, Part 3), John Rowan Wilson 20, 21
- The Perfect Secretary, Robert Fontaine 23
- After the Interval, Margery Sharp 24, 25

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Princess Caroline of Monaco 4, 5
- Australia's "Lost Tribe" 8, 9

FASHION

- Candy Hardy 17
- Dress Sense, Betty Keep 31
- Holiday Fashions 40, 41, 52, 53
- Fashion Frocks 58
- Patterns 77

FILMS

- Fess Parker 65
- Film Preview 66
- Reviews 68

HOMEMAKING

- Beach Holiday Homes 33-37
- Home Plan 39
- Cookery (color) 43
- Prize Recipes 44
- Christmas Decorations 46, 47
- Gardening 49
- Transfers 59

REGULAR FEATURES

- It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain 10
- These Are Australian 11
- TV Parade, Nan Musgrove 12
- Social 15
- Readers' Letters 18
- Ross Campbell 18
- Stars 26
- Here's Your Answer 29
- Sweet and Sour 63
- Mandrake 78
- Teena 79
- Crossword 79

THE WEEKLY ROUND

The lovely French mannequins taking part in the Dior fashion parades in Melbourne and Sydney want to spend all their free time in Australia on the beach where they can go "sea swimming."

THEY have brought chic one-piece swimsuits with them ("No, no, no, not bikinis"), but are also looking forward to buying some Australian swimsuits, because they have heard that the local top-fashion beachwear is outstanding.

Incidentally, the mannequins are making the showing of the collection brought to Australia "le grand triumph" of their careers.

They are deeply moved by the fact that the clothes were among the last designed by the late Christian Dior, whom they all loved.

"He was like a second father to us all," said the premier model, Lucky, "and he called us his daughters."

"He was not just a genius and the greatest man in France," she added. "He was also a good man."

The parades end in Melbourne on December 4, and begin in Sydney on December 7.

DR. DONALD THOMSON, who took the color pictures of the nomadic Bindaboo tribe on pages 8 and 9 this week, and who is an excellent photographer as well as an anthropologist of world repute, guards his films zealously these days.

Some time ago he spent two and a half years alone with the then warring tribes in Arnhem Land, and shot thousands of feet of movie film of them.

Critics who saw this film in Melbourne acclaimed it as brilliant, never-to-be-repeated material.

Dr. Thomson handed over his master negative to the Commonwealth Government. One night the film was left out of the safe, and every inch of it was destroyed in a fire.

Dr. Thomson shot 4000 feet of film on the Bindaboos, and one of his first acts on returning to Melbourne was to have a copy made.

He wasn't taking any chances this time.

OUR Christmas cookery feature next week will be of special interest to the housewife who likes to prepare a hearty Christmas meal for her family but objects to spending hours cooking a hot dinner, usually in humid weather.

In addition to the traditional menu of roast turkey and plum pudding, Leila C. Howard, our Food and Cookery Expert, has given a menu for a picnic-style Christmas dinner outdoors.

"The idea of the picnic meal," she said, "is gradually becoming more popular in the hot Australian summer. Children, especially, enjoy the fun and freedom of being away from the house."

The outdoor meal is also particularly suitable for a big family group unable to be accommodated comfortably in a small house.

In addition, having been prepared the day before, it enables mothers to enjoy the fun of spending Christmas morning with the children instead of worrying about cooking the meal.

ON YOUR
"OFF"
DAYS
and those
uncertain
days
before



SANTY PANTS

... dainty nylon panty with special inbuilt sanitary belt. Moisture-proof shield gives complete protection. No belt lines to show. No embarrassing accidents. Know the poise of movie stars—ask your chemist or department store for CAREFREE GIRL. Spit Junction, N.S.W.

Your spots
go in a few days



A new balm heals complaints like spots, pimples, rashes, boils—leaves skin clear and healthy in a few days.

SKIN troubles like eczema, spots, pimples, sores and rashes don't heal unless you get at their cause—germs beneath your skin. Valderma, because it contains TWO antiseptics, kills germs causing skin troubles. And now Valderma contains amazing C12. Knits up damaged skin—ensures faster healing.

Try this simple 5-day test on your skin. Rub Valderma Balm on the trouble several times daily. Within five days you will see the difference Valderma makes. Irritation goes. Often in a few days your skin will be clear, healthy.

At chemists, tubes 2s. 6d., jars. 3s. 6d.

Valderma Antiseptic Balm



Enjoy personal freshness with

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

QUEENSLAND GOVERNOR IS ROYAL FRIEND



THE GOVERNOR-ELECT of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, at his desk at Clock House, Kensington Palace, where Sir Henry and his wife reside when they are in London.



LADY MAY ABEL SMITH, the Governor's wife, photographed at Clock House, Kensington Palace, the Grace and Favor residence of her mother, Princess Alice.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER, Elizabeth, who will accompany the Abel Smiths to Australia. She is photographed at her coming-out dance, attended by the Queen and Prince Philip.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● When the newly appointed Governor of Queensland, Colonel Sir Henry Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., and Lady May Abel Smith come to Australia soon they will bring both their younger daughter, Elizabeth, and recent memories of another daughter's wedding, attended by more Royal guests than when Queen Elizabeth married Prince Philip.



THE bride is their elder daughter, Ann, who calls herself "just Miss Smith."

In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on December 14, she will become the wife of David Liddell-Grainger, owner of large Scottish estates, and stepson of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, a former governor of South Australia.

The Queen will lead the impressive guest list, with the bride's grandmother, Princess Alice, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, the Queen of Sweden, and Princess Sibylla, of Sweden, who is Ann's godmother and was bridesmaid to Lady May.

Also there will be Queen Juliana and Prince Bernard and Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands.

Lady May Abel Smith's great-aunt is Queen Mother of the Netherlands, and Queen Juliana is godmother of Colonel Henry and Lady May's only son, Richard, of the Royal Horse Guards, who is on duty in Cyprus.

Chief bridesmaid will be Ann's sister Elizabeth, followed by German cousin Princess Viktoria Castell, Princess Irene of the Netherlands, and Princess Christina of Sweden.

In addition, there will be four more bridesmaids, three child bridesmaids, and three nages.

The bride will wear a white satin wedding gown and the family heirloom veil, which

LEFT: Ann Abel Smith, elder daughter of Sir Henry and Lady May. Her wedding on December 14 will be attended by many Royal guests.



AT WINDSOR for the Royal Horse Show, Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, in attendance, with the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne. The Abel Smiths, close friends of the Royal Family, share their interest in horses.

was originally given by Queen Victoria to the Duchess of Teck for her wedding.

Though Sir Henry Abel Smith is "something in the city" and is said to be a millionaire—he inherited the best part of £1,000,000 on the death of his father, who was High Sheriff of Nottingham—his recreations are stated simply in "Who's Who" as "hunting, shooting, and fishing."

Both Sir Henry and Lady May like big-game hunting, and their trophies fill a room at Clock House, Kensington Palace, the "Grace and Favor" residence of Lady May's mother, Princess Alice.

Among the game Lady May has "bagged" in Uganda is an elephant with 70lb. tusks.

When Ann is married and Christmas is over, cheerful, bustling Lady May will start

packing for the Australian trip.

"We will make a real home in Brisbane during our five years. The Queen said Government House was very nice and she was certain we would love it," Lady May told me.

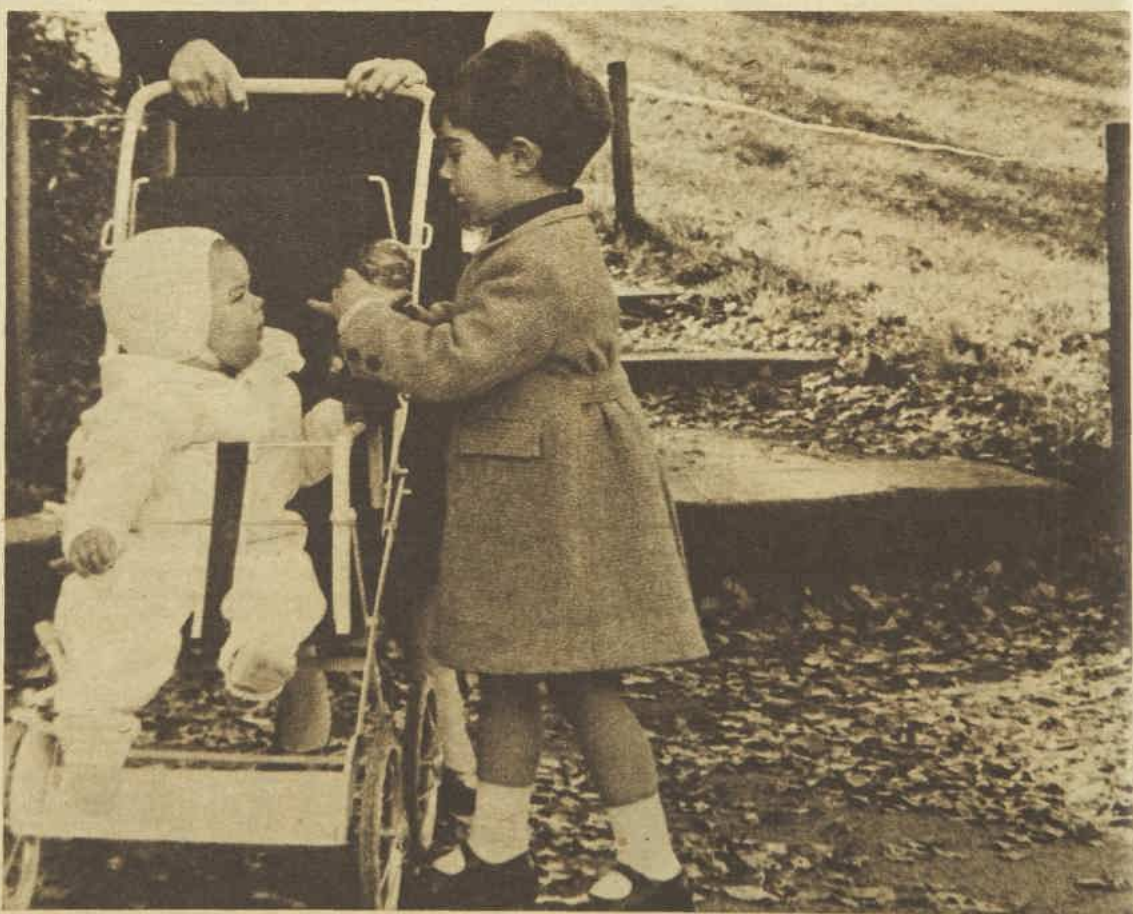
The Abel Smiths are true party-givers. Both Ann's and Elizabeth's coming-out dances were attended by the Queen, and were the brightest of their deb seasons.

An idyll for Caroline



A ROMANCE IN THE PARK

DURING her parents' recent holiday in Paris, Princess Caroline of Monaco, out strolling with her Swiss nurse, Nurse Stahl, in the Bois de Boulogne, had her first romance. A little boy (young, well-dressed, not handsome but very charming) played some music for her. She heard the serenade to the end, then accepted the gift he offered (below), a Russian doll.



for **COLOURS**

for **SMARTNESS**

for **STYLE**

insist on
HANDKERCHIEFS
made by . . .

NILE

For "Her" NILE . . . Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds . . . 2/- ea., 1-doz. box, 6/-.

NILE FLORA . . . Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured . . . 1/6 ea.

NILE FANTASY . . . Exclusive novelty prints—special large size . . . 1/11 ea.

For "Him" NILE . . . Attractive gift boxes . . . 1-doz. box, 19/6; 1-doz. box, 9/9; 3/3 ea.

NILE Initialed . . . Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9 ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.

NILE "JUNIOR"—for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.



New super-cream deodorant **SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS**

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry.
Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

Smoother, creamier Arrid

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.

ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE USE
ARRID—BE SURE!

Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.



PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS

Rainiers lunch at Buckingham Palace — get good advice from the Queen

● Over lunch at Buckingham Palace, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco decided to have a traditional English celebration for their daughter's first Christmas.

THE tiny pocket-sized kingdom of Monaco will be decorated with holly — from England. The baby princess will have a 60ft. Christmas tree — from England. Her Christmas stocking will be filled with toys — from England.

In an exclusive interview Princess Grace told me the plans she and her husband are arranging for their daughter's first Christmas.

"We have done all our Christmas shopping in England," she said.

Their Christmas will be modelled on the British Royal Family's at Sandringham, with carol singers winding their way up the hill to the palace of Monaco on Christmas Eve. "That will be after we have been to midnight mass at Monaco Cathedral," explained Princess Grace.

The cathedral will be decorated in white-lilac and the spring blooms that blossom in this sunlit corner of Europe where no holly berries grow, and where tropical fruits are still in abundance in the gardens of the palace.

But inside the palace it will be holly and ivy.

"We are overwhelmed by the hospitality and the friendliness of the English people,"

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

said the Princess, whose visit to England with Prince Rainier started on a right royal note.

Scarcely had they settled into their luxury suite in the Connaught Hotel than the telephone rang. "It was Buckingham Palace inviting us to lunch with the Queen and Prince Philip," said Princess Grace.

"We were thrilled and honored, because we so admire Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, and as our visit was strictly private, this invitation came as a complete and quite overwhelming surprise."

Over luncheon at the palace, Princess Grace decided that Caroline must have a Christmas like Princess Anne's and Prince Charles'.

Princess Grace, who expects her next baby in March, was eager for every detail of the lives of the Queen's children. And after lunch there was a visit to the nursery, where she met the irrepressible Princess Anne.

Anne's completely natural manner captivated Princess Grace, who confesses her one worry is that doting father Prince Rainier may spoil their only daughter.

"His Royal Highness spends every possible moment with his

daughter, Princess Caroline," said the secretary, who is travelling with them, Monsieur George Lukomski. "He is utterly devoted to her."

Buckingham Palace luncheon over and the Rainiers back in their suite, Princess Grace had a short rest, then — rather like a General marshalling his forces — she took Prince Rainier and their suite on a window-shopping expedition which was later followed by real shopping.

Into one of the biggest florists in London went Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. There the holly was ordered.

"Plenty of bright red berries, please," requested the Princess.

Lovely toys

Visits to the toy-shops entranced them both.

"We'll give all the children in Monaco lovely toys," said the Princess. "Every child must share our little daughter's Christmas."

Princess Caroline, whose birth saved the tiny kingdom of Monaco from being annexed by France and its citizens from paying heavy French taxes, will be feted over the festive season by the entire population.

Prince Rainier has ordered fireworks. Every fairytale figure, with Santa Claus and ingenious animals, will float as though from the heavens in a fiery constellation.

While champagne flows in the bars, Princess Caroline will be held up by her parents to see the celebrations before going back to bed.

"Usually we give our presents when midnight mass is over and we return to the palace," explained Prince Rainier's secretary, "but this Christmas it is to be different."

"Presents will hang on the huge Christmas tree, and before Christmas lunch, when Princess Caroline has had her gifts from her stockings, we will exchange ours."

Just as the Queen gives gifts to all her tenants from the 60ft. tree in the ballroom at Sandringham, so Princess Grace and Prince Rainier will give each member of their household — the staff and the carabinieri who guard the palace, and all the relatives who will be spending Christmas with them — presents from their tree in the ballroom.

Prince Rainier has put his foot right down on dressing-up as Santa Claus.

"He'll be too busy taking photographs," said secretary Lukomski. "And he's really still rather shy — better at



PRINCESS GRACE and PRINCE RAINIER in London . . . He refuses to dress up as Santa.

organising a good Christmas for all the Monegasques than being Father Christmas to just a few," he added.

George Lukomski has a little girl just two years old who is Princess Caroline's playmate.

"Caroline toddles in her play-pen, which is nearly always out of doors in the sunshine," he told me.

Princess Caroline speaks a few words in French and one or two in English. But she will have an English nanny early in the New Year.

One of Princess Grace's most important tasks in England is choosing the right nanny.

When the new baby arrives Nurse Stahl will stay with the second child, and Princess Caroline will pass from her care to the new nanny.

Prince Rainier had an English nanny (who is still in Monaco living comfortably as a retainer in one of his houses).

While Princess Grace is much too patriotic to buy most of her daughter's clothes anywhere but in Monaco, some of the shopping for Caroline has been in the exquisite baby shops in England.

"Toys?" I asked Princess Grace.

"My daughter is very high-spirited and it is unlikely that any toys will last long in her nursery—in fact, she is happier playing with two old sticks and a tin," she said.

Princess Grace, who has in many ways modelled her life on the British Royal Family, is, like the British sovereign, still utterly charming and simple.



"She's the image of her father . . ."



"Yes, she's inherited his eyes . . ."



"But she can look just like Grace."



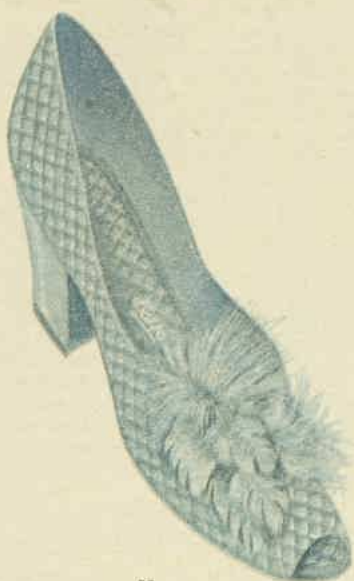
For Gifts that say "Merry Christmas"
for a long time . . .

Betta
"never wear out
their welcome"

**SLIPPERS &
CASUALS**



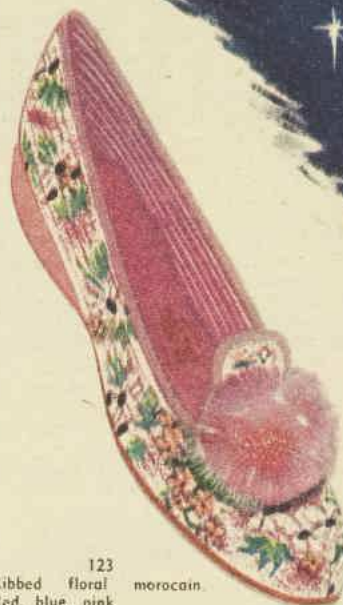
270
Men's airflow "Cello-
Crepe" sponge sole casual.
Cracker, punched pig, tan



27
Quilted satin, 12/8
Cuban heel. Pastel
blue, pink, and wine.



423
Quilted floral satin. Leather
sole. Coral, blue, pink.



123
Ribbed floral morocain.
Red, blue, pink.



280
Boy's and girl's
leather "Cello-
Crepe" sponge sole
casual. Red, tan.

2
Maid's dovtyn tapered
toe a/s. Red, blue.



350
Polka dot fabric flattie.
Leather sole. Grey, tawn,
black.



417
Multi-colored French
nylon scuff. Leather
sole.



409
Chinese brocade —
royal, wine, and red.
Leather sole.

★ At all good stores throughout Australia

BUY AUSTRALIAN MADE GOODS

BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO ST., ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

DIOR GIRLS HERE THIS WEEK



THE ESSENCE of Parisian elegance is crystallised in this picture of superb evening dressing. From left: Odile, in "Fete Galante," a velvet coat of Dior-red worn over sea-green tulle; Lia, in "Versailles," ivory satin, silver-embroidered; and Lucky, in "Ambassade," beige faille with stole. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● This is a Melbourne preview of our Dior parades which begin with a gala opening at David Jones Ltd., Sydney, on December 7.

The parades will be given each evening at 8 from December 9 to 13. On December 14, the final showing day, there will be a morning parade at 10 o'clock.



SVETLANA, 23 (above), wears "Aminte," a wonderful evening dress and matching stole of pink satin, both embroidered in silver.



FRANCE (above) shows "Sevres," a superb beaded evening ensemble. The dress is white satin, the coat pink velvet.



LUCKY (above) in "Florentine," a coat-dress ensemble in brocade satin. Dior described Lucky as "fashion come to life."



DENYSE (right) models "Bourrasque," a day dress in beige with an enormous cowled hood. It shows the new relaxed line.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF A LOST TRIBE



STONE AGE BINDABOOS, sitting on the rock-strewn earth of their tribal country 450 miles west of Alice Springs. This small group are displaying their catch of budgerigars, which splash, with brilliant green and yellow, the red rocks and spinifex of the Central Western Desert, west of Lake Mackay, and are one of the nomads' major sources of food.

Getting to know the nomadic Bindaboos

● Among the recently contacted Bindaboos, Australia's "lost tribe" of desert-dwelling aboriginal nomads, the men and women must keep apart during the day and drink separately at water-holes.

THE Stone Age Bindaboos live among the sand dunes and spinifex of the desert country west of Lake Mackay, which is on the Northern Territory-Western Australian border.

Their tribal lands, where they move from water to water like shadows, are actually in Western Australia and along the Tropic of Capricorn—roughly 450 miles west of Alice Springs and 450 miles south-east of Broome on the W.A. coast.

Until Dr. Donald Thomson, Associate Professor of Anthropology at Melbourne University, contacted the Bindaboos recently, practically

nothing was known about these desert nomads.

Reports in the past few years that small groups of desert people had made contact with whites at stations and missions led Dr. Thomson to believe that somewhere in the desert must be a pocket of aborigines whose Stone Age life had been untouched by civilisation.

(The Kimberley aborigines call the desert blacks Munjon, or "wild ones.")

With the help of Melbourne University, the Royal Geographical Society of London, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Ampol Petroleum Ltd., and the Olympic Tyre and Rubber Company, he organised an expedition and set out from Melbourne last May to find these aborigines.

With his technical assistant, Mr. William Hosmer, Dr. Thomson established a base at Mt. Doreen Station, 300 miles north-west of Alice Springs, and then set up a forward base at a rockhole known as Hidden Basin or Labbi-labbi.

Desert search

After finding deserted camps they set out in a jeep, supported by an R.A.A.F. Dakota with food and fuel drops, to search for the tribesmen among sand dunes where several times they were bogged for two and three days.

Eventually they met a pocket of 46 men, women, and children, and lived with them for two months, studying their language, folklore, and physical survival in one of the world's most arid areas.

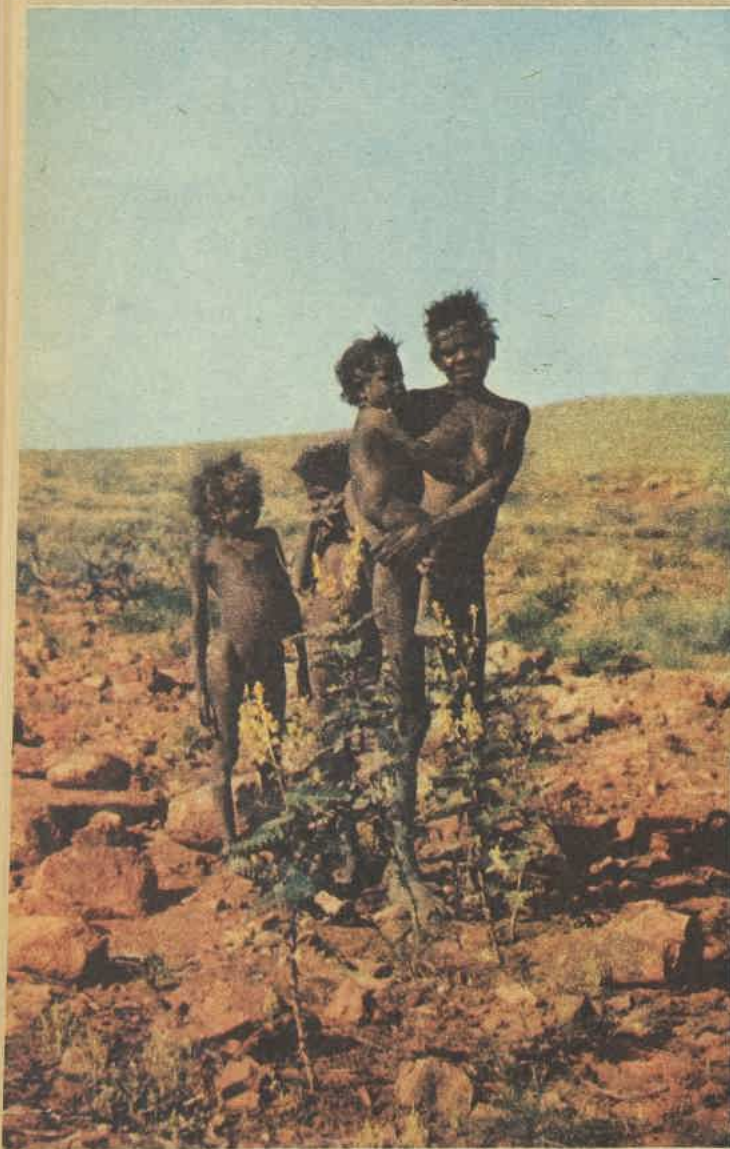
These blacks, although they had never seen a white man before, were friendly and helped collect Stone Age implements and plants and wildlife for Dr. Thomson, even at the expense of their own thin food supply.

Despite their harsh environment they were healthy and strong, were practically naked, and their temporary homes were only spinifex windbreaks.

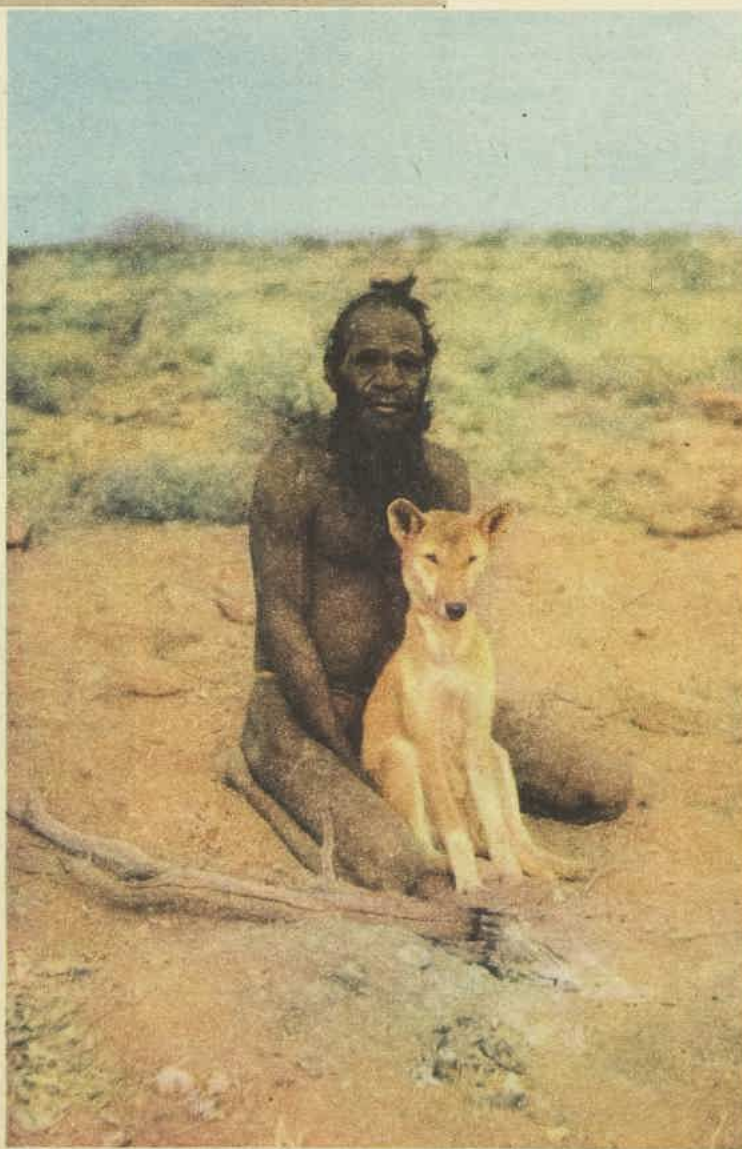
They could make and use fire, but had no cooking or drinking utensils. They drank animal-like from wells, soaks, and claypans, were expert hunters, and lived on birds, lizards, snakes, grubs, and vegetable matter, including dried fungus.

They also made a chewing tobacco from a plant of the nicotine family and made string from fibres.

Another fact Dr. Thomson learnt was that the Bindaboos mothers don't wean their babies until they are four or five years old.



A BINDABOO MOTHER and her children. In this tribe mothers never wean their children before four or five years, and always carry their youngest children when they go walkabout.



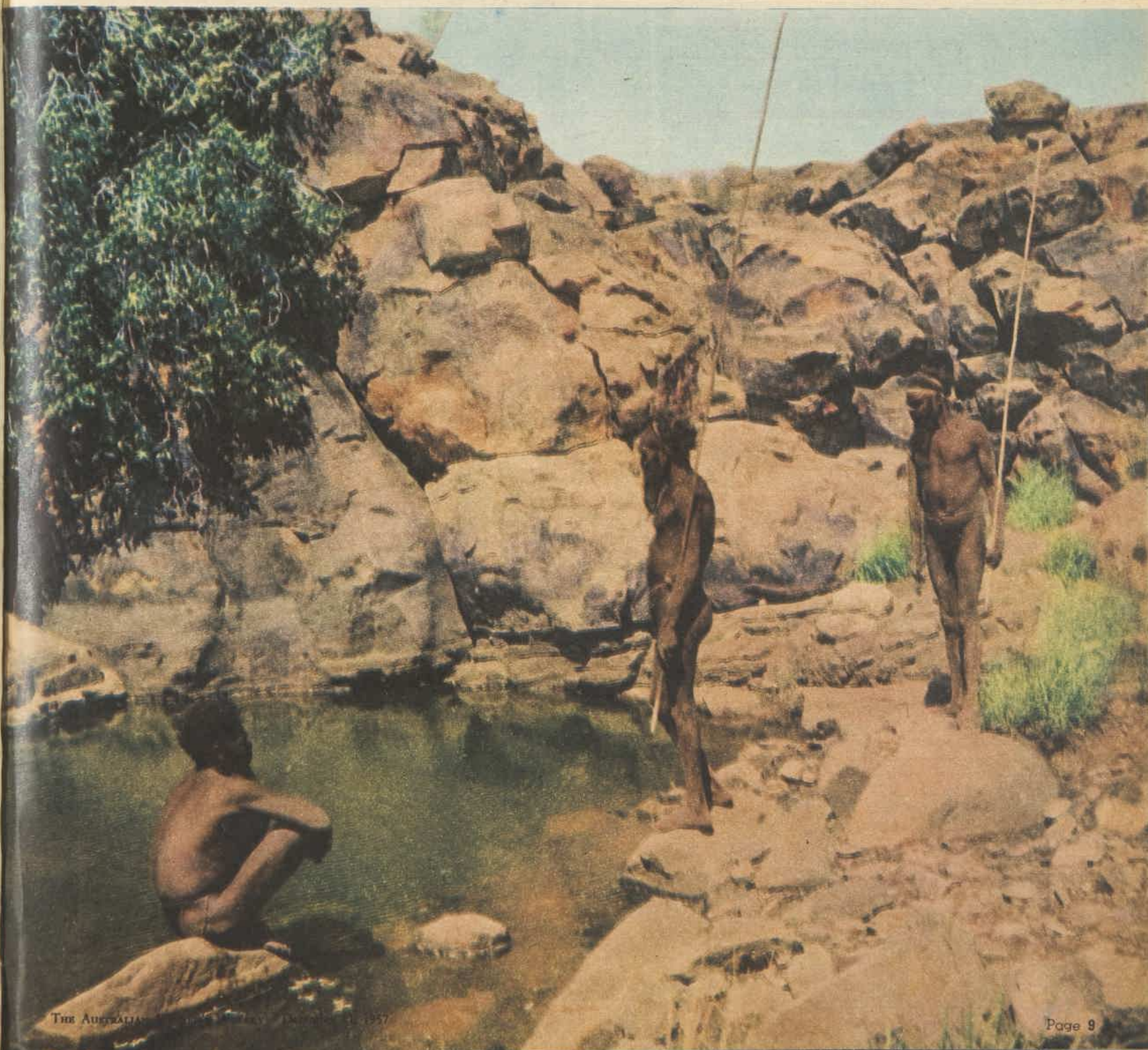
A BEARDED WARRIOR, a fine old member of the Bindaboo tribe, sits with his dingo, named Megalong. Lightly built, tawny-colored dingoes, which have great powers of endurance, are used as hunting dogs by the Bindaboos.

Stone Age people

RIGHT: Drinking animal-style against a vivid background of earth and blue sky. The tribe have no utensils, and never use cupped hands. The men and women must always drink separately.

BELOW: Black hunters, spears in hand, gather at the sacred rock pool at Labbi-lubbi to discuss the hunt. The Bindjooos have 90 secret wells and rockholes in their tribal lands.

—These color pictures were taken by Dr. Donald Thomson.





...Make sure it's
really Masonite*

(It's branded on the back)

Hardboards look much alike but when it comes to working with them, any experienced tradesman knows it pays to make sure the brand is MASONITE. That's why Masonite is always the world's most wanted hardboard.

Sold by authorised distributors and merchants throughout Australia.



* Masonite is a registered Trade Name.

MASONITE

The world's most wanted hardboard

**a professional
hairstresser**

in
your
own
home!

Wavol Shampoo, the choice of leading hairstressers, will bring to your hair that magical, "professional" look—a look of lustrous vitality and perfect grooming.

Use Wavol Shampoo for enchanting hair beauty.



Wavol REG.

Economical, concentrated, soapless shampoo.
For all shades of hair. 4 oz. bottle, 3/6
(Slightly more in some areas)

ASK FOR WAVOL AT YOUR NEAREST
CHEMIST OR BEAUTY SALON!

FOR THAT SPECIAL HAIR PROBLEM

Lustreol works miracles on dry, brittle hair. Use Lustreol Hair Vitaliser before shampooing, and watch new highlights spring to life.

ECONOMY TUBE 3/3 (Slightly more in some areas)



FATHER



"I know it's eight years old. I remember when you opened it."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE
"Pee just found that shirt we thought you had lost at Terrigal last Christmas... It was right down at the bottom of the ironing basket!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

WHEN Australian pioneers are mentioned, one thinks of bullock-waggons.

But there is a batch of pioneers a lot closer in time than that.

They didn't use bullock-waggons, except in rare emergencies.

There are a few of them still around. You occasionally meet them looking conservative, even portly, at gatherings where big business predominates.

They are the airmen whose early days made one of the most romantic chapters in Australian history.

If you're at one of these gatherings, and old enough to know the correct leading questions, you may be rewarded with some anecdotes of an Australian Wild West that dates back less than 30 years.

And if you like hearing those sort of stories, you should read Norman Ellison's newly published book, "Flying Matilda." I took it home last weekend with the intention of reading a chapter or two, and finished it at a sitting.

ELLISON is a journalist who knows his aviation and his airmen. Since the 'twenties he has covered the news that airmen made. He spent eight years on this book.

Many of his anecdotes are the kind that too often miss preservation in print.

One of them:

Arthur Affleck, first pilot for the first Flying Doctor, was sitting at breakfast in a Queensland hotel back in 1928.

A young man rushed in asking, "Has anyone seen So-and-So?" adding, "He's probably at the railway station. But I'll be wanting you and the Doc and the Bush Brother and the plane when I get back."

When the plane's complement landed at its destination, a country property, the doctor was superfluous. A baby had already been born. The Bush Brother regarded baptism as his first duty, but others present argued that this wasn't fair. The marriage should take place first. The Bush Brother yielded. The pilot acted as best man to the young man who hadn't left in the train. And the baptism followed.

Another story concerns the antagonism between C. W. A. Scott and Jimmy Mollison.

When Scott was told of airman Mollison's engagement to airwoman Amy Johnson he commented: "They deserve each other."

MORE than half of the book is devoted to Kingsford Smith, whose mother, before she died, lent Ellison the hundreds of letters she had preserved since Smithy was a child.

In a letter that Smithy wrote home just after the Armistice, in November, 1918, after a distinguished flying career, he said: "I suppose I should be thinking about what to do for a crust. Of course, I'm going to continue flying if possible so long as it doesn't come down to the level of being a chauffeur, which I don't think highly likely."

The modern chauffeurs of the air are still held in good esteem, but none higher than the old-timers. This book is studded with their names—Hudson Fysh, Arthur Butler, Lester Brain, Horrie Miller, Jerry Pentland, and dozens more.

It's worth reading.

MY home-front correspondent tells the following story to illustrate the trials of a wife.

This girl, married a couple of years, thought that her husband was beginning to take her for granted.

So she decided to adopt an aloof air, a cross between the great Garbo and the sniffer models in the high-fashion magazines.

She was sitting at the dinner-table, looking into space from below what she believed to be heavy-lidded, mysterious eyes.

At last her husband noticed. "What's the matter, dear?" he asked, frowning. "Have you been knitting too much?"

ANOTHER domestic thought comes from a news item about Leona Gage, the 18-year-old American beauty who was named Miss United States but disqualified because she was married.

Leona stated last week, "I've had no film work, but I keep trying. If I don't get a good break soon I'll go back to my husband."

Moral: A provident career girl keeps a husband in reserve.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote a verse about a woman who complained in a letter to a paper that she could not buy a bodkin. This week a letter from Mrs. M. L. Peel, of Reservoir, Victoria, provides a thrifty hint.

Her suggestion for a home-made bodkin: "After opening a sardine-tin roll the lid back to release the key. With a file, cut off the thumb-grip end of the key and then file it to a point. I find this is handy for basket work as well as threading tapes."

Mrs. Peel happens to own her own bodkin, a bone one which belonged to her mother. It's 88 years old and yellow with age.

If I ever make a sardine-key bodkin, I'll certainly hand it down to posterity.

CABLED message from London printed in an Australian daily: "The British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, will fly to Paris on Monday to repair Anglo-French relations."

Does it seem, this task of mending,
Of a kind to make you quail?
Did he take a thread and needle
Or a hammer and a nail?
How repair the strained relations
Twixt the English and the French?
Did he take some paint and putty
Or a spanner and a wrench?
Obvious, of course, the answer.
Politicians, eloquent,
Always use for bonds of friendship
Nothing but the best cement.

Play
safe in
the Sun
with
**Hamilton's
SUNBURN
CREAM**

AVAILABLE
AT ALL
CHEMISTS



Check perspiration—use

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

For smooth
well-groomed
nails

NEVER use scissors to cut away unsightly cuticle. It leaves nails rough and jagged; can actually cause serious injury.

The safest, quickest way to remove cuticle is with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

Apply this beneficial, oily liquid to sides and base of nail. Then simply wipe away cuticle.

Instantly, old cuticle disappears! Nails look smooth, trim—beautifully groomed! Discover Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.

Speedy relief from
BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!



GOULDIAN FINCH (*Poephila gouldiae*), perhaps Australia's most magnificent and colorful bird, is found only in the tropical north. Males, like the one above, are always more brilliant than females.

These are **FINCHES** Australian:

● There are 18 different species of finch in Australia, and among them are some of the world's most beautiful and colorful birds. They can be found in all parts of the continent, but the grasslands are their main habitat.

Gouldian, banded, and zebra finches by Mr. H. E. Brenion, Woodenbong, N.S.W. Chestnut-breasted finch, Mr. N. Chaffer, Roseville, N.S.W. Spotted-sided and long-tailed finches, Allen Keast, Sydney.



SPOTTED-SIDED FINCH or diamond sparrow (*Zonaegehinthus guttatus*). This bird inhabits the south-eastern grasslands from south Queensland to South Australia. Finches live in flocks, dispersing only to breed.



CHESTNUT-BREASTED FINCH (*Donacola castaneothorax*) is mostly a coastal inhabitant and frequents reed beds. Finches build domed nests of grass and lay pure white eggs, generally four to seven in a clutch.



BANDED FINCH (*Steganopleura bichenovii*) is an attractive and delicate little black-and-white bird. It is found in a wide belt extending from N.S.W. to the tropical north and west to the Kimberley Ranges.



LONG-TAILED FINCH (*Poephila acuticauda*). This species is restricted to the Kimberleys and the Northern Territory. As its name suggests, it has a magnificent long tail. Finches are basically seed-eaters.



ZEBRA FINCH (*Taeniopygia castanotis*) ranges all over the continent, but is more common inland. The male and female are differently colored. Australian finches have been exported to aviaries all over the world.

ALL DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS

(and no extra cost for the
Christmas dress)



GEMEY TALCUM AND PERFUME... a lovely combination gift set! Standard-size Talcum and Handbag-size Perfume. A present you'll be proud to give... 10/.



GEMEY "SPRAY" TALCUM... a plentiful supply of this loveliest of all Talcs in a graceful, refillable plastic atomiser... 9/.

GIVE A Gemey GIFT!



GEMEY "JEWEL" TALCUM... a generous-size container of delicately fragrant Gemey Talc in a unique, colourful, "gem"-design container... 5/11.



GEMEY TALCUM... always a handsome gift in its standard container—now, even more so in this special gift package... 4/9.



GEMEY PERFUME... the fragrance that lingers—a gentle reminder of you! Three sizes: handbag size, 5/3; pedestal bottle, 16/6; special de-luxe gift size, 67/6.

CREATIONS OF **Richard Hudnut** NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

WHAT nicer gift than Gemey Talcum or Perfume... always a graceful compliment, especially so at Christmas. This year there are three special Gemey gift packagings... but you must see them at your favourite chemist or store to realise just how attractive they are. Remember, you pay no more for the special packaging. See, also, Gemey Talc in the new "Jewel" container—it's a most colourful present. And exquisite Gemey Perfume always proves a most appropriate gift.

TELEVISION PARADE

● Television is the twentieth-century medium, innovation, entertainment, or whatever you like to call it, that seems to have had the most profound effect on those members of the human race lucky enough to come in contact with it.

SET-OWNERS need five years to take the medium in their stride.

The early years of set-ownership result in British viewers losing 15 per cent. of their leisure-time interests and initiative, but thereafter a recovery sets in which is nearly complete after five years.

These findings come from a paper by William Belson, Senior Psychologist, Audience Research Department of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

A study of the effect of TV on the interest and initiative of adult viewers was undertaken by the B.B.C. following a great deal of speculation about it in the Press and on radio.

The inquiry was intensive and lasted for more than a year.

British viewers who took part in the survey showed that it reduced their interest in film and theatre going, ballet, politics, and card and gramophone playing, although this loss has been balanced by the discovery through TV of many new things.

The "discovered" things include football, show-jumping, art shows, art galleries, archaeology.

Television doesn't kill outside interest in the critical years; it "stills" it, but the "stilling" influence diminishes after the second year.

Australian psychologists point out that this report deals with British viewers in the English climate.

They emphasise that Australian viewers are far more outdoor in outlook and have more entertainment initiative. In other words, they go out more.

And talking of the other effects of television, a leading Sydney doctor recently described TV as first-class mental therapy for elderly people.

It cuts down their mental distress as age and health debar them from active participation in the outside world.

He says that the flick of the TV switch enlarges their world dramatically, increases their interests and initiative.

HOW does Superman fly? I've been asked this question by children of all ages, aunts, grandmothers, and executives in high places, and at last I have the answer.

He flies and so does the scenery. But Superman's "Up and a-w-a-a-a-y" isn't as simple as it looks.

In real life Superman (ATN-Channel 7, 7.00 on Tuesdays) is George Reeves, an actor of some brawn and a pleasant face who hails from Illin.

He flies in a plexiglass cradle at the end of a giant mechanical arm. Reeves, got up regardless in his tights and sweat-shirt, settles down in his cradle, and the arm, some 30 feet long, swings him in every direction simulating flying motions of all kinds, including take off and descent.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

The giant contraption, known as a "gimble," is hidden from camera view, and the arm is painted white to blend with the white cyclorama (the flying scenery) in the back of a huge sound stage.

I hate to disillusion anyone, but Superman, plexiglass cradle and all, is insured against accidents while he's flying to the tune of 175,000 dollars (£A78,750).

Don't think any worse of him for this. He used to fly on a wire. One day the wire broke and George crashed heavily 40 feet below and spent a lot of time in hospital. That's when the insurance was taken out.

Reeves doesn't believe in doubles, and does all the acrobatics and aerobatics himself. He laughs off the whole thing by saying, "It's no sweat."

And without batting an eye he'll tell you about the foam rubber muscles built into his Superman shirt.

His greatest worry is kids. He says the tiny ones who see him are delightful. The little ones, too. The next age group is just as nice. But the next—"Oh Boy," says Reeves, "they're the reason I've taken up judo."

"It takes such science and concentration to condition the reflexes of one's stomach to accept the unexpected and unprovoked blow from a hefty youngster emerging from ambush just to see how really tough Superman is."

"These days I take up a defensive position even as I fall asleep in my bed."

TELEVISION is about to be hallowed by a patron saint. The Sacred Congregation of Rites which met recently in Rome is considering naming St. Claire of Assisi the patron saint of television.

The idea of naming her TV's patron saint was proposed first by Bishop Giuseppe Placido Nicolini of Assisi in 1953, the 800th anniversary of St. Claire's death.

St. Claire, in Assisi in 1212, founded a very strict Order which still bears her name.

When she founded it, the vows of the order demanded perpetual fasting and complete silence, but they have been modified over the years.

TCN, Channel 9 has what looks to me to be a sure winner in one of its new shows, "Circus Boy."

"Circus Boy" is scheduled for release once weekly "sometime before the end of the year." It lasts for half an hour and is complete in each episode.

The three main characters are Uncle George, a circus clown (none other than Noah Beery, jun.), Corky (Mickey Braddock), and his pet baby elephant "Bimbo."

Bimbo is no ordinary elephant. He trumpets knowledge whenever Corky tells a lie, acts as a taxi for Corky and his friends, and is generally an asset to his master and the show.

The writers of "Circus Boy" have spared nothing to turn out a show that will hold the interest of everyone from 12 years of age onwards.

It is set in a circus, on circuit in America, in 1890. The backgrounds against which it is filmed are authentic films of a real circus that then operated.

To get back to those writers—prodigal is the only word to describe them.

In the episode I saw (and enjoyed every minute of) there were bits of the actual circus performance; a visit to a gipsy encampment, where there was a king of the gipsies who was always addressed as "Your Majesty"; a bitter blood feud; a near drowning; an abduction; a chase between the horse-drawn gipsy caravans and the circus boys on their horses; a crash when a caravan rounded a bend and exploded in flames; a rescue; a love story with a happy ending; and, of course, all kinds of funny bits with Bimbo.

You'll like Bimbo if you like "Jungle Jim." It's got the same air of high adventure, only in a circus instead of a "jungle."

HOLIDAY DISPLAY

● To coincide with this big holiday issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, a special display has been arranged by Anthony Hordern's in the Manchester Department on the Ground Floor, Pitt Street level.

The display, from December 4 to December 11, introduces a range of exciting new towelling for beach and casual wear. These have been used to display designs like those on pages 40, 41 of the paper, and for which how-to-make instructions are given on pages 52, 53.

Of particular interest to prospective home builders will be the architect-designed beach home available from our Home Planning Service (see page 39). Complete plans, specifications, and working drawings are available at the store.

A special feature of the display is a varied selection of barbecues and barbecue furniture. Some barbecue ideas are also shown in the Campers' Wonderland on the Ground Floor, among items for a camping holiday.

Snow heroine to marry in Africa

By MARY LOU KAUFMANN

● Legless Victorian "snowgirl" Jennifer Laycock, who recently returned from an 18-month tour of Britain and the Continent, will soon repack her luggage—for her wedding in East Africa.

JENNY'S fiance is David Hall, British representative for a tobacco firm, and they will marry at his base in Kampala, Uganda.

She will leave Melbourne on the liner Iberia next month, disembark at Bombay to board the vessel Amra for Mombasa, and travel by train to Nairobi, junction for the rail journey to Kampala.

Jenny became known as the "snowgirl" when, in August, 1953, she was lost with a companion, Kirk McLeod, on the snow-covered slopes of Mt. Donna Buang, 40 miles from Melbourne.

Through four terrible days and five nights the couple stumbled helplessly over the frozen mountain.

When search parties reached them Jennifer was almost dead in the agony of frostbite.

Doctors had to amputate both legs to save her life.

Later, when describing the ordeal, Kirk McLeod said,

"She's the bravest girl I've ever met."

In May, 1956, she left Australia with two friends, Fay Maxwell and Joan Rodden, for a tour of Europe.

She arrived home 18 months later with 13 pieces of luggage and two pairs of artificial legs—"one pair for high heels and a pair for flatties."

"When I left for England I had no intention of receiving treatment," Jennifer said.

"But with all the walking involved in discovering new places and new people the single artificial leg I had then gave me trouble."

Last January Jenny entered Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, where doctors operated, and fitted her with new legs.

"They were wonderful to me at Roehampton, and I felt completely at home because my ward sister, Sister Corrigan, was an Australian who did her training in Sydney."

Once Jenny learned to use her new legs she and her 21-year-old brother, Bill—now on his way home—planned a trip to the Continent.

They bought a 1947 London taxi from a retiring "cabbie" and advertised through Australia House and the Overseas League for more passengers.

"We finally left in June with two Australians, Alicia Miller and Ray Joseph, and my fiance, David, who was at that time a stranger."



HOME after 18 months abroad, Jennifer Laycock is pictured with her mother, Mrs. W. Laycock.

"For three weeks we drove on the Continent—sleeping in tents by the roadside and in Youth Hostels."

Venice and Paris were their favorite cities.

So romantic

"Venice is so romantic with the gondoliers singing those wonderful Italian songs on the canals."

A breakdown 20 miles out of Paris was an honest excuse to delay their journey south.

"I was in the 'navigator's seat'—the remodelled luggage compartment—on this day," Jenny said.

"Suddenly nuts and bolts flew on to the road, and the car bucked, but we managed to pull up before one of the back wheels came off."

"Alicia spoke fluent French, so we had no language difficulties, but it was Whitsun weekend, and we had to wait until Tuesday before parts could be flown from London."

When they returned to England Jenny and David spent many hours together, and in August Jenny was wearing David's solitaire diamond engagement ring.

Then David returned to Kampala, leaving Jenny to shop for her trousseau and to "read, learn, and inwardly digest" the pamphlets about Uganda she had collected from East Africa House.

Jenny bought her wedding-gown in London—a Christian Dior model ballerina of white organza.

"My headdress came from London, too—a coronet of flowers with a satin bow at the back to suit my pony-tail hair-do."

Jenny is hoping that her family or some Melbourne friends will be able to attend her wedding.

"But if no one is able to make the trip we will see them again in 1960, when David gets his first home leave," she said.



DAVID HALL, of Sussex, England, whom Jennifer will marry early next year in Uganda, East Africa, where David is representative for a tobacco firm.

First of a new series—SCIENCE FACTS

THE earth's atmosphere consists of half a dozen fairly clearly defined layers—like the tiers in a wedding-cake.

The first layer, from ground level to about eight miles up, is called the troposphere.

And as you move up through this layer the air gets colder until, six to eight miles up, the temperature is about 100 degrees F. below freezing.

Between eight and 50 miles up is the stratosphere.

But within the stratosphere, and about 35 miles above the earth, is a special layer called the Ozone Layer, where the temperature reaches a most uncomfortable 140 degrees F.

This hot layer is caused by

With "The Earth's Atmosphere," we begin a new weekly feature, "Science Facts." In this series leading Australian experts will explain some aspects of science currently under discussion.

solar radiation which changes some of the molecules of oxygen into ozone.

The oxygen we breathe consists of pairs of atoms stuck together, but ultra-violet rays from the sun change these into ozone, or three atoms stuck together.

In the upper stratosphere—about 40 to 50 miles up—the temperature is way below freezing, and the "mother of pearl" clouds you sometimes see there are ice crystals.

But from the top of the

stratosphere to about 300 miles up the atmosphere gets hotter and hotter, rising to thousands of degrees F.

This area is known as the ionosphere.

It gets its name because ultra-violet rays and X-rays from the sun break up some of the oxygen atoms into "ions"—minute particles or charges of electricity.

But within the ionosphere are two special layers—like double icing in a cake.

The first, 70 miles above the

earth, is called the E. Layer, and the second, 150 miles up, is the F. Layer.

These layers, like giant curved mirrors, reflect radio waves and help bounce those waves around the earth.

Without them we would not be able to receive radio signals much beyond the horizon.

Between 300 and 1000 miles above the earth the atmosphere is known as the Extreme Outer Atmosphere. In this layer the temperature is hundreds of thousands of degrees F., but the atmosphere is so rare that it would not burn you.

About 1000 miles above us the earth's atmosphere merges with the sun's hydrogen atmosphere which completely surrounds our world.

Doctors prove
PALMOLIVE
can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive... it's so mild—so gentle... that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.



BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

W1128



A NEW CHRISTMAS NOVEL

by F. J. THWAITES

"WHITE MOONLIGHT" is another powerful novel from the pen of Australia's most popular author—An ideal Christmas Gift!

PRICE 17/6

AVAILABLE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS



WHAT TO GIVE HIM

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE!

Give him the **NEW** *Sunbeam*
MICRO-THIN

NEW efficiency
NEW convenience
NEW good looks

SHAVEMASTER

The gift for any man!



You'll be giving him the ultimate in shaving efficiency when you give him the wonderful **NEW** Sunbeam Micro-Thin Shavemaster! The basic Sunbeam shaving principle has always ensured a below-the-beard-line shave—a better shave than was possible with any other method . . . and **NOW**, with a 20% thinner shaving head, Sunbeam Shavemaster shaves *still further* below the beard-line—giving the closest, smoothest, best-looking shave of all. A Shavemaster shave is a super-close shave—sheer shaving satisfaction . . . and that's one of the most important things in *any* man's life!

*Here's the choice
of masculine colours and packs*

Top favourite colours, maroon or green, in convenient, practical, zip-fastened, colour-matched wallets.

Two-tone combinations of airline grey or saddle brown with ivory, in handsome, luxury leather cases.

ON EASY TERMS
£14/9/6

ON EASY TERMS
£15/19/6

Two-tone or plain—the shave is the same!



At Sunbeam dealers everywhere



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. David Gunning outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with the bride's attendants, Mrs. John Ansell, Marcia Moses (right), and flower-girl Maret Glanville. The bride was formerly Jennifer Chapman, daughter of Mr. George Chapman, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. Chapman, and David is the elder son of Mrs. John Gunning, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Gunning. This was five days before Marcia Moses' wedding to Philip Gibson, of S.A., set for December 3.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Carle, who were married at St. Matthew's Church, Baywater, London. The bride was Jean MacDonald, of Marrickville, and Cedric is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Carle, of The Entrance and Cronulla. They left for Canada shortly after the wedding.



LONDON WEDDING. Englishman Peter Moore and his bride (the former Cynthia Mason, of "The Mill," Tumut), with their attendants (from left) Jan Holloway, Tony Sutton, Lieut. John Mason, and Judy Scott, outside St. Helen's Church, Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The newlyweds arrive in Australia in January and plan to make their home here.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WITH end-of-year exams finally over and invitations to Yuletide parties arriving in every mail, it looks like being one of the gayest Christmases ever — with a non-stop round of parties for the young fry.

Eight Scots' boys have sent out invitations for a dance at Sherbrooke this Thursday, December 5; Hugh Campbell and Robert and Graham Hornabrook will be hosts at Florida House the same evening; and on Friday Lionel Abrahams is giving a "Tropical Night" party at the New Sheridan.

Carolyn Miles and Rosemary Wolfe have invited their teenage friends to "Come to the Casbah" at Carolyn's Vauluse home on December

7. Among the guests will be Suellen Wharton, Barney Allen, and Primrose Honey. Then on December 12 Philippa Scott, with Penelope and Anthony Deakin, will give a formal dance at her home at St. Ives.

Penny Horn and Ingrid Osborne have chosen the Elanora Country Club for their Christmas dance on December 16. More than one hundred guests will drive to Narrabeen for the party, including Sally and Julia McFarlane, Toni Mitchellhill, Henry Arnott, Duncan Osborne, and Tony Wilkinson.

And a week before Christmas, the three Albert boys, Robert, Edward and Tony, will be hosts to a hundred young people when their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert, give a dance at their lovely Vauluse home on December 19.

PRETTIEST hat at the Chapman-Gunning wedding was worn by Mrs. Roger Dunlop, who twined a wreath of waxy blossoms round her dark hair, which she wears caught back into an enormous bun. . . . Rod O'Connor and his lovely wife, Rosalind, came from Tasmania for the wedding — Ros wore a distinctive red silk dress, patterned in black, with a floating, swagged tie at the back . . . and swivelling all heads outside



EXHIBITION OF DRIFTWOOD. Mrs. Bill Kendall and her mother, Mrs. A. V. Maxwell, inspect some of the driftwood pieces on show at Mrs. C. P. Johnson's home in aid of the Ashfield Infants' Home.



QUARTET OF GUESTS who dressed as doctors and nurses for the "Night in Hollywood" at the Trocadero were (from left) Rodney Marsh, Robin Larnach, Jim Wiley, and Jacquelyn Brain. The fancy-dress dance was organised by the Younger Sets of the Torchbearers for Legacy.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Jeremy Whistler and his bride after their wedding at the N.E.G.S. Chapel, Armidale. Mrs. Whistler, an old girl of the school, was Sheila McDonald, of "Green Creek," Murrumbidgee, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Whistler, of Armidale.

the church was blond and elegant Diana Dawson (just arrived home from a holiday overseas), wearing a straight-as-a-die sack dress, buttoned all the way to the hem.

LOOKING forward to a skiing holiday in Austria in the New Year are pretty Jill Odillo Maher and June Hudson who will sail in Orontes on December 11.

AN heirloom turquoise ring that has been in the bride's family for nearly one hundred years was worn by Ann Martin when she married Anthony de Young at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Ann is the daughter of Mrs. C. S. Martin, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Martin.

Anne

MAIL ORDERS! WRITE "WOOLWORTHS' SHOPPING SERVICE" IN YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY



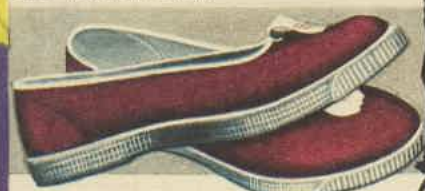
AMAZING DUPONT ORLOW! Heavenly soft cardigans. So light, so cosy when Summer breezes blow. Superbly styled, finely knitted. Easily washed, quick drying, S.S.W., S.W. and W., in lovely fashion shades and white. Sensational value. (Postal wt. 10 ozs.)

49'11



WONDERFUL NEW IDEA. America's latest fashion success. Earrings to mix or match. You make up your own designs and colour schemes. Tiny "flowers" just press into place. A new set for each day's ensemble. Strong clips. (Postal wt. 2 ozs.)

4'6



DENIM CASUALS by famous Czechoslovak maker. Non-skid white rubber soles and heels. Expertly made. Long wearing. Various shades. Sizes 2 to 7. Court style or Espadrille (Postal wt. 1 lb.)

14'11



NYLON GLOVESILK! The loveliest lingerie you could give. She'll never dream this luxurious quality cost so little. Trimmed lavishly with dainty nylon lace. Ivory, Tea Rose or Sky. S.W., W., O.S. (Postal wt. 6 ozs.)

SLIP 18'11



SWISS AND IRISH H'CHES! both famous for their superfine lawn and beautiful embroideries. The daintiest of patterns, superbly boxed. Huge selection. Boilproof. Boxes of 3. (Postal wt. 6 ozs. 3 boxes 12 ozs.)

7'11



RICH GLOVESILK NYLON BRIEFS edged with exquisite lace. Beautiful quality! Marvelous price! Ivory, Tea Rose or Sky. S.W., W., O.S. (Postal wt. 4 ozs. 3 pairs 8 ozs.)

9'11

More Christmas for Less Money! WOOLWORTHS

LOWER PRICES

Your nearest Woolworths store is teeming with terrific Christmas values. This is your opportunity to save — save — save on every Christmas gift you buy. Woolworths definitely lower prices mean more Christmas for less money! Gift shop at Woolworths — personally or by mail, but shop early. It pays!



EXTRA ROOMY POPLIN. First favourite with the men for coolness plus comfort. Neat colourful stripes. Definitely tubfast. They'll wash and wash and wear and wear! S.M., M., O.S. Also X.O.S. (21/11) (Postal wt. 1 lb.)

19'11



CUTE AND SWEET. Gay little pottery ornaments piled high with delicious toffees. A sure success on Christmas morn! Make lovely ornaments, vases or indoor plant holders. Various designs. (Postal wt. 12 ozs. Three 2 lb. 4 ozs.)

2'11 PR



NOVELTY MONEY BOX. Really locks up! Gaily coloured glazed earthenware, 6 inches high. Complete with real lock and key. Several pretty designs. Teaches them to save. (Postal wt. 1 lb.)

6'11



SHE TALKS! SHE SLEEPS! She comes from Germany! Heads, arms and legs move. Natural looking hair—blondes, brunettes or redheads. Beautiful eyelashes, stunning frocks, some with hats. 15" tall. (Postal wt. 1 lb. 10 ozs.)

25'11



WIN A BOY'S HEART! Toy tip truck he can really work. Polythene, unbreakable, smooth edges. Scoop lifts up and dumps load into truck. He'll spend hours with it. (Postal wt. 8 ozs.)

5'6

MAIL ORDERS

Certainly Woolworths can fill your mail order. "Woolworths Shopping Service" in your State capital city is sufficient address. Please add postage or freight to your remittance.



EVERYONE LOVES MARZIPAN! Here's a whole box of delicious marzipan fruits of highest quality. A most unusual gift that's really sweet! Full pound box.

5/-



SQUEEZE THEM... THEY SQUEAK! Cute and cuddly plush animals. A real heart-thrill for any child. Fast colours, hygienic fillings. 8 different kinds, some 10 inches high. All at the one amazing price. (Postal wt. 8 ozs. Three 1 lb.)

5'11 PR

Woolworths' guarantee: **MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED**

Candy Hardy Frock Service



'Simone'

"SIMONE," a teenage shirtwaist dress in washable no-iron cotton is yours to buy ready made or cut out ready to sew. The design is exclusive to us.

A FASHION triumph in no-iron spotted cotton, smartly styled for wear at home, in town, or across country, it's the kind of wonderful day-dress any teenager, young married, or career girl will love to wear. It's a classic in the best sense of the word, done with dash and verve.

Fashion details include a full-gathered skirt, front-buttoned fastening, and prettily yoked back.

The dress can be ordered with three-quarter-length or above-elbow-length sleeves, and the material is a current favorite—a spotted no-iron cotton.

The color range includes aqua, coffee

(illustrated), junior-navy, and emerald-green, all printed with a white spot.

READY TO WEAR: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/4/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/3. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

CUT OUT ONLY: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 73/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.

TO ORDER

• Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to same address. Please make a second color choice and mention "Simone."

No C.O.D. orders accepted.

DON'TS FOR TEENAGERS

By CANDY HARDY

- Don't wear enormous sun-glasses and large earrings together. They will submerge the wearer.
- Bracelets belong inside, not outside, gloves.
- A too-plunging décolletage can be embarrassing.

- A choker makes a hot summer day feel even hotter.
- Slip and shoulder straps that show are a basic fashion error.

- You may not notice how you look from the back, but your public does—remember stocking seams.
- Stoles are for indoor parties, not for street wear.
- Very bare shoes look sloppy on a city street.



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS
YOUR
BREATH



WHILE IT
CLEANS
YOUR
TEETH



STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

Keeps Children's Teeth Healthy



Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter—brighter—and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest—
America's largest—the world's largest selling dental cream

Get the family economy size and save up to 2 1/2



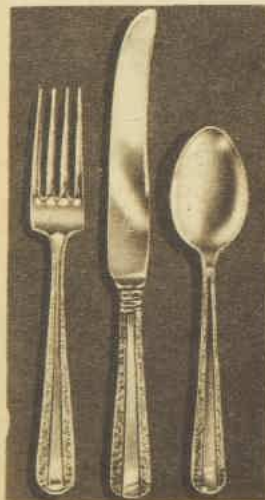
The fragrance which recaptures
the happiness of a precious moment
and imparts that feeling
of charming freshness
which is youth itself

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Perfume from 11/3 to 32/9.
Soap, 4/- and 7/3; Talc., 5/11.



YARDLEY • LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • TORONTO • SYDNEY • CAPE TOWN



Dress up your
table...

WITH A CHARMING PATTERN IN
FINE TABLE SILVER

Whether you choose NEMESIS,
distinctive BROCADE, elegant
ACANTHUS, or gay CAMILLE,
you know that matching pieces
for all occasions are available in
each RODD design, that every
piece is superlative A1 quality,
guaranteed for 25 years. Yet
RODD Table Silver is not expen-
sive, full 44-piece services costing
from as little as £28/11/-.

Rodd

THE NAME TO KNOW FOR
FINE TABLE SILVER
AT ALL LEADING JEWELLERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I TAKE a dim view of the ending of Court Presentations of debutantes. Singling out lovely girls representative of the charm, grace, and dignity of young womanhood to make a momentary curtsy to the radiant Queen is no more snobbish as a custom than that of our High Commissioner singling out chosen people for a Royal garden party. Having more Royal garden parties will not help. What is to prevent the same people being present again and again? Court debts are also people and at least are always different. Class exists everywhere. So does snobbery. It's as rife in the backblocks of Australia as in Court circles. I think the tampering with English traditions, especially those glamorous ones surrounding the Court, which mean so much to the Empire, should go no further. A commonplace, "Hiya, Queen" era would only pander to the socialists who rant in Trafalgar Square. Give me socialites before socialists every time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. M. Wright, Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

WE hear much about overcrowding and the difficulties of maintaining a full staff in the mental hospitals. Surely it would help to have smaller and more of these hospitals situated in suitable centres throughout the various States. My husband and I know the grief of having to send a subnormal child to a Sydney institution, 500 miles away. Trips to see our loved one are very costly and we feel we will have to move closer. If such hospitals were decentralised, parents could visit their children more often and perhaps have them home for holidays. Also, more individual interest would be taken if staff were drawn from neighboring areas. Welfare groups would provide amenities for each home, and this would relieve much of the strain at present borne by small organisations which care for the children of parents residing all over the State.

10/6 to "Not Alone" (name supplied), Lismore, N.S.W.

AN orchestral concert was ruined for me when the person sitting in the row behind beat time to the music with his feet. Did he think he was assisting the conductor? I was very much tempted to turn and shout, "Shut up!" following the example of a famous conductor during a London concert recital.

10/6 to Miss S. S. (name supplied), Forest Hill, Vic.

HOW many of us, lying awake in that most cheerless part of the night, have not been comforted by the reassuring clip-clop of the milkman's horse? When that measured tread comes along with the accompanying clink of bottles, the sleepless, sick, and frightened know that the dawn is near and new hope is given. Though the horse is no longer part of our commercial life I hope the milkman's horse will long trudge down the road.

10/6 to Miss V. Humphery, 1520 Old South Head Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THERE has always been too much talk and not enough action on the problem of assimilating aborigines into the community. The real solution rests with the breaking down of prejudice against these people. I was talking with a five-year-old girl the other day and was able to see how such prejudices take root. This baby told me that she hated black people. It seemed that her Daddy told her anyone with a colored skin was dirty and bad. It is dreadful to know that supposedly well-educated and civilised parents are teaching their babies to hate. Until people realise the harm they do in this way we will always have intolerance and strife.

10/6 to "Hopeful" (name supplied), Glebe, N.S.W.

Dancing partners

YOUR correspondent Mrs. Simpson (30/10/57) asks why country dances never start before 9.30 or 10 p.m. In the country towns round here dances are supposed to start at 8 p.m. and generally finish at 1.30 or 2 a.m. The orchestra is booked for that period and so at eight the first waltz begins. A few couples dance, but the majority of women sit around the walls in all their finery looking hopefully towards the door. For where are the MEN? They are all up at the local having a few beers. So the band plays on amid weak applause from the few on the floor. Then the hotel closes at 10 p.m. and the men arrive. That, as I see it, is the time the dance really commences.

10/6 to Mrs. Edna Robinson, "Leander," Eadlo, Qld.

Family affairs

MOST of us are kept busy trying to prevent junior's toys scratching the polished furniture. I've overcome this problem by sorting all the toys into two boxes. The first is kept inside and contains all the soft toys and unbreakable plastics. The second, for outdoors, holds the tin, wooden, and hard toys. This way junior has plenty of toys to keep him happy, while Mum is saved a lot of work by not having to follow him up removing the damage.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lorna Hillas, Greta, via Glenarowan, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE noticed a growing tendency to sneer at old toothbrushes.

The latest person to do it is a Sydney Professor of Dentistry.

He says most people's toothbrushes are worn out and are not capable of doing a worthwhile job.

I can only say I am completely satisfied with the job done by my old toothbrush, Carbine.

It may not have much glamor, but it is very comfortable to use. Dentists, as you know, are prone to disagree with one another.

I have had dentists who told me to use Toofiglow Toothpaste and others who forbade me to use it.

I had one who made me brush my teeth straight up and down for five years. Then I changed to another man and spent five years brushing my teeth in little circles.

Dentists have told me often not to use a stiff toothbrush because it would make my gums recede like a horse's.

But now that I have a soft old brush, this Professor wants me to trade it in for a new model.

OLD FAITHFUL

It takes a couple of months to break a new toothbrush in. I don't like them till the bristles start to stick out at different angles.

The idea of tossing out an old toothbrush as soon as it has lost its looks is surely callous.

I use a brush until the bristles



come out and lodge between my teeth. Then I retire it to spend a quiet old age cleaning white shoes.

It's a funny thing, though, how ever long I keep a toothbrush, I have difficulty in remembering what

color it is. I am very liable to use someone else's.

Children can recognise their toothbrushes easily because they have names like Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck on them.

It would be a help in large households if adult toothbrushes were called Jayne Mansfield, Marlon Brando, etc.

The campaign against old toothbrushes is being carried on now by the Bureau for Better Teeth.

The Bureau lately made "a survey of 500 toothbrushes from suburban bathrooms."

They found that most of the toothbrushes were old ones. But what did they expect?

Anyone who has knocked around suburban bathrooms could have told them that.

What beats me is how the Better Teeth people got a look at all those toothbrushes.

Do they knock at the door and say: "We're conducting a survey of suburban toothbrushes. Mind if I have a look at your lot?"

If they try it at our place, I'm afraid they will get the brush-off.



THE PAY OFF

PIPER liked Major Cobbley and regretted that in a few hours he would be robbing him of £2000 plus. He thought the major the sort who would oblige if asked for a fiver or a good thing in the big race.

This afternoon the good thing had managed to get the verdict in a photo-finish. The major, red-faced and duffle-coated, a small black beret on his bald patch, was collecting from all the bookies who hadn't had time to lick a thumb before he and his associate, Captain Turnton, raided the market.

Piper admired anyone who could beat the book. It required as much planning, patience, and courage as his own job. And his success in that could be measured by the fact that his only conviction had been for taking marked notes from the petty cash when he was seventeen years of age. He was now forty.

He still went after notes, in substantial sums, and this meant he had to frequent places where

ready money changed hands, places such as race-tracks, car auctions, boxing matches. He had been watching the major for several months, because when Cobbley bet it was heavily, on inspired information, and on a strictly cash basis.

Piper had waited a long time for the major to land this winning coup, and tonight he intended to collect the cash. He followed the army (retired) into the bar, where the sight of the major padding his duffle-coat with wads of notes made him nervous, in view of the number of doubtful characters about.

"I told Beryl to meet us at the White Lion, where they'll put on a good feed," the major was booming. "Drink up, Turnton. Have a cigar."

Turnton, the major's lackey, was a tall, horse-faced man in a bowler hat. He chose a cigar which he cracked against his ear as if it were a suspect fiver. "Better be pushing," he suggested.

Piper followed the two men to the car-park and was climbing into his own aged car as the

major's scarlet coupe flashed by. They hadn't noticed him—nobody ever did. He was unobtrusive in appearance and by inclination.

At five o'clock he passed their car outside a pub that had a market-day extension; at six he passed it outside a hotel. In this way they leap-frogged to Chipbury, where Piper was already in the Gluepot bar of the White Lion when Turnton and the major marched into the lounge.

Through the bar Piper watched them sink two quick ones before the major's wife joined them—a pale, dark-haired woman.

"Honey, we've done it again," the major crowed. "Being a filly, Lucky Lady stuck her nose out for powdering and got home in a photo-finish."

He laughed heartily. His wife looked bored.

To page 57

They sauntered past Piper without showing any sign of recognition.

A complete short story by BRETON AMIS

Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Terry Moore uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Terry Moore

starring in "PEYTON PLACE",
a 20th Century-Fox production in
CinemaScope and DeLuxe Color.



Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 2/4, Large Economy Size 3/6

BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy
satin-soft lotion form in
leakproof Bubbles, 1/3 ea.

W220

WHICH BUCKLE DO YOU PREFER?

Home dressmakers will have no trouble in deciding. Now "Make-a-belt" Kits offer you a choice of four buckles. "Make-a-belt" contains full materials and instructions for making a perfect belt. Available in five widths—1", 2", 1 1/2", and 1 3/4"—and, of course, O.S. fittings.

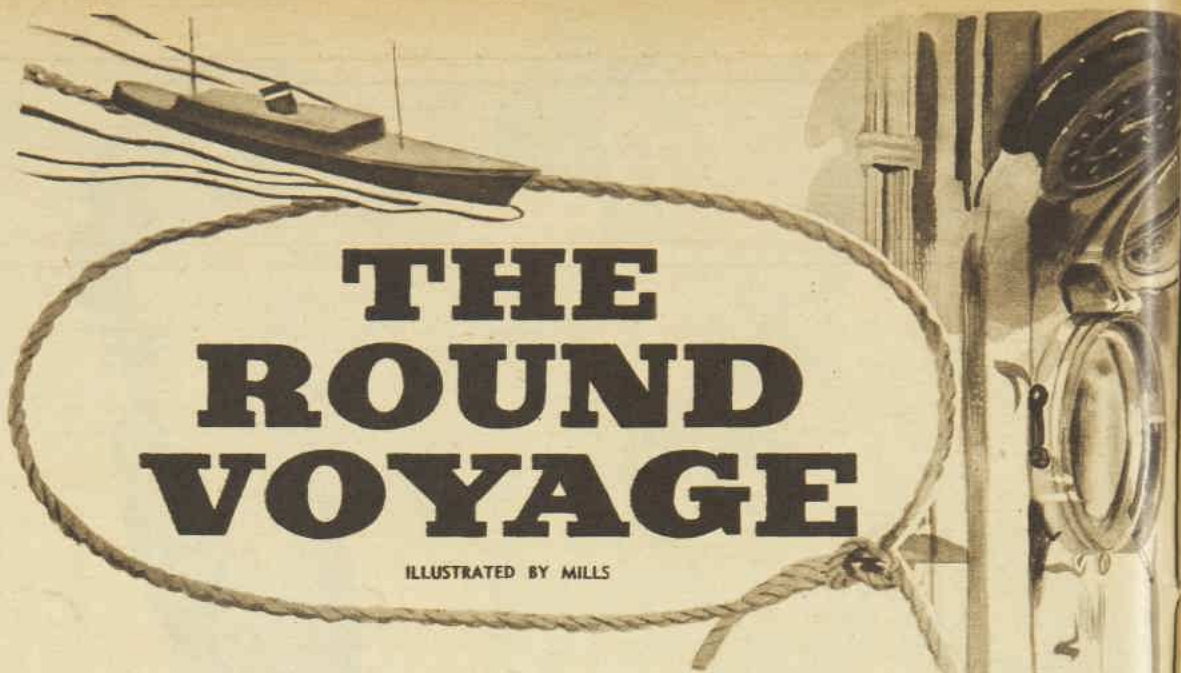
The "Punchbond" Eyelet Kit will help you complete the job professionally—complete kit with tool and eyelets, 1/11—pockets of extra eyelets in 12 colours, 11d. pocket.

**RUSTPROOF—WASHES AND DRY CLEANS—
ALWAYS FIRM, QUICK AND SIMPLE**

KORBOND

MAKE-A-BELT 2/11

AVAILABLE AT ALL STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

Third instalment of our fascinating serial By JOHN ROWAN WILSON

ON board S.S. Capricorn, the luxury liner bound for London from Sydney, deputy purser DAVID HOWARD begins to think that this voyage is not to be so monotonous as most of them. His own problems include his past smuggling activities for a man named JOHNSON, and signing on as a crew member a man named MARTIN DILLON, who wants to get out of Australia quickly and secretly. He also feels that his table companions, MRS. UPJOHN, the attractive MRS. CRANSTON-SMITH, and the aggressive barrister FLOYD are likely to cause trouble before the voyage is over. Additional trouble seems to loom up in the new commander, HUME, to whom CAPTAIN SLADE and the purser, ROSS, have taken a dislike.

David is attracted to JULIA RAYMOND, fellow passenger with her father, SIR EDWARD RAYMOND,

TV celebrity. Julia invites him to her father's cocktail party on Christmas Eve. The party is broken up for him and Ross when they are summoned to the boat-deck, where someone has painted the word "Antigone" in huge letters. Ross tells David it is the name of a merchant cruiser which Slade commanded during the war, and was court-martialled as the result of a collision between it and another ship.

David neglects pretty ANN BELLAMY, one of the ship's nurses, for the sake of being with Julia. One night she manages to wheedle from him the confession that he has been smuggling to make some extra money and that he has signed on Dillon. She astonishes him by saying she knows the man's name, and that he is the cabin steward for the group of cabins in which her own is situated. NOW READ ON.

PREOCCUPIED with his own affairs, David had almost lost interest in the ship. He spent all the time he could with Julia and for the rest he found that he was happier by himself than with the other officers. The Antigone episode appeared to be quite dead. There had been no attempt at disciplinary action, and no reprisals on the part of the captain. The malcontents among the crew appeared, temporarily at least, to be in a state of quiescence.

The first sign that the matter was not closed appeared on the morning after they had left the Bight and were moving towards their next stop at Fremantle. A curt notice appeared on the crew notice-board. It was signed by the captain and announced baldly that all shore leave at Fremantle had been cancelled.

When David mentioned it to the purser, Ross replied irritably, "Yes, I know. But there's nothing I can do about it. I've pointed out to the captain that it's a mistake. The only way you can manage to keep merchant seamen in any sort of discipline is to tip them ashore pretty frequently—let them spend their money and poison themselves with hooch—then for the next week or so they're quite content to be at sea. If you keep them on board all the way from Melbourne to Colombo, especially when they've got a grievance to start off with... you're asking for trouble."

"What did he say to that?"

"The usual. Listened very politely, said he thought there was something in what I said—and did the exact opposite."

"But why?"

"I don't know exactly," Ross spoke wearily. He seemed to have lost a great deal of his spirit. "I should guess that he's much more angry about that Antigone affair than he pretends to be. And Hume plays on it. He keeps going on about the necessity for maintaining discipline. Slade's scared that he'll be thought weak. He feels he has to do something. So he does something stupid." He made a gesture of impatience. "But don't talk to me about it any more. I'm fed up with the whole business."

With unusual rudeness, he turned his back on David and stomped off.

David watched his retreating figure with concern. There had been a great change in Ross lately. Before, though never a very cheerful man, he had always been courteous and sociable. He groused continuously, but in a semi-humorous fashion. But of recent days he had become taciturn and abstracted. He would sit in company for long periods of time without saying anything, and answer questions by a simple yes or no. He began to refuse gin and ask for orange squash.

It was obvious that he was not well, but he made no move to see the doctor. He had a deep-seated suspicion of the quality of medical attention usually available on board ship, and carried his own store of drugs, an impressive array of proprietary potions which had, he boasted, managed to keep him out of the hands of the quacks so far.

This time, it seemed, they were letting him down. On the following day he failed to appear at dinner. An hour later Fellows came to David's cabin swinging a stethoscope.

"I suppose you'd like to know what's happened to the purser," he said to David.

"Has he gone down with something?"

"Yes. I've put him to bed. He's been looking seedy for the past few days, but he wouldn't let me go near him. Today he had a much more severe attack, so he pocketed his pride and called me in."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Well," said Fellows cautiously, "I can't be absolutely certain, but it's a fairly clear picture. I think he's got appendicitis."

"Appendicitis?" David looked at him in consternation. "You're not going to operate?"

"No. Unless it blows up dramatically during the night he should be safe until we get to Fremantle. It's a sub-acute case—what some people call a 'grumbling' appendix." He added thoughtfully, "Rather appropriate for Ross..."

"Have you seen the captain?"

"Yes. We've sent a radio message to the agents. They're going to get a surgeon from Perth to drive over to Fremantle and come on board as soon as we dock. After that," he said with some relief, "it's out of my hands."

"Should I go and see him?"

"Better not, I think. He feels sick most of the time, and he's in a foul temper. Leave him till tomorrow."

The next morning they docked at Fremantle. The passengers went ashore, walked around a little, and then searched hastily for taxis to take them into Perth. The crew watched them sullenly. Most of them knew Fremantle well, as a little town, but because it was denied to them it appeared in their eyes as exotic as Shanghai, as rich in strange and disturbing pleasures as Saigon or Rio.

The surgeon was waiting for them on the quay, a bony man of middle age with a face burnt brick-red by the sun. David saw Fellows meet him at the head of the gangway and lead him to the purser's cabin. Half an hour later they returned. The surgeon went ashore and Fellows, after seeing him off, went up to the bridge, presumably to report



As David straightened his tie he said apologetically to Ann, "I must have been asleep. I didn't hear you knock."

to the captain. There was nothing to be learnt from their faces.

Half an hour later David received a summons to the bridge. He had half expected to see Fellows still with the captain, but when he arrived there Slade was alone in his cabin. He greeted David with his usual rather abstracted politeness. When the formalities were over he was silent for a moment.

"It seems," he said finally, and with a perceptible note of surprise in his voice, "that Fellows was correct in his diagnosis."

David looked respectful, and puffed nervously at the cigarette he had been offered. There did not seem to be any suitable comment for him to make.

"The surgeon from ashore," went on Slade, "is quite convinced that it's his appendix. He insists on taking him into a hospital in Perth to have it out. It's a fairly mild case, and the slight delay hasn't done any harm. He should be on his feet again in a week or two. Or so they say."

Again David made appropriate noises. He had the impression that Slade was playing for time a little. He was a man who liked to lead up to his point gradually.

"It's very unfortunate, of course, for us," He began to mumble, as if talking to himself as much as to David. "Particularly—time like the present—not an easy voyage—" He sighed. "Certain difficulties—losing very experienced man—valuable member of the team." He stopped and regarded David as if expecting a reply.

"Yes, sir."

Slade stroked his chin and said solemnly, "You will be acting purser for the rest of the voyage."

David nodded acquiescence. He had been expecting this. It was the only logical arrangement.

"Rather a heavy responsibility to put on your shoulders," Slade rambled on, "particularly under the circumstances, but I'm afraid we can't help ourselves." With a paternal smile he added, "Ross had a very high opinion of you. I'm sure you'll manage very well."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"If you run into any difficulties, and don't know what to do, don't hesitate to ask for advice from the commander, or, of course—" reluctantly, "—myself. Mr. Hume told me particularly this morning that he'd be only too pleased to help."

"That's very kind of you, sir," said David. "And Mr. Hume," he added with less enthusiasm.

"Not a bit. We're here to work with each other. Can't run a ship unless everybody pulls together—that's my experience." He continued in the sleepy voice of a person

reciting something he had learnt many years ago, and never thought of analysing. He was, thought David, a stage captain on a stage ship. There was nothing basically wrong with his lines except that they bore no relation to what was actually happening.

"It takes a bit of adjustment at first. It's always a difficult time when you first take over command. Those two assistants of yours—I've no doubt they're good lads. But my advice is: show them from the word 'Go' that you're in charge. Don't be afraid of them thinking you're too big for your boots. If you're taking the responsibility, it's up to you to give the orders. The other way you may be popular, but, mark my words, you'll end up in trouble."

David listened in wonderment, astonished that Slade should have so little insight into his own character. It came to him that knowing how to do something of this sort, which involved the management of people, was only a very small approach towards actually doing it. You had also to be emotionally fitted to practise the doctrine you preached.

The captain continued, rather more rapidly—he was on the home stretch now: "And if you manage all right, as I'm sure you will, it will certainly do you a lot of good with the Company. It is—regarded in the right light—an excellent opportunity for you to show your abilities. I shall make it my business to call the attention of the directors to the way you shoulder this extra responsibility."

"Thank you, sir."

"Very well, then," Slade seemed to ask himself whether he had said enough and to decide that he had. "I'm sure you have a great deal of work to do..."

When he had left the captain, David went down to the ship's hospital. Ross was sitting up in bed reading a detective novel. Now that his condition had been diagnosed, he was a new man; the rest appeared to have done him good. He looked fitter than he had done in years.

When David told him of the latest developments, he gave a wicked smile.

"So now you're in the hot seat?" he said. "Well, good luck to you."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked David. "This is a big moment in my life, you know—the captain said so. I was expecting some fatherly advice."

"The only advice I can give you is to keep your nose clean—if you can." He added reflectively, "As things are, I wouldn't put much money on your chances."

"That's a fat lot of good to me," said David.

"It's all you'll get."

"And most depressing into the bargain."

"You forget," Ross reminded him, "that you're talking to a sick man."

David was unsympathetic. "You look rather better than usual to me."

"Yes—everyone says that. And, curiously enough, I feel better, too. I've still got the pain, of course, but there's something consoling in knowing where it comes from." He shifted one of his pillows a little and made himself comfortable. "Now—what else did the captain say?"

David told him of the advice he had received. Ross shook his head pityingly.

"Silly old goat," he remarked.

David felt a slight obligation to defend the captain. "The other day you said you liked him."

"So I do," replied Ross, quite undisconcerted. "I like the silly old goat." He went on thoughtfully, "And I don't think he's quite so sloppy as he appears. He's a bit lazy, and a bit bored, like the rest of us. He's still hoping that he can leave things to Hume like he left them to Bull. It won't work, of course. I just hope for his sake that he realises it in time." He shook his head pessimistically. "Now I'm out of the way, Hume is liable to try to force things."

"And what about me?" said David. "Can I do anything to help?"

"I've told you what to do," said Ross acidly: "keep your nose clean. You've only got the job for three weeks and you want to make an impression. You won't do that by fighting above your weight."

David got up from his chair, walked restlessly around the small room, and then sat down again on the bed. He felt an impulse to confide in Ross. The older man watched him in silence, a slight smile on his face.

"I'm not sure," said David in the end, "that I care very much about making an impression."

"No?" Ross showed no surprise, only a mild interest.

"No. I'm thinking of leaving the sea pretty soon."

He expected some comment, but Ross merely nodded.

"You say yourself," David reminded him, almost defiantly, "that it's a hopeless existence."

"Yes," agreed Ross. "I do. Pretty often, too, I suppose. On the other hand," he added carefully, "you musn't take what I say too seriously. I always thought I could rely on you for that."

"Are you going back on what you said? Do you think I shouldn't leave?"

"Far be it from me," said Ross, "to say what anyone should or shouldn't do. But I doubt whether you will leave."

"Why?"

"God knows I just have the feeling you'll stay at it. Grumbling, just as the rest of us do. And when you get a

To page 58

Irresistible Nestlé's chocolates

almost too good...
to give away!

Whether you're looking for a simple gift around 11/6 or aiming as high as 27/6, you'll find the appropriate answer to your gift problem in the Nestlé's range. There are boxes and tins—some are old favourites and some are elegant and distinctively designed for very special giving. Every pack contains chocolates of traditionally fine Nestlé's quality... flawless, foil-wrapped chocolates with a delicious range of centres temptingly coated in smooth, rich Nestlé's chocolate.



Give
NESTLÉ'S
this Christmas

To Joan

THE PERFECT SECRETARY

PRUDEUCE has been my private secretary for a year. She is not a very good secretary. On the other hand, she brightens up the office.

When she smiles, people seem to forget that the sun is behind a rain cloud. When she talks, her voice reminds you that it will soon be spring and the birds will be singing again.

I'll never forget the first day she came to work for me. She was very nervous. She made countless mistakes in her typing. When I asked her to phone Jim Forest, the film star, about a television play, she got all excited and dialled the wrong number six times.

I should have sacked her then and there, but I couldn't. She was so young, so eager, so determined. I also had another, more intimate reason.

Now, after a year, she really isn't much better. She is not so impressed by film stars' names or famous actors or radio singers. She has met dozens of them. In fact, she often has lunch with them when John Devon or I can't manage it.

And I must say she is rather good at these luncheon meetings. She's refreshing, I imagine.

In fact, for a while I was a little worried about the way these handsome young men fell for Prudence. I was forced into a drastic measure.

I bought Prudence a wedding ring and made sure she wore it always. But somehow I don't think it made much difference to our famous clients.

However John Devon, my associate, called me into his office the other day and said, "Neil, old boy, I believe Prudence is becoming an asset to us—in fact, a perfect secretary. I never thought she would. I hated to say so, because I knew the position you were in. But she surprised me. I like the way she handles these people. You remember the trouble we had with Alec Brandwell? All that nonsense about films ruining his artistic integrity or something? Well, Prudence has talked him into signing a contract."

"Yes," I said quietly, "Prudence has told me about it."

"You don't seem too pleased."

"I am pleased," I explained. "I'm just restrained."

Actually, I was very happy about the matter, but my pleasure was a little dampened by the fact that I felt that Prudence was being a little too impressed by Brandwell.

It was my own fault. He wouldn't listen to John or me, and I had put Prudence on to him as a last resort. It had worked.

Prudence had not even mentioned the result to me. She had just included it on a list she had left on a memo on my desk.

"Prudence," I said to her a few days after her triumph. "What do you think of Alec Brandwell as a person?"

Prudence smiled enigmatically. "I do wish you wouldn't call me by my first name in the office."

I grinned. "Well, then, how about 'Miss Benson'?"

"That's much better," she said.

**A short story
complete on this page**

**By ROBERT
FONTAINE**

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM



"You're fired!" I shouted at Prudence, but she just shrugged and continued to put on her make-up.

"Well, about Alec Brandwell—I like him. He's really just like a boy."

"That's wonderful," I said. "A boy who's acted as Napoleon and Julius Caesar as if he were born to the roles!" I sighed.

"Prudence, or Miss Benson, forget that I asked you that question. And be sure to wear that wedding ring when you see Brandwell. He's broken at least a dozen hearts already."

Prudence smiled that sunny smile. "He's going to America in a few weeks, and he'll stay there for at least five years, according to his contract. So why worry?"

"I just wouldn't want to lose you," I muttered.

Two days after this conversation I went into the office and found Prudence already waiting for me. I was surprised, because she was wearing a very smart dress, not the kind of thing she usually wore at the office.

"Going to a party?" I inquired bitterly.

"I don't want you to be angry," Prudence said soothingly, "but Mr. Brandwell phoned. He's very nervous about going to America. He wanted me to go for a drive with him this afternoon to give him courage."

Glaring at her I said, "Prudence, you and I are . . ."

"Mr. Devon," Prudence interrupted brightly, "thinks it's a splendid idea."

"Good for Mr. Devon!"

Prudence sighed. "It's all for the good of the firm. You're Brandwell's agent. You're supposed to look after him. Then you go out with him this afternoon!"

"All right. You go. But this is the very last time!"

I think when I drove her home that evening she intended to give me just a quick kiss to show her appreciation of my understanding. I had a feeling that it might have got out of hand.

A few days later Prudence was very apologetic. "Mr. Brandwell in-

sists on my going to help him to pack. He has a complex about packing. He's leaving tomorrow . . ."

I groaned. "He didn't ask you to go with him, did he?" One could never tell with Alec Brandwell.

Prudence smiled winningly. "Not yet."

I leaned back in my chair and tried very hard to think.

"What makes your face glow and your eyes so shiny?"

Prudence chuckled and produced her lipstick and mirror and started using them. "Oh, I don't know. Alec Brandwell has lots of glamor. It's exciting to be with him when people stare after you in the street, and ask him for his autograph."

"Oh, the poor, misunderstood little boy," I said bitterly. Then I stood up and shouted, "Look—if you go and help him to pack you're fired!"

Prudence stared at me. "I can't help it, I just haven't got the heart to send him to America a nervous wreck."

"You're fired!" I said loudly. "Don't ever come back inside this office!"

Prudence shrugged. She finished putting on her make-up and went out. I sighed, almost with relief. An establishment like ours is definitely no place for a sensitive and beautiful girl.

So that night, when we were both in bed, I tried to make it a little less of a bitter blow to her.

"Prudence," I explained, "it really is not a good policy for a man to employ his relatives. Especially his wife."

I took her hand in mine, and was very glad to feel that she had the ring on her wedding finger.

Prudence yawned luxuriously, and then turned out the light.

She murmured dreamily into my ear, "I'd much rather stay at home, darling, and have twins."

(Copyright)

Twelve years later Lydia went back to find
the romance she had so thoughtlessly rejected

After the Interval

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON



WHO has never wished to go back and begin again? As far as the minor human errors are concerned, this is often possible—embroidery can be unpicked, flower beds replanted, even quarrels made up—by dint of nothing more than patience and good temper.

Sadly different is the case of those unfortunates who would retrace not mere days or months but years, perhaps decades, perhaps half a lifetime. For them, as a rule, there is no hope.

Every rule, however, has its exceptions. The case of Lydia Paget, who wished with all her heart, at the age of thirty-three, to go back to a precise midsummer 12 years past, was remarkable in that she was offered the chance to do so.

Driving a hired, slightly ramshackle small car down to her godmother's home in the country, Miss Paget examined this extraordinary circumstance with equal astonishment and gratitude. She was a good driver and knew the way.

Also, while driving, she was accustomed to meditating, usually upon whatever assignment lay ahead of her in her work as a professional director of amateur dramatics. She handled local pageants, Greek pastorals, modern farce—come one, come all—with equal skill, although it wasn't what she had set out to do.

Now, subconsciously turning left or right in accordance with an invisible map, subconsciously obeying every rule of the road, Lydia safely let her mind range back, to recapitulate and re-examine, before she allowed herself to hope.

Once she stopped and got out to look at herself. The mirror from her purse was fair-sized and almost cruelly clear; nor does sunshine flatter. It was a fair test and not too dismaying. Obviously I don't look twenty-one, thought Lydia Paget, but neither will Roger, I suppose, look thirty.

Not uncommonly, when it is a woman who wishes to go back in time, it is a man she wishes to re-encounter.

In the summer of 1945, Lydia Paget, aged twenty-one and newly minted gold medallist of a school of drama, was paying a flying weekend visit to her godmother for her godmother's birthday. Both thought this very good of Lydia—Mrs. Moore, who was an extremely innocent elderly lady, and Lydia, a rather self-centred young woman.

And the gold medal wasn't all Lydia had to boast about: She had just been engaged for her first professional acting part—traditionally, as a parlormaid. ("How nice to see one again, even on the stage!" beamed Mrs. Moore.)

Since Lydia confidently expected that that visit to her godmother would be the last for many years (she expected to be too successful and too much in demand to have a moment to call her own for years and years), she had resigned herself to a weekend of boredom with genuine, unselfish good will.

She hadn't always been bored in her god-

mother's shabby, comfortable, countrified old house. To an orphaned little girl, summer holidays there had once seemed wonderful. But how rapidly one ages after adolescence! How life opens out, how the world beckons, how intolerably flat what is familiar becomes! Dressing for the birthday dinner party, Lydia yawned—she couldn't help it—as though it were midnight instead of only seven o'clock.

Roger sat on her right. He was familiar, too—the nearest neighbor, he was called in by Mrs. Moore whenever a pipe froze or a gardener gave notice. He was thirty, and he farmed.

Since farming was all he could intelligently talk about, Lydia, after a few polite words, devoted herself to charming, in succession, the vicar, the doctor, and the local colonel, the only, if mild, masculine game (and wife-accompanied to boot) that the party otherwise afforded.

The party was even a man short, since Mrs. Moore in her widowhood never bothered about getting a table even; and Lydia was neighbored on her left by Mrs. Colonel, who could talk of nothing but brood mares.

It was really very good of Lydia to be so bright and charming, and she even resigned herself after coffee to being sent out to the garden for a walk with Roger.

The garden was in fact delicious: full of moonlight and sweet scents. What a waste of a good set! thought Lydia regretfully. However, she was never without resources at this time of her life; in her mind she began to run over some of Juliet's best bits. The first thing Roger said that caught her attention was something about next week.

"Next week? I shan't be here," interrupted Lydia. "I'm off on Monday."

Roger stopped dead in his tracks. They had been strolling up and down under the trees; he stopped as suddenly—as dead—as if one of the branches had crashed down across their path.

"On Monday?"

"But of course," said Lydia. "Next week we start rehearsals."

"Couldn't they wait a bit for you?"

The idiocy of the question released all her impatience.

"No, they couldn't!" cried Lydia resentfully. "I just flew down for Godmother's birthday, and that was difficult enough! Good heavens, you didn't think I'd come to spend the summer, did you?"

"Well, I didn't know," mumbled Roger. (Moored Roger—or whatever it is bulls do. He stood looking just as stolid and baffled, thought Lydia unkindly, as a bull at a gate.) "I'd been thinking—"

"Of nice long walks?" mocked Lydia.

"Well, yes. Among other things—"

"Not picnics, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, yes," admitted Roger again. He paused for a moment, driving a twig into the turf under his heel. (Pawing the ground! He was exactly like a bull!)

"You used to enjoy them," he added

slowly. "I can't say I ever did much, but you used to. That's why I thought of one. I mean, if you'd been staying for the summer—"

That was all. Lydia forthrightly declared picnics were now, in her opinion, the end, and she led him firmly back into the house. There she proceeded to disrupt the canasta game by distracting the colonel, the doctor, and the vicar, in succession.

That was all. Obviously she had refused no definite proposal, no in-so-many-words will-you-be-mine, yet that question had nonetheless been implied in the foreshadowing of a long summer's courtship. Even at the time Lydia, with one corner of her mind, perceived this, however nonchalantly. In later years her thoughts often turned back to that garden, smelling of lime flowers, to that moon, to that waste of a good set.

She left on Monday without seeing Roger again. Mrs. Moore made no attempt to detain her—didn't even sigh, as at previous leave-takings, over the loneliness of a big old house with no young life in it. Mrs. Moore behaved very well—and only once said the wrong thing.

This was at the very moment of parting, as Lydia stood poised for flight in her new scarlet linen coat, with her sleek, bare head blackbird-bright under the sun, and a new gold medal tucked in her elegant new purse.

"Remember, my darling, you can always come back here," said Mrs. Moore.

Lydia embraced the foolish old thing, without answering, and flew off like a bright bird.

The comedy in which she appeared as parlormaid had every hoped-for success and ran two years. Mrs. Moore, who saw it five times, regarded Lydia's brilliant future as

assured, but the long run was less lucky than it seemed.

When it ended, gold medallists who were two years younger were at Lydia's heels. She had repeated the same 12 lines over 700 times, but they didn't add up to much experience. She was luckier when she got into a good suburban repertory company.

In repertory she learned more of her trade and, since she possessed genuine talent, made the beginnings of a name—but only the beginnings. Other young actresses possessed equal talent, and Lydia's looks, however devastating at a country dinner table, didn't—couldn't—put her above competition in a world of professional beauty.

She was seen and appreciated, but she experienced the truth of one of the theatre's oldest rules: There are always more good little actresses than good little parts.

Lydia had her share of these good roles—exactly one. Unluckily the play closed after a fortnight.

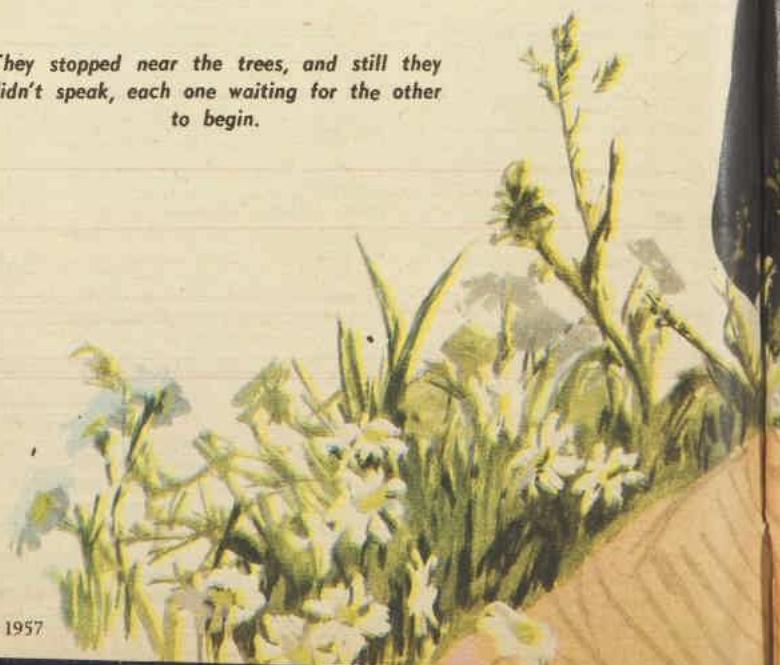
Being young and beautiful, she also had her share of love affairs. All but one were brief romantic fevers; the one that wasn't left her with a gay farewell cable from Hollywood and a wound that took long to heal. (She'd been so certain of being sent for. She'd even bought the hat to be photographed in, descending from the plane, as "New British Star's Fiancee.")

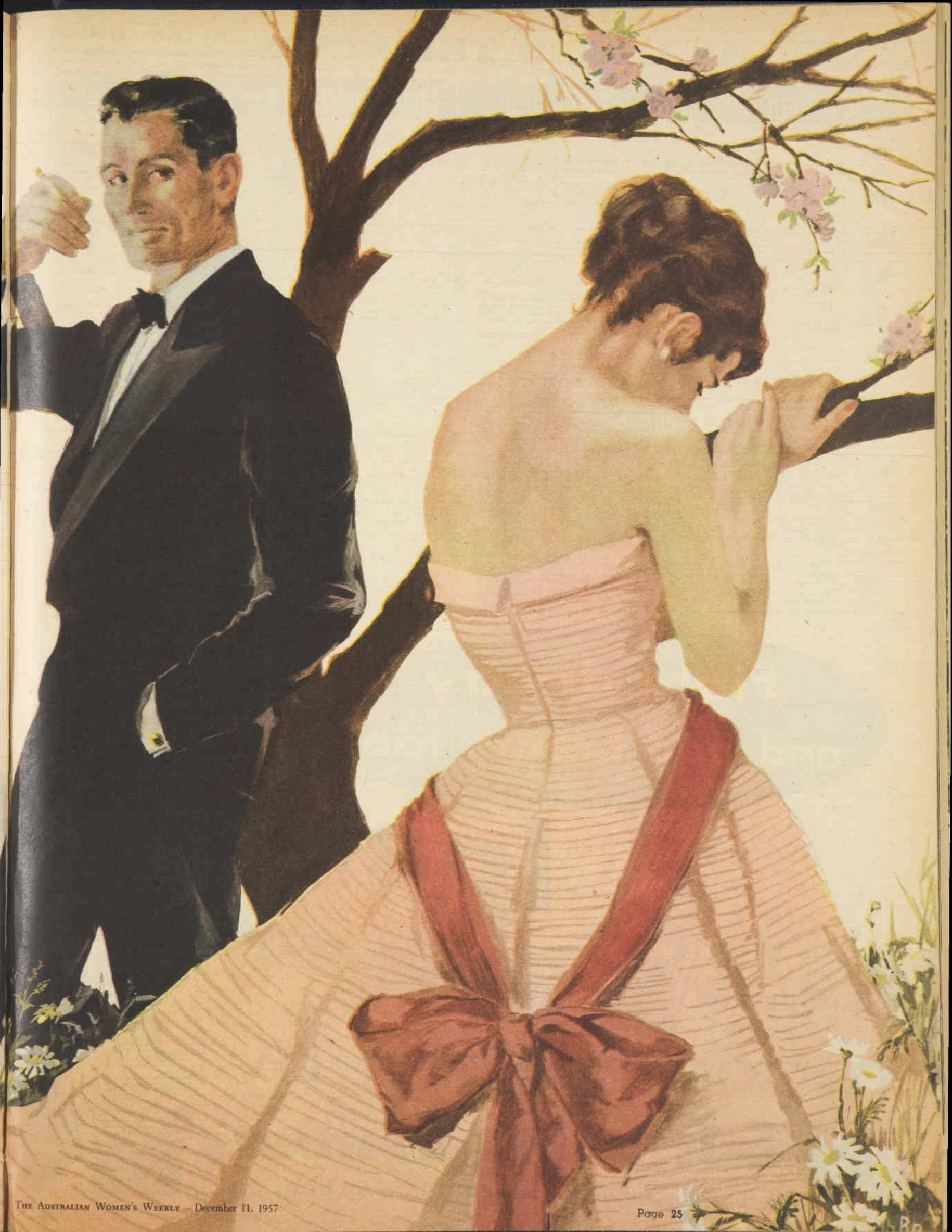
But since oceans looked as if they would divide them for quite a while—cabled that new British star—he thought it unfair to pre-empt the prettiest girl in England. Lydia had waited three years for his wife to divorce him; he married again, in Mexico, within three months.

This sad and banal episode also marked

To page 50

They stopped near the trees, and still they didn't speak, each one waiting for the other to begin.





AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Dec. 9.

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in planning ahead.	★ Your job is what you make it. If you are discontented with your work, neither you nor workmates will be happy. Change your attitude or your job.	★ Christmas arrangements should not be left to chance or last-minute plans. The busy homemaker looks ahead and begins now. School vacations change the scene.	★ An adventure may be waiting for you when you go on an expedition with your girl-friend. If a couple of gallant strangers help you, remember it.	★ Many expeditions to accomplish what you set out to do, but there will be plenty of fun along the way. Sudden special dashes add to the excitement of the holidays.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a secret.	★ There are dull stretches in every job. If you've struck a grey patch you might try to live things up. A new enterprise might make all the difference.	★ Feeling your efforts are not appreciated and that you have too much work? It may be your fault. Relatives may want to help, but fear criticism.	★ Your beloved may be charming in many ways yet have one irritating trait. You may consider him stingy with money, socially awkward, critical. Think it over.	★ You close one hectic chapter with relief; you could not have kept going. Personal affairs may now play a larger part and you attend to postponed matters.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a social gathering.	★ You could either talk yourself into or out of a job. You may wriggle out of an awkward situation or take on some new avenues for your energies.	★ Help from a relative or old friend may speed up a plan or enable you to perform what looks like an impossibility. This could mean giving a party.	★ You find it easy to love two at once. They are totally different and each appeals to you. If you are dithering, your heart is not deeply involved.	★ You continue on the social merry-go-round partly because you are eager not to miss anything, also because you hesitate to offend people who can be useful.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in the morning.	★ If your conscience has been nagging you with urgent tasks still hanging fire, get in and clean up. It will be less nerve-racking than worrying over them.	★ Your home, as the setting for Christmas and New Year entertaining, may now receive a once-over. Some family possessions may be camouflaged or given a face-lift.	★ Share his interests and listen eagerly when he talks about them. If you hold centre stage all the time your beloved will grow bored. Make it fifty-fifty.	★ Barely one jump ahead of your agenda, you wonder how you can last. You refuse to waste time and you drive yourself harder to reach the goal.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in popularity.	★ If your job, either as a paid or voluntary worker, has any connection with amusements or giving pleasure to others, you are going to relish it to the full.	★ You may drop everything for an unexpected visit with a most attractive person. Some of you are anxious to repay social obligations, entertain for the family.	★ Dress up to your beloved's dream-girl ideal and create occasions to shine socially and romantically. If you want moonlight and roses you must make an effort.	★ Everything clicks this week. You can't go wrong, so make the most of these influences. Cash in on your personality and your little world will respond.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck on your doorstep.	★ Some of you make money from a sideline or hobby, others find it possible to do extra work at home for cash. Exchange of services may be the answer.	★ You may have turned the place inside out, but do not grow house proud. The family must live in their home; it can become too neat and precise.	★ If some of your crowd have recently married, go and visit them. Happy home atmosphere is encouraging to young lovers on the brink of setting up house.	★ While former activities are taking a back seat new interests are stepping up the pace. Any new hobby should now flourish. Some of you develop a wonderful idea.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through a relative.	★ It is not so much how large your income is, as what you do with it. Talking, long discussions could make you impatient. Folks rarely agree on ways and means.	★ Armed with instructions, you may tackle special cooking. Choose a time when interruptions are at a minimum and concentrate on the most important things first.	★ Your beloved may suggest an outing, probably with friends, to a place you have never seen before. From this journey come suggestions for summer expeditions.	★ Tongues wag more than usual. Gossip may be a spicy dish, while not unkind. If you are among those present, the more you will keep up with news.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in being there first.	★ A temporary job may crop up or a little bonus might smooth your pathway to at least one cherished wish. Some of you get rid of a "white elephant."	★ Carry those samples with you if you are matching colors. Guess work is risky. Be sure of sizes before beginning. Write down important items and save time.	★ When out on a date do not choose the most expensive items on the menu; he will think you are a gold digger. Try to hit a happy medium with what you have.	★ If you are called upon to run the practical side of any social event you'll know to a penny where you stand. You may do a bit of cadging.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in your own quick wits.	★ If you are skilful a temporary job might become permanent. You are setting precedents and in one case you may find you have been exceptionally lucky.	★ You'll spend hours on one task and skimp the rest of the programme. You'll be an indulgent parent and then grow irritable. Better keep on an even keel.	★ For some of you there is a new thrill on the horizon. After a casual meeting you may not see him for a while. Suddenly he becomes important.	★ You are too easy going; you hate to drive family, friends, associates, but if things are to be ready on time something of the slave driver will be needed.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a quiet corner.	★ Don't attempt so much that your health suffers. Be patient with cranky people who may have problems you know nothing about, but don't let folks walk on you.	★ Hugging more than one secret you enjoy a few jokes you do not intend to share. You may recover a lost article while housecleaning or receive a windfall.	★ If the picture is bare of boy-friends, ask why. Are you self-conscious, unable to talk with those who come your way, or frighteningly serious? It's up to you.	★ Beware of the time waster who comes to you with a long tale of woe. Half your day could vanish and your friend is merely seeking an audience.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in club or group activities.	★ Going along with the crowd is easy, but you may miss many good things because there is no time. Go alone if you have important decisions to make.	★ The dishes may stand in the sink while you are off meeting people, shopping for yourself or others, or merely having fun. On your return you scurry round.	★ Your popularity is high and most of you can pick and choose among a number of candidates for your regard. There may be an attractive one who stands out.	★ Fun for fun's sake, the desire to kick up your heels and enjoy living may lift your morale to an all-time high. Sudden invitations may arrive.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in contacts with people.	★ It's a case of easy come easy go; your money seems to have wings, but you will have priceless fun spending it. Otherwise, you are assuming a new importance.	★ Your home may be swept and garnished, but it is the little touches that count. Have at least one interesting thing to look at. Try flower arrangements.	★ Don't scorn the boy your family likes; he may have sterling qualities even if he isn't handsome. Parental approval often means lots of extra dates and good times.	★ Don't be overawed by the great or the would-be great. They are folks just like everyone else. Don't attempt to impress them; accept them as though neighbors.

Fight decay and bad breath too

with the
toothpaste

recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists

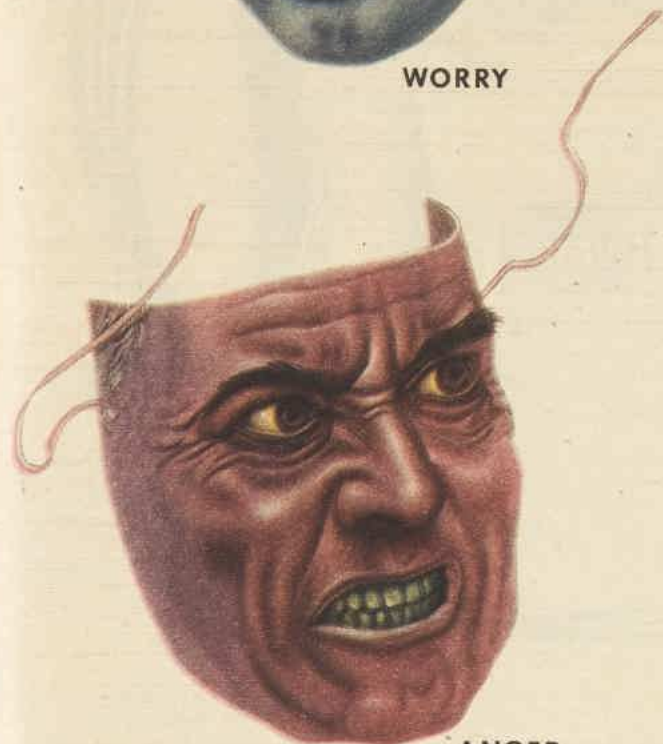
All three sizes now fitted with the BIG, EASY-ON, EASY-OFF, CAN'T-LOSE CAP



SOLD
ONLY BY
CHEMISTS



WORRY



ANGER



ANXIETY



JEALOUSY



FEAR

Which ones are your problems ?

Everyone knows how these and other disturbing emotions can play havoc with our mental poise.

But not everyone realizes that such emotional disturbances can also make us physically ill. For we can actually worry ourselves into stomach ulcers, high blood pressure, allergies, and other disorders. And, of course, if we already have any of these disorders, nervous distress can make them worse.

So if you find yourself, or any member of your family, becoming overburdened by emotional problems, or fearful of physical ills, don't drift along and try to cope with these problems alone. The wise thing to do is to see your doctor.

It may surprise you to know how many of your physician's patients come to him with the same emotional burdens . . . how much he understands and sympathizes with such problems . . . and how wisely he can counsel you on the true causes of your condition, and the best remedial measures to take for your physical and mental well-being.

Parke, Davis & Company, Ltd., Sydney

PARKE-DAVIS

... pioneers in better medicines since 1866

buy
Lournay
gifts

WITH THE NEW

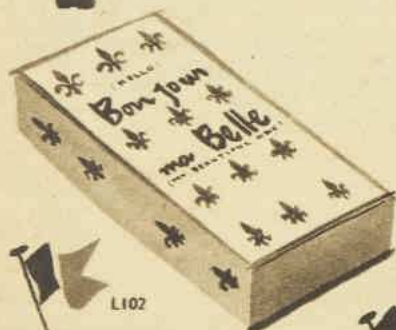
French look



L121

Satin-lined miniature hat box, gay with stripes and ribbons, holds foil-wrapped Lournay soap, hand lotion and the new concertina squeeze bottle talc — 23/9.

Here are gifts that combine the sheen of frost-white boxes, the sophistication of gay Paris, the glint of rich satin and the gleam of foil. Lournay brings you all this beauty to play background to beloved Lournay cosmetics and bath toiletries in their new lilac-pink and gold dress.



L102

Lustrous carton flaunting fleur-de-lis, encloses foil-wrapped Lournay soap and fragrant talc — 9/6.



L123

There's a truly French air to these shutters which open on two cakes of foil-wrapped Lournay soap and talc — 12/6.



L110

Straight from Paris comes this gendarme box that nests Lournay face powder, rouge and lipstick on gleaming pink satin — 26/3.



L104

'Ma chérie' will adore this romantic box that opens on the gleam of three cakes of foil-wrapped Lournay soap — 7/6.

Here is Lournay dressed for conquest in elegant new packing in lilac-pink and golden foil.



Joyeux Noël

WHICH MEANS 'HAPPY CHRISTMAS' WHEN YOU BUY

Lournay

PARIS

SYDNEY

Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists, also leading Department Stores, throughout Australia.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● An unhappy home is a tragedy that fortunately does not occur in many young girls' lives. When it does, care is necessary to see that hasty action doesn't worsen the situation.

A LETTER from an unhappy young girl was the first one I opened this week. Here it is:

"I am a girl of 18 who is not loved by my parents. When I was born, 10 years after my youngest brother, it nearly caused the death of my mother. I did not find out until I was 14 that they didn't love me, even though they have treated me harshly for as long as I can remember. I have a sister who is a year younger than I (she is adopted), and who has just become engaged. My parents have said they can be married as soon as they like.

"I have been going with my boy-friend for a year and a half, but they won't allow me to become engaged, and my sister has been going with her fiancé for only six months. Do you think we could become engaged without my parents' consent?

"Really, I would be afraid of what they would do.

"I have decided to go nursing, which I have longed to do all my life, and then I won't be around for them to pick on all the time. I can't bear it much longer, for it is starting to make me unhappy. I have tried all I can think of to make them love me, but each time I have failed.

"The only love I have is that of my boy-friend, who has stuck by me all the time, and helped me out of many difficult spots.

"Do you think I am doing the right thing by leaving home?"

M.S., N.S.W.

At 18 you can leave home legally, and I think to go to a hospital to train as a nurse would be an ideal solution for you. See the matron of the training hospital you have chosen, and have a definite date on which to start your training, and then go to your parents and tell them your plans.



A word from Debbie...

AUSTRALIAN girls' figures seem to be changing. Everyone wants to know how to fine down their thighs. It's easy if you try, and keep on night and morning for at least six months.

This will do the trick for you: Lie on the floor, arms at sides. Stretch until you are as long as you can be. Now raise your left and right legs alternately, each leg four times. When the right leg is raised, the left leg should be straight along the floor with the heel resting on the floor. That heel is inclined to lift up if you don't concentrate.

Stand with your legs apart and hands on hips. Bend your knees inwards and bring your thighs together; rise to your starting position slowly. Eight times night and morning, please, for both.

If you want to concentrate on that part of your thighs about four inches above the knees, stand facing a wall with your hands on the wall. Now kick back each leg, bending it at the knee, eight times.

You could become engaged without your parents' consent, but you can't get married before you are 21 without their written consent or the consent of a court.

I don't think there is anything worse than an engagement of which parents don't approve, when you are so young. Even in a home full of love it breeds unhappiness.

I can't believe that your parents don't love you at all, but I am in no position to judge as I don't know both sides of the story. But you can judge their actions in many ways. They may have given their consent to your sister's wedding because they don't love her enough to keep her at home. See what I mean? I feel that you are unhappy, and so close to the whole situation that it is impossible for you, too, to judge correctly.

Once you are away from your home and working at a job that will give you independence and a career for life, as nursing will, you may feel better about everything.

I would wait till then, too, to decide about your boy-friend. A shared misery draws people together without it necessarily being love.

* * *
"I AM 22 and engaged to a young man. Although we are to be married in a few weeks, I don't love him; I only like him. I have been secretly meeting a 33-year-old man who is married with three children. We love each other very much. What will I do?"
"Worried Amy," N.S.W.

Break off your engagement to the young man immediately. You are no good to him. What happens after that I don't know. I cannot imagine that your other beau will leave his wife and children for you.

What you should do, of course, is make a clean break with the two of them, get yourself a new job and take a course in philosophy or glove-making at night. You sound like very bad medicine to both of the men concerned.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

I've always held that "T'ho Voluta Bene," the flipside to Silvana Mangano's extremely popular "Anna," is by far the better tune and deserving of hit-parade status. It's now turned up again under the title of "Non Dimenticar" on an LP called "Italy" (33OSX.7571), a collection of twelve songs by the Di Mara Sisters.

These pleasing Italian-American songsters very wisely sing in both Italian and English, and "Non Dimenticar" turns out to be "Don't Forget Our Love." It isn't often that I fall for a pop song, but this one has won me over completely. The melody is absolutely haunting, and the English lyrics aren't unduly fatuous.

The disc is a medley of good

numbers, alternately gay and romantic, and it introduces three tunes which have become more or less traditional — "Santa Lucia," "Come Back to Sorrento," and "La Spagnola." The made-in-America numbers "I Have But One Heart" and "Three Coins in the Fountain" sound more Italian than the real article when the girls sing in that language. Apart from "Don't Forget Our Love," the choicest song in a fine album is "A Rivederci Roma" (Goodbye to Rome). The orchestra of Tony Dan-non gains a Latin flavor by the judicious use of accordions and mandolins.

* * *
AND now off to "Our Paris," via the long-player OCLP.7518, a disc which introduces to Australia the lush

orchestra of Frank Pourcel. He's billed variously as the French Mantovani or Kostelanetz, but to me he sounds more like Frank Chacksfield, who always shows more taste and restraint.

I like this disc — recorded in Paris — because it isn't all the same old stuff. Only five of the twelve tunes are well known. The rest are all unfamiliar, some of the most refreshing light music you could possibly hear. The five, which are tempting bait to make you hear the record, are "Poor People of Paris," "Under the Roofs of Paris," "Autumn Leaves," "Under the Bridges of Paris," and "Mademoiselle of Paris." Excuse me, did anyone mention Paris?

— BERNARD FLETCHER.



A charming way to give a MONEY PRESENT

By giving a Bank of New South Wales Christmas Gift Cheque, you give a most acceptable gift — a money present — in a most charming way.

This Gift Cheque combines a beautiful greetings card with a personal cheque, illustrated with flowers and trees long associated with Christmas.

Gift Cheques may be obtained at any branch, whether you have an account or not. The cost is only 1s.3d. (including stamp duty), plus the amount of the cheque.



A Bank of New South Wales Gift Cheque is a personal present, signed by you and made out for any amount you wish. When the cheque is purchased, the desired amount is paid to the Bank. You simply sign the cheque, complete the greetings card, and post or deliver the cheque in the envelope provided.

In addition to the Christmas Gift Cheque, there are attractive Gift Cheques for Birthdays, Weddings, and General Purposes. Call or write to your local branch for the free coloured folder about Gift Cheques.

This Christmas, give

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES Gift Cheques

Issued by the Bank of New South Wales

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)



have you looked
into her dreams for
Christmas?
she wants...

'Stardust'

Balmoral's exquisitely embroidered
and bejewelled nylon lingerie!

Balmoral

Fulfill her Christmas dreams with 'Stardust' — Balmoral's soft, filmy nylon
tricot lingerie, star-lighted with jewels on exquisitely embroidered
nylon net and mists of delicate tulle. So beautiful, so easy to care for—
yet so irresistibly priced! For her Christmas stocking — buy the
complete 'Stardust' set, or each delicious garment separately in Ivory,
Blossom Pink, Whisper Blue or Daffodil, SSW-OS — at your favorite store!



'Stardust' Night - - 69/11
'Stardust' Slip - - - 69/11
'Stardust' Shortie Jama 59/11
'Stardust' Half-slip - 39/11
Matching Brief - - 19/11

IF UNOBTAINABLE, WRITE TO BALMORAL TEXTILE MILLS, MELBOURNE, N.11, FOR YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST

DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● A sleeveless smock-jacket worn with a skirt with a new design for expansion is the most comfortable maternity fashion.

THIS advice is for a young expectant mother who writes:

"Please could you help me? I am expecting a baby early in March and want something very cool to wear with a maternity skirt. Please keep the style simple, and would it be possible to have a pattern for both jacket and skirt?"

You will find the styling simple and the design cool and comfortable in the smock-jacket and maternity skirt I have chosen. The ensemble is illustrated at right; a paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the sketch are further details and how to order.

"IS it correct to wear a tulle veil with a lace wedding dress?"

Yes, it is perfectly correct. It would be quite a pretty idea to have the veil fastened with a Juliet cap in the same lace as the dress.

"COULD you help me with a few details about my debutante frock? Must the frock be white and should it have a bare top? I am worried about the bare top, because I am rather bony."

It is customary for a debutante to wear white, and in current deb fashions all diaphanous materials, such as organdies and chiffons, are very popular. There is no need for the dress to have a bare top. I suggest a scooped

and widened neckline just covering the tops of the shoulders.

"WILL you please help me with a frock problem? I want a beltless style, but, as I am on the plump side, I wondered if it would be suitable. My measurements are 36in. bust, 27in. waist, and 38in. hips."

The newest version of a beltless silhouette is the chemise, or sack dress. This line suggests rather than reveals the wearer's figure, and I see no reason why you should not wear one. The silhouette is straight, the waist is by-passed, and the bodice-top often sleeveless, with the neckline high and simple.

"I HAVE been asked to dinner in a restaurant and do not know what to wear to be correctly dressed. The men in the party are wearing day-suits."

Dining in a restaurant when the men are wearing lounge suits, you will wear a dress that is pretty and short, mid-way between an afternoon dress and ballerina. It is not necessary to wear a hat; gloves are optional.

"WHAT sort of material would be best for a late-afternoon and evening coat? I don't want velvet."

Brocades, following the number of Orient-inspired fashions that have become very smart for late-day and later.



DS 275. — Maternity shirt and smock-jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires skirt 3yds. 36in. material, jacket 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



SOOTHE TIRED EYES

this new easy way

Optone Eye Drops bring immediate relief to eyes troubled by dust, smoke, wind, glare or strain. The new Optone one-piece flexible dropper-bottle makes application easier than ever before! Just squeeze the bottle gently and drops flow out, one by one. No spilling or flooding. No risk of breakage or contamination.



Fits the pocket



— or the handbag.

Easiest to use anywhere, anytime

No separate dropper needed — it's part of the bottle. Optone is completely safe — use as often as desired.

Over 400 drops, enough for weeks of continuous use.



OPTONE Eye Drops
by the makers of Optrex Eye Lotion

Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!



After household tasks and all outdoor sports, smooth on Softasilk Cream or Lotion and keep your hands romantically lovely. Rich, protective oils in Softasilk neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and prevent wind and weather chapping. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk constantly... and then your hands will stay as soft and smooth as silk!

3/9 per bottle
★
Small tube 2/3
Large tube 3/-
Economy tube 3/11

BUY THE BIG ECONOMY TUBE AND SAVE MONEY



SOFTASILK PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES IN SO MANY WAYS

No more rough red hands

No dryness caused by harsh washing soaps

No wind and weather chapping

No coarse elbows

No hard skin on palms and fingers

Softasilk

Fabulous Hand Beauty CREAM or LOTION

IT'S THE NEWEST TREND
IN FURNITURE —
NATURALLY IT'S . . .

PANELYTE
LAMINATED PLASTIC

the **ONLY** surfacing material
available in this new lovely
Golden Maple pattern.



Another first to **Panelyte**! Now in furniture and department stores across Australia that beautiful authentic wood grain pattern you can't help admiring . . . is **Panelyte**. Furniture surfaced with **Panelyte** means years of wear for minutes of easy care. **Panelyte** rejects stains, heat, liquids and whisks sparkling clean with a wipe of a damp cloth.

When next you look at furniture ask to see and make certain you look at **Panelyte** Golden Maple . . . the faithful reproduction of the most popular timber . . . and remember it's definitely **EXCLUSIVE** to **PANELYTE**.

Panelyte is now available in 35 wonderful new patterns and designs. See them at your furniture and hardware store.

PANELYTE
LAMINATED PLASTIC

Your **Panelyte** Factory Representative can be contacted at these telephone numbers:—

N.S.W. **XB 3286** Victoria **JA 3970** Queensland **L 2241**
S. Australia **LA 5576** W. Australia **BA 6465**

PANELYTE LAMINATED PLASTIC is manufactured in Australia under direct licence from the ST. REGIS PAPER COMPANY, New York, U.S.A. by

CHARLES HOPE LTD.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA

FREE COLOUR FOLDER

To **Charles Hope Ltd.**, Wandoo St., Valley, Brisbane.
Please send by return mail **Panelyte** folder showing full range of patterns and colours.

NAME

ADDRESS

State WW Dec.



Houses, fashions, and food for . . .

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

● Most people find that, for a happy summer holiday, the languor and freedom of beach life is hard to beat.

ON a seaside holiday no problems seem to intrude on outdoor pleasures such as dips in the surf and sessions in the sunshine, and it all adds enormously to the enjoyment of having a vacation in a place by the beach.

On this and following pages there are color pictures of two striking, widely different types of holiday homes. One of the houses is situated at Avalon, a scenic seaside suburb of Sydney, N.S.W., and the other is at Moana, a popular waterside resort in South Australia.

A certain degree of luxury characterises both these homes, but each one contains a number of attractive features that would be welcome in any holiday residence at the seaside.

Two exterior shots of the house owned by Mrs. M. V. MacFarlane, at Avalon, N.S.W., appear on this page.

The site is on a hillside overlooking Avalon beach and out towards the blue Pacific Ocean. Its air of peaceful seclusion and the natural beauty of the surrounding bushland are most appealing.

● Interiors of the house on page 35.



GLORIOUS VIEW (above) of the sun terrace at the home of Mrs. M. V. MacFarlane, at Avalon, N.S.W., shows the picturesque situation of the building among the gum trees. Natural blue-gum timber lines the house, which also features a huge fireplace and stone flagging.

CLOSE-UP (at left) of the handsome barbecue (glimpsed on the right in the picture above). This particular section is a symphony of natural stone coloring flanked by furnishings in tones of beige, yellow, and orange. It also makes the most of the open planning and construction.

Beautiful and Practical....



Furniture upholstered in the modern manner
... featuring the fashionable

"Vynex"

Barony

DESIGN

With its rich tweedy look and attractive fleck, 'Vynex' Barony design is the fashion leader in upholstery ... it's colourful, amazingly durable and keeps its new look always (so easily cleaned with a damp cloth).

When you think of furniture, think of 'Vynex' — ask to see 'Vynex' upholstered furniture and the full range of 'Vynex' samples in printed or plain effects.



Don't accept substitutes — only furniture carrying this tag is upholstered with genuine 'Vynex'. The Name that distinguishes the Best ... from the Rest!



MANUFACTURED IN AUSTRALIA BY

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.

2727.VVN.124X.907

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957

COLOR AND COMFORT BY THE SEA



ON this page are the interiors of the house owned by Mrs. M. V. MacFarlane at Avalon, N.S.W.

The house was built two years ago by architect Robert G. MacLurcan for Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Cameron, who wanted a seaside house which could be a permanent home at a later date. Mrs. MacFarlane bought it from the original owners 12 months ago.

Its accommodation includes three double bedrooms, a spacious living-room, kitchen, carport, laundry, and inside bathrooms.

The shower-room can be reached

from outside the house as well as from inside, so people coming in from a swim need not walk through the house with wet, sandy feet.

Highly polished wood floors and walls painted in stimulating colors are features of this comfortable and attractive home.

All the inside walls are of painted fibre board and polished plywood.

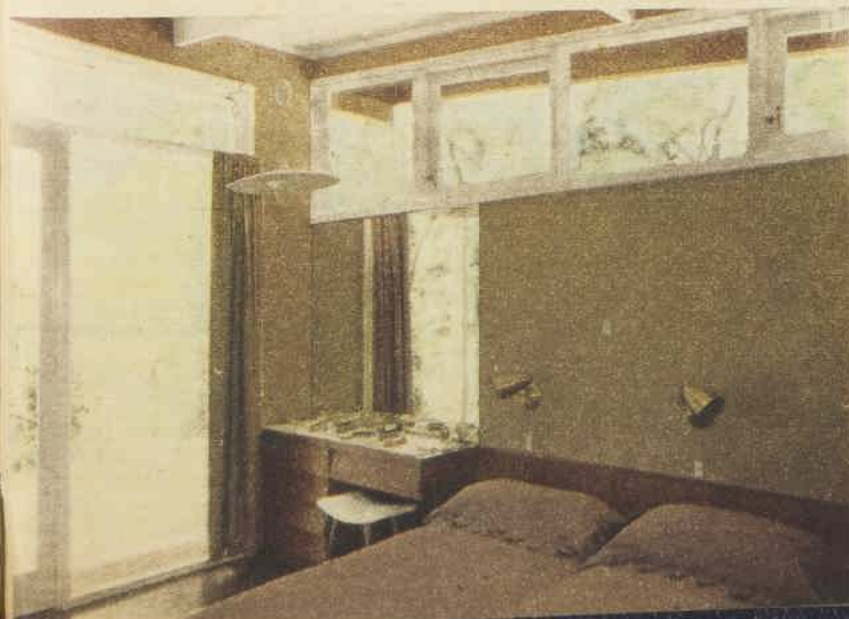
In this attractive home there are many big scenic windows that capture the enchanting natural views to be seen on all sides. These fittings also help to control cross ventilation.

PICTURESQUE LOUNGE-ROOM looking towards the kitchen area. The room is cool and spacious. Rugs cover the floor of natural, polished wood; the ceiling is also of natural timber. The stone fireplace (on the right) is a conversation piece.



MAIN BEDROOM (left) is smart and contemporary. It features an unusual, attractive color scheme. The walls are painted and so is the timber ceiling. The floor and fittings are polished.

DINING PORTION (above) of the living-room shows servery at right. White wood trims the polished kitchen fittings. The ceiling is natural blue gum. Pictures by Douglass Baglin.





Especially in Summer SKIN needs NIVEA care

Summer sun and breezes dry out the natural oils of your skin. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite—the nearest thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin. Protect, soothe and nourish your skin with Nivea.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes (for beach or purse) and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

Turn yourself into fashion's fair-haired girl



Lighten and Brighten your hair
with

Light and Bright

BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOTHING TO MIX OR FIX

"It's simpler than setting your hair"

At chemists and stores everywhere. Two sizes, 7/- and 13/6.

LB16.62

HOUSE IN SANDHILLS



SOUTH SIDE of the living-room in the beach home of Mr. and Mrs. K. B. McMichael at Moana, South Australia, looks north across the Gulf of St. Vincent. Carefully chosen colors are cool and restful with bright accents to maintain the holiday mood. There are pale blue walls and sunlight-yellow curtains.



BUNK BEDROOM is one of three similar rooms and looks out on to the sea. Window and wardrobe curtains are a deep red, and bright checked blankets are used as spreads for the built-in bunks. In the three rooms there are eight bunks to accommodate the children and visitors. The window frames throughout the house are aluminium to avoid corrosion caused by the salt air.



SUMMER
HOLIDAYS

THE high-set, simply designed beach house shown on these pages was built by Mr. and Mrs. K. B. McMichael at the lovely beach resort at Moana, in South Australia. The McMichaels' permanent home is at Fullarton, an Adelaide suburb.

An ideal holiday home, the beach house combines an atmosphere of comfort and relaxation for all the family with ease of maintenance.

"My chief idea in building our beach house at Moana," said Mr. McMichael, "was to go up high enough to see the view and to get away from the sand and dust when the wind blows."

With breezes under as well as around it, the house cools quickly in summer.

It was built on contemporary lines, is completely original in design, and was planned to meet the requirements of Mr. and Mrs. McMichael and their three children.

The timber-framed house has asbestos outer walls and is built on four-inch columns with roll-steel joists across the top of the columns.

The roof is fluted asbestos and, inside, the ceiling is lined with a compressed straw material.

The layout of the house is simplicity itself. There is a living-room (kitchen-cum-dinette-cum-sitting-room) and four bedrooms. These rooms are a main bedroom for Mr. and Mrs. McMichael and three rooms containing a total of eight bunks for the children and their friends.

● This holiday house at the beach resort of Moana, South Australia, is specially designed to accommodate children as well as adults. It defeats the heat, avoids the sand and dust, and offers easy family living with a minimum of work and maximum of comfort.



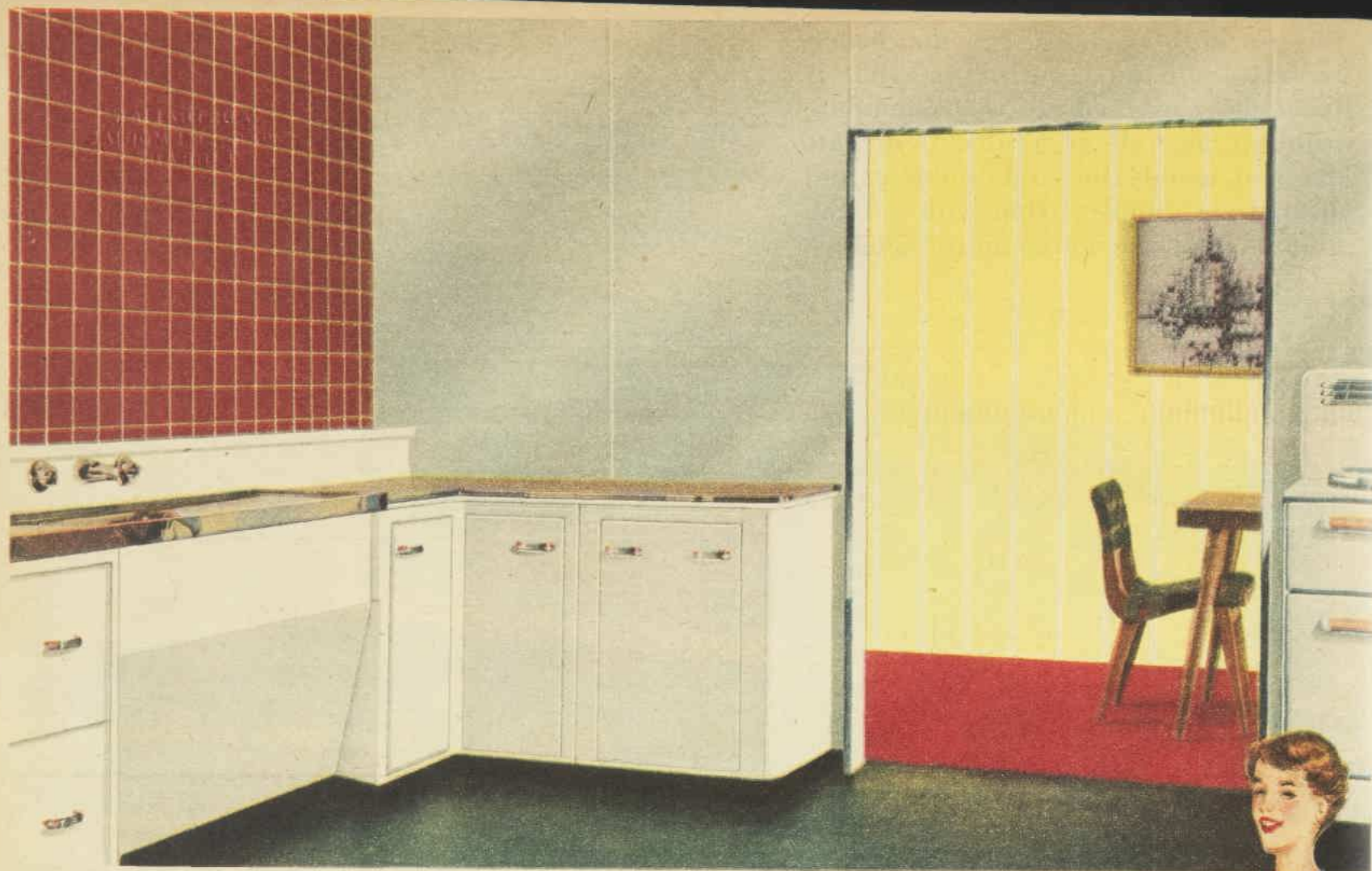
RAISED ON STEEL SUPPORTS, the house is well elevated to take advantage of the view and the breeze while keeping out of the way of blowing sand and dust. The McMichaels have planted succulents to hold the sand and make their garden even more attractive for lounging in summer. Bright umbrellas harmonise with the general color scheme of red and blue. A sturdy wrought-iron staircase leads from the wide verandah to the sandhills and beach. The large picture windows are all plate glass.



LEFT: The colorful kitchen, which opens into the living-room, has a counter for family meals. A refrigerator, stainless steel sink, cupboards for storage, and plenty of bench space make this an ideal place to prepare meals. The colors are pale blue, white, flamingo, and yellow.



ABOVE: Another view of the living-room shows comfortable cane chairs arranged for guests to look out on the lovely seascape. Bright cushions accent the color scheme. Notice the steel joint in the ceiling. It has been made into a decorative feature of the living-room.



"We streamlined our Kitchen with Masonite Marlited Wall Panels

COLOURFUL MARLITED PANELS MAKE MODERNISING EASY AND ECONOMICAL

You'll quickly beautify those old worn walls and ceilings . . . and end your decorating problems once and for all with Masonite Marlited Wall Panels. They give kitchen walls and ceilings a sheer, glistening surface that is as durable as it is beautiful. It's the modern American streamlined look you've admired in pictures and magazines. These economical panels come in 15 glowing decorator colours — plain and stipple-tone — each with a soil-proof, mirror-like finish. And There are panel-grooved sheets to add a touch of distinction.

So easy to clean

Masonite Marlited Wall Panels are new! . . . they're different! The Marlited baked enamel colour surface seals in all the colour beauty — seals out moisture, mildew, smudges and stains. Just an occasional wiping with a damp cloth whisks away all grease and dirt, keeps it bright and clean.



So easy to fix

If you're handy with ordinary hand tools, Masonite Marlited Wall Panels are easy to fix over old walls and ceilings or in new homes. Neat metal mouldings in colours to match your panels make joints and corners a simple matter and ensure a tradesman's job.



So economical

You save pounds when you install Masonite Marlited Wall Panels . . . and that's not all. Marlited Wall Panels never need painting, never fade or grow dull. The soil-proof surface never cracks or chips. No other wall covering gives you so many years of wear with such little care.



* 15 GLORIOUS COLOURS

FREE!

Your Masonite Dealer will be glad to show you colour samples or send coupon for free brochure.

MASONITE

MARLITED WALL PANELS

make all other walls old-fashioned

PRODUCTS OF MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

120 Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W. | 150 Mary Street, Brisbane, Queensland.
533 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria. | 593 Port Road, West Croydon, S.A.

Send me your FREE colour chart and Do-it-yourself guide.

NAME

ADDRESS

Ideal, economical weekender



OUR HOME PLAN this week, shown above in perspective, is an attractive holiday house. There is maximum space for outdoor living in summer.

SIDE VIEW of the house (right) shows the delightful barbecue on the verandah. The barbecue and the chimney of the indoor fireplace are combined to reduce costs.



● Building a weekender is not difficult, especially when part of it can be constructed at home and taken to the site. This week's home plan, No. A616, is an attractive illustration of this type of holiday house.

DESIGNED by Sydney architect Ian White, the plan is simple in construction and economical to build.

Once the foundations are laid, the main structure can be pre-cut and then taken to the site ready to erect. This will help the handyman to reduce labor costs greatly and will save time in travelling to and from the holiday site.

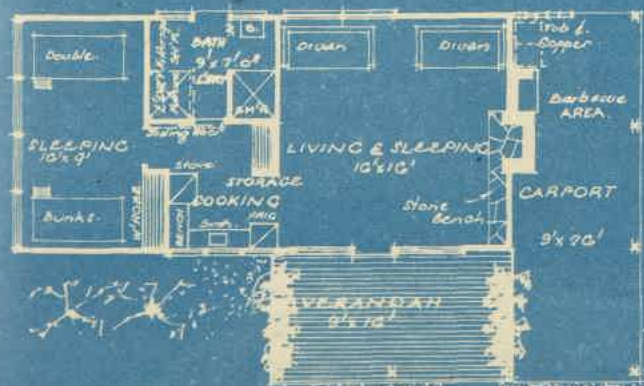
An alternative is to have a builder erect the main section, which covers an area less than 6 squares. The easily

constructed carport and verandah can be added later at little additional cost.

The design is simple because the architect has planned the house for a family's holiday pleasure. The ground plan below shows the house as a simple rectangle with a skillion roof sloping to the rear and a flat roof supported by timber joists forming the carport and verandah.

Vertical patterned fibro sheeting and corrugated asbestos roofing is illustrated in the sketches above. Timber would be equally attractive.

With a pitched roof and different building materials, the design could be adapted for a mountain or ski hut. This adaptability, and the fact that it can be placed on a site to make the most of a view, is one of its best features.



Excluding Carport & Verandah
Area 10' x 10' 6" 10' 6" 10' 6"
Area Carport 9' x 9' 6" 9' x 9' 6"
Area Verandah 9' x 9' 6" 9' x 9' 6"

A616

GROUND PLAN of the house. All the plumbing has been kept in the centre, which is a big factor in its economical design. Shower-room-cum-laundry has direct access to the outside, so swimmers need not walk through the house in wet bathing-suits.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957

for **COLOURS**

for **SMARTNESS**

for **STYLE**

insist on **HANDKERCHIEFS** made by **NILE**

For "Her" NILE... Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds... 2/- ea.; 1-doz. box, 6/-.
NILE FLORA... Huge range of latest prints, gaily coloured... 1/6 ea.
NILE FANTASY... Exclusive novelty prints—special large size... 1/11 ea.

For "Him" NILE... Attractive gift boxes... 1-doz. box, 19/6; 1-doz. box, 9/9; 3/3 ea.
NILE Initialled... Famous Nile White Handkerchiefs with Blue initial, 3/9ea. Coloured Nile Handkerchiefs with coloured initial, 4/3 ea.
NILE "JUNIOR"—for boys—coloured designs—2/- ea.

It's the Mayonnaise that makes the salad!

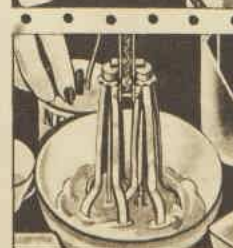


you can make it the Nestlé's 2minute way!

FIRST of all, pour half a tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl,

THEN, season with a half teaspoon of salt, half a cup of vinegar and one teaspoon of Keen's mustard.

NOW, beat for a few seconds until the mixture thickens and there it is, the most delicious mayonnaise you've ever tasted.



NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

NM. 01.12

Page 39

Eight fashion ideas to copy

By DAWN JAMES

● Think of long, carefree weeks in the sun . . . the days on the beach, the parties, the casual holiday life.

With holidays in mind, it's time for a fashionable girl to cast a discriminating eye over her wardrobe.

The clothes shown on these pages were carefully chosen for their easy-to-wear quality and essentially simple styling. Look at the versatility of the day-or-evening poncho; the practical beach-coat-cum-"sack"; the pretty harlequin party separates.

Complete how-to-make instructions and pattern diagrams are given on page 52.



ABOVE: The poncho, an adaptable South American fashion translated into a pretty evening wrap. It's an ideal cover-up for those cool summer evenings. This design was made available to us exclusively throughout Australia by "Good Housekeeping" magazine.

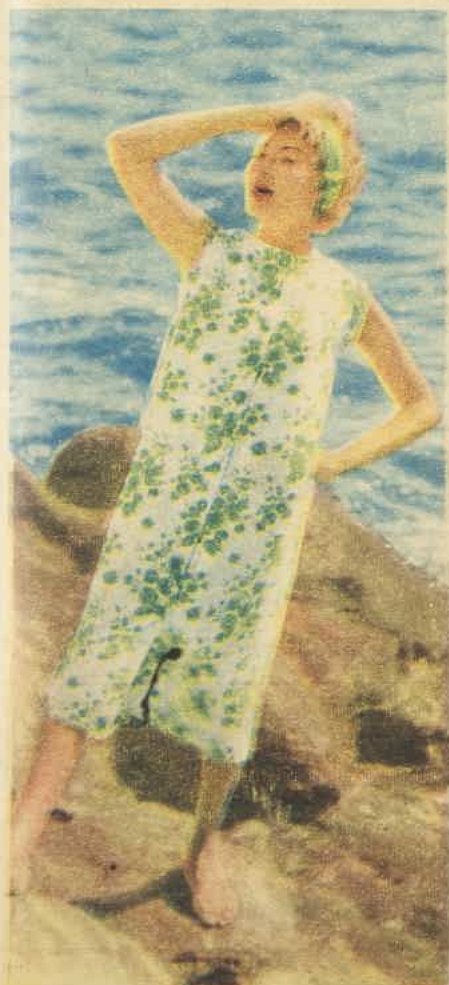
LEFT: The poncho again, this time in gay striped towelling for the beach. It is decorated with fringe and has an easy elegance. Even the most inexperienced dressmaker can make a poncho in an hour or so.

RIGHT: For informal parties, harlequin-styled separates in three hyacinth-colored poplins. Choose shades to complement your own coloring. For example: tomato, cream, and avocado-green for a brunette. The dress photographed is perfect for a blonde.





BEACH HAT AND BAG SET is made in brightly colored, practical towelling. The hat is high, peaked, and designed to be worn right down on the forehead — shading the nose from a burning sun. And the hat is circled with curtain rings, an idea that is straight from Paris. The big carry-all bag is lined with protecting plastic.



BEACH COAT cum sack dress is a versatile design. The dress is sleeveless and buttoned right down the front. It is extremely simple to make, taking a minimum of sewing time.



CUMMERBUND-TYPE BELT turns the beach coat into a dress; another facet of the design's versatility. Choose the coat's dominating color for the cummerbund.



DRAWSTRING BLOUSE is adapted from the beach-coat pattern. It is the answer to the query "What to wear?" with slacks, shorts, or a slim skirt. The blouse is unshaped and tied in at the waist. A suggestion for the very slender: lengthen the blouse to tie at the hipline. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Enjoy **Swiss-Style** Richness in this
Quick'n Easy Ice cream!



*It's made
in a flash!*



*In the
Flavour-saving
GOLD LINED
cans*



The **Swiss-Style** milk is the secret . .

Discover the secret of rich delicious Ice Cream with a melt-in-the-mouth flavour that's loved by all the family. It's so simple! But you **MUST** use Tongala Evaporated Milk to be sure of getting that Swiss Style richness, that extra creamy flavour. Tongala Swiss Style Evaporated Milk is packed in flavour-saving gold-lined cans.

A perfect product of Australia's richest dairy pastures, so rich in body-building goodness. You can have rich pasture-fresh milk always on hand if you keep Tongala Swiss Style Evaporated Milk in your pantry: simply mix it with $1\frac{1}{2}$ parts of water. Buy this Tongala product from your grocer today!

RECIPE
1 tin "Tongala" Unsweetened Evaporated Milk, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla. Place unopened milk in refrigerator overnight. Make sure milk is very cold, then beat till thick, adding sugar and vanilla. Add cooled gelatine, beat well, place in freezing trays till frozen.

TONGALA MILK

...and here's another wonderful TONGALA product...

It's new! Wonderful TONGALA Condensed Milk in Tubes. So hygienic and convenient for camping, picnicking or at home. It stays fresh, no waste and will not crystallize. The screw cap seals the tube after every use. You'll love the pasture

fresh flavour and the Swiss Style richness. Ask for it at your grocer's today! TONGALA Condensed milk in Tubes —the milk for all outdoor occasions.



CONDENSED MILK IN TUBES

....and here's **Swiss-Style CREAM** too!





DELECTABLE DISHES from the two menus given in this special Dione Lucas feature are illustrated above. They are lobster, prepared with traditional Cardinale sauce, moulded creamed ham, beef cooked in burgundy, and a rich ginger roll. Recipes for these delicious dinner-party dishes are given below and overleaf.

ENTERTAIN AT HOME—AND ENJOY IT

A DINNER-PARTY where the hostess is not "tied to the kitchen" is the aim and ambition of every housewife who likes to entertain in her own home.

In the holiday season, when guests are invited to dinner, the hostess is prepared to take a little more trouble in cooking and planning gala dishes than she would with the ordinary meals for the family.

But she does not want a too-elaborate menu that will spoil her day of leisure completely. Mrs. Lucas suggests, therefore, that when planning her holiday dinner-party the hostess should try to select dishes that can be fully prepared in advance and require the minimum of last-minute attention, leaving her time to enjoy the party with her guests.

To illustrate this theme, Mrs. Lucas gives two menus.

Either menu would be appropriate for a fine dinner-party. But more important still, every dish mentioned can be prepared several hours ahead of time.

Spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Hot Cream Oyster Soup
Toasted French Bread
Boeuf Bourguignon
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Cold Caramel Souffle
Coffee

HOT CREAM OYSTER SOUP

Two dozen oysters, 3 cups milk, 2 cloves garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup cream, salt, freshly cracked black peppercorns, thin slices of toasted French bread.

Chop garlic cloves finely and add to 1 tablespoon melted butter in pan. Stir over low heat 3 minutes. Carefully stir in milk. Add salt and peppercorns, stir over heat until it comes to a boil. Stir in half remaining butter gradually, being careful that it blends completely. Add oysters and set in a covered double boiler 8 minutes. Divide rest of butter into 4 soup bowls with the whipped cream. Pour in the soup slowly and sprinkle top with a little extra crushed peppercorns just before serving. Serve toast separately.

BOEUF BOURGUIGNON (Beef Ragout with Burgundy)

Two pounds round steak, 2oz. butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons brandy, 24 small white onions, 12 small mushrooms, 1oz. flour, 1 teaspoon meat extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon tomato paste, 1 cup stock or water, 1 cup burgundy, salt, freshly cracked black pepper, 1 bay leaf, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley or chives.

Cut meat into 1in. cubes and brown all over in 1oz. hot butter. Heat brandy in a small pan, ignite and pour over beef. Remove beef. Add remaining butter to pan and saute onions. Cut mushrooms in half and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, blend in flour, meat extract, and tomato paste. Pour on stock and burgundy, stir over heat until mixture comes to a boil. Season with salt and pepper. Return meat with bay leaf. Cover, simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hours (or until meat is tender).

Remove bay leaf, serve in a casserole dish sprinkled with parsley or chives.

COLD CARAMEL SOUFFLE

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1 tablespoon syrup glucose, water, 4 eggs, 3 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream, finely chopped walnuts.

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in a saucepan with glucose and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Dissolve over heat slowly. Continue cooking without stirring until it makes a good dark caramel. Add 2 tablespoons water, cool slightly. Beat together over a pan of hot water eggs and egg-yolks with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar until stiff. Mix in the caramel and gelatine, which has been dissolved in lemon juice and a little water. Add 1 tablespoon whipped cream. Oil a souffle dish. Tie a band of oiled waxed paper around outside. Pour in the mixture, place in refrigerator to set. Remove outside paper. Decorate top with remaining whipped cream and nuts.

Note: To make a chocolate souffle, replace caramel with 3oz. dark, sweet, melted chocolate.

MENU 2

Peasant Soup
Cheese Wafers
Lobster Cardinale
Cold Ham Mousse
Tossed Green Salad
Ginger Roll
Coffee

PEASANT SOUP

Four potatoes, 1 onion, 2 carrots, 2 sticks celery, 2oz. butter or substitute, salt and cayenne pepper, 2 cups light cream, 2 tablespoons finely shredded blanched carrots.

Slice potatoes, onion, raw carrots, and celery roughly, cook in butter slowly for 2 minutes. Add sufficient water barely to cover vegetables, cook until soft. Rub through a fine strainer, return to pan, stir in cream to required thickness. Reheat, season to taste and add shredded carrots.

Note: Do not serve this soup too hot.

LOBSTER CARDINALE

Two small or 1 large lobster, 1 cup mixed sliced onion, carrot, celery, 2 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white

wine, 3 cups water, 1 cup mushrooms, 1oz. butter, salt, lemon juice.

Cardinale Sauce: One and a half ounces butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lobster stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon sherry, 6 shelled prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, whole mushrooms.

Place lobsters in a court bouillon consisting of mixed onion, carrot, celery, peppercorns, and bay leaf. Pour over wine and water. Bring to boil, simmer 20 minutes. Remove from fire, cool in liquid. Cut in halves carefully. Remove meat and cut up roughly. Add mushrooms (chopped and sauteed in butter, salt, and lemon juice). Place into body shells, pour over the following sauce:

Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in pan, stir in flour, salt, and cayenne. Mix in tomato paste. Pour on stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream. Stir over heat until it comes to a boil. Mix in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream which has been mixed with egg-yolks and sherry. Mince the prawns finely and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Add

• Continued overleaf



Casserole Mandalay wins £5 prize

● A tasty curry recipe entered by a reader in Western Australia wins £5 this week.

A COMBINATION of many spicy ingredients go into this highly flavored, special occasion casserole.

CASSEROLE MANDALAY

Two pounds breast lamb or mutton, 1 cup sliced onions, fat for frying, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1oz. curry powder, 4 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove chopped garlic, 1 large tin evaporated milk, salt, pepper, 1 cup blanched slivered almonds, 1½ cups rice, 1½ cups cooked potato cubes, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1oz. butter.

Fry onions in heated fat until golden brown, remove from pan, drain. Cut meat into service-sized pieces, sprinkle with crushed garlic, curry powder, and half the lemon juice. Fry in pan until lightly browned. Transfer meat and onions to large saucepan, add cloves, peppercorns, bay leaf, and evaporated milk (heated slightly with balance of lemon juice). Season with salt and pepper, cover. Bring to the boil, simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally, add almonds. Meanwhile, prepare rice mixture. Cook rice in usual way, saute potato cubes in hot shortening until golden brown.

EASTERN-STYLE curry dish is given a slightly different and piquant flavor by the addition of peas and sauteed potatoes in the rice mixture. See prize-winning recipe below.

Combine with drained rice and peas. Grease a large ovenware dish, cover base with half rice mixture, arrange meat and remaining rice on top, pour over beaten eggs and milk; dot with butter and bake in moderate oven half hour. Arrange savory eggs on top, garnish with parsley before serving.

Savory Eggs: Hard boil 3 or 4 eggs, remove shells, cut in halves lengthwise. Remove egg-yolks, combine with 1 rasher chopped sauteed bacon, 1 mashed banana, fill into cavity of each egg-white. Dust lightly with paprika, sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in oven a few minutes until cheese melts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Walker, 7 Seabrook Street, Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

From previous page . . .

Entertain at home—and enjoy it

gradually to the sauce. Reheat. Do not boil. Arrange stuffed shells on a serving dish. Pour over sauce and garnish with whole mushrooms.

COLD HAM MOUSSE

Two pounds lean boiled ham, 2½oz. butter, 3 tablespoons water, 1½oz. flour, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup milk, 1 cup whipped cream or evaporated milk, 2 egg-whites, salt, cayenne pepper, truffles, or sliced olives.

Aspic: Three cups cold clear stock, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 tablespoons red wine, 1 dessertspoon tomato paste, if desired, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 2 egg-whites.

Mince ham finely. Melt 1 dessertspoon butter in water, stir in, off the fire, the flour and gelatine. Pour on milk. Stir over fire until sauce comes to a boil. When cold blend thoroughly with minced ham, rub through a fine strainer. Mix in 2 tablespoons of softened butter, whipped

cream, stiffly beaten egg-whites, salt, and cayenne. Turn into mould. Cover with a ½in. layer of cooled aspic, place in refrigerator until set. Unmould, decorate suitably with truffles or olives and pour over another thin layer of aspic. Leave in refrigerator until set or ready to use.

Aspic: Place all ingredients, except egg-whites, in a saucepan. Blend together and add stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat with a large wire whisk over a slow fire until it comes to a boil. Remove from fire and let stand 15 minutes. Strain through a damp cloth placed over a large strainer.

GINGER ROLL

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon each of ground ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, and bicarbonate of soda, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 1-3rd cup molasses, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup hot water, castor sugar, ½ cup golden syrup, 2 egg-whites.

Mix flour, spices, and soda in a bowl. Add butter, molasses, sugar, beaten egg, and hot water; mix well. Grease a shallow baking-dish, line with waxed paper, and grease again. Spread mixture on smoothly. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Remove, and cover with a cloth that has been wrung out in cold water. Cool in refrigerator. Remove cloth, dust well with castor sugar, turn out on wax paper, and carefully peel paper off top.

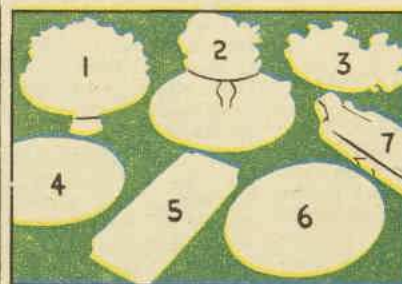
Put in a saucepan golden syrup, cook to a light "thread" or 240deg. F. Pour slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-whites, beating continuously until thick. Spread mixture on pastry. Roll up like a jelly roll, chill well before serving.

If preferred, this roll could be filled with whipped sweetened cream and frosted all over with a coffee-flavored, soft butter icing. Decorate with a design of grated chocolate.



Delight your friends

—they're easily



Ingredients: 4 ozs. dark chocolate, melted; ½ pint milk; 2½ cups sugar; ¾ cup shortening, softened; 1½ teaspoons vanilla; 4 eggs; 2½ cups self-raising flour, sifted; ¾ cup chopped walnuts; ¾ cup chopped cherries.

Method: Combine chocolate, half the milk, 1 egg, well-beaten, and 1 cup of the sugar in a saucepan, cook over a low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Cream shortening and the rest of the sugar until fluffy. Add vanilla. Blend in remaining eggs, one at a time, beating well after each egg is added. Stir in flour alternately with the remaining milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Blend in the chocolate mixture, pour into three 8" greased and paper-lined sandwich tins. Sprinkle cherries and walnuts over the top. Bake in a moderate oven 350°F. (electric), 325°F. (gas) for 30-35 minutes.

Now for the touch that really makes the cake—a creamy-light "Philly" frosting.

Combine one 4-oz. package Philadelphia Cream Cheese and 1 dessertspoon milk.

Add 4 cups icing sugar, sifted (1 lb.); 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix well.

Kraft bring you all these wonderful food ideas to plan a perfect party—from tasty appetisers to a magnificent chocolate cake. You can make all these exciting dishes yourself—just follow the easy Kraft Kitchen recipes.

1. Big 'n beautiful chocolate cake—frosted with delicate-tasting Philadelphia brand Cream Cheese.

Everyone's going to want a slice of this delicious chocolate cake—and you'll certainly be asked for the recipe. So here it is:



Wouldn't you like to start dining right now? That's just how your party friends will feel when you serve these Kraft party specials.

with these gay, tempting party dishes made and more delicious with versatile **KRAFT** FOODS

Spread mixture between the layers and over the cake. Decorate with shredded coconut and additional cherries.

2. Serve a glamorous fruit and cheese tray.

On a wooden tray, or your biggest party plate, arrange fresh fruit with a selection of the 20 different Kraft cheese varieties.

We've chosen rich-flavoured Kraft Bleu cheese, nut-sweet Kraft Swiss, mellow Monterey, "tasty" Coon cheese, Philadelphia cream cheese, Kraft Cheddar slices and three different Kraft cheese portions.

3. Cool, satisfying salad — so casual and carefree for a special occasion.

First, line a large plate with lettuce leaves. Now, on the lettuce, arrange celery curls, cucumber slices, tomato wedges, radishes and cubes of nourishing Kraft Cheddar cheese. Dress with the "wonder flavour" of creamy Kraft Mayonnaise.

4. Delightful Pineapple "Philly" Dip highlights this attractive savoury tray.

On cracker biscuits, or bread cut into unusual shapes, spread zesty Vegemite, "tasty", fully matured Coon Cheese, Red Feather Meat and Fish Pastes, Kraft Cream Cheese Spread and Kraft Cheddar Cheese Spread. Garnish with stuffed olives, parsley, small gherkin pieces and tomato.

Showpiece of the savoury tray is the Pineapple "Philly" Dip — and you can whip it up in minutes.

Combine one 4-oz. package Philadelphia Cream Cheese and 3 dessertspoons crushed pineapple, with juice. Sprinkle with paprika. Chill.

5. New idea with cocktail frankfurts — Kraft Cheddar pin-ups.

Butter fresh bread slices and cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar. Place a cooked frankfurt on each, roll up and secure with coloured

toothpicks. Brush with melted butter and grill lightly. Serve hot, garnished with parsley, and you've given old favourites a glamorous new look.

6. Elena's macaroni — a spicy hot dish for your party.

Ingredients: 3 dessertspoons cooking oil or shortening; 1 lb. buttock steak, cut into cubes; 1 cup chopped onions; 1 clove garlic, crushed; ½ cup chopped celery; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 cup chopped tomatoes, tinned or fresh; 1 8-oz. can tomato soup; 1 teaspoon curry powder; 1 bay-leaf; 1 teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; pinch mixed herbs; ½ lb. sea-shell macaroni; 1½ cups shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Method: Brown meat in hot oil or shortening in a large saucepan. Add onions, garlic, celery and parsley. Cook until golden brown. Add tomatoes, tomato soup, curry powder, bay-leaf, salt, pepper and mixed herbs. Simmer covered for 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Add 1

cup of the shredded Kraft Cheddar. Stir until melted. Cook macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water and drain. Arrange macaroni on a serving dish. Pour over the sauce and sprinkle with remaining shredded Kraft Cheddar. Garnish with parsley sprigs and tomato. 5-6 serves.

7. Toasted sandwiches — with a clever little hint that makes them crisper than ever before.

Prepare sandwiches with Red Feather Fish and Meat Pastes, Vegemite and Kraft Velveeta. Toast them, and serve piping hot.

Remember to butter the bread on both sides — that's the "art" in making crisper toasted sandwiches.

You'll find there are countless menus and party ideas you can prepare with the wonderful range of Kraft foods. So look around the shelves at your store and stock up with your favourite Kraft foods today.

KRAFT — world famous for fine foods

T is for **Timbrock** HARDBOARD



Built-in TIMBROCK desk saves space

Here's a practical, TIMBROCK idea. A neat writing desk unit with a fold-away shelf.

OPEN—Convenient shelf space for personal papers and writing materials, with TIMBROCK's smooth flat surface for writing or typing.

CLOSED—Completely out of the way, leaving area clear, tidy and attractive. Just the right size to pin up decorative pictures or a map.

Save building-time and money with better made

TIMBROCK HARDBOARD

TIMBROCK is natural wood made better. TIMBROCK is a multi-purpose hardboard which gives you all the good features of ordinary timber and is adaptable to far more home projects.

Long a favourite of carpenters, TIMBROCK is a boon to the home-builder or handyman. Light and easy to handle, TIMBROCK can be nailed or screwed into position without splintering. TIMBROCK is grainless and therefore much easier to work than materials with knots or "cranky" grains. TIMBROCK, though very strong, is remarkably flexible and will readily bend around curved or rounded surfaces. Paint flows easily

and evenly onto its smooth, pressurized finish.

Use TIMBROCK for all types of built-in furniture, flush doors, bookshelves, walls and ceilings, display cases and office fittings.

TIMBROCK IS THE ONLY HARDBOARD THAT IS ALWAYS WHITE-ANT PROOFED. Timbrock's extra 6 inches make its convenient 4'6" width ideal for standard 18" studding. You save time and money when you choose from the wide TIMBROCK range of 6', 7', 8', 14' lengths. For jobs that must stand up to extreme weather and moisture conditions, build with Tempered TIMBROCK. Handy short sizes are available, too.

Sold by Hardware stores and Timber merchants



Timbrock
HARDBOARD

...natural wood
made better

A product of The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd., Building Materials Division

Showrooms at Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

CSR741

DECORATE FOR CHRISTMAS

● Christmas decorations that are made at home are much more fun and usually a good deal cheaper than the ready-made article. On this and the opposite page are some effective, inexpensive, and easy-to-make notions for Christmas trimmings.



A FLUFF OF ORGANDIE, red bows, and bunches of tiny glittering baubles are used for this home-made Christmas tree that is suitable for a small house or flat. Unusual in effect, this tree will add sparkle to the whole place. The tree shown is approximately 36in. tall, but can be made to any height. See the directions for making below.

EVEN a new hand at decorating can be sure of making a hit with the wonderful organdie Christmas tree shown above.

Materials: 2yds. of 42in. white organdie cut into four strips lengthwise; 11yds. inch-wide ribbon; bundle florist's wire; red and white crepe paper; transparent wrapping paper; baubles; tinsel; tinsel ribbon; packet of colored stars; heavy narrow-necked container; 7 straight sticks or rods, one measuring 3ft. long, two of 20in. and two of 16in., and two of 11in.

Place the 3ft. stick as the main support in the weighted container and pack with paper

Organdie tree

until the stick stands upright and firm. Criss-cross each pair of sticks and wire at intervals to the central support.

Bind the frame with strips of inch-wide crepe paper and secure the ends with glue. Criss-cross the crepe paper and branches with colored tinsel ribbon.

Next, bunch the strips of organdie and drape around the frame as illustrated above. Gather at the ends of the branches and secure with wire.

Make enough double bows to cover each gather, and one for the top of the tree.

Bunch the baubles on several

strands of wire, making large bunches for the bottom of the tree, smaller ones for the top. Attach to the branches.

Drape the tinsel over the branches and the organdie, glue the stars to the organdie. Top the tree with a 9in. square of organdie bunched in the middle and decorated with a bow.

Cover the tree base with transparent wrapping paper and decorate with red crepe paper.

Variations: Lace, transparent wrapping paper, old mosquito net washed and slightly starched, or colored cords could take the place of the organdie.

Decorate with small parcels instead of baubles. Or use a few painted cones or seashells dipped in gold paint.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957



BONBON TREE

THE pretty Christmas tree (above) is festive, practical, and easy to make.

Materials: One yard coarse (about 1/4 in.) wire mesh, 3 wire coat-hangers, quantity fine strong wire, white tissue paper, sprigs of greenery, assorted decorations, piece of wood for a base.

Roll the wire mesh into a cylinder as shown in figure 1 at right, and secure to a firm base. Cluster the three coat-hangers at the top of the cylinder with the hooks together and the bases crossed. Wire in place. Attach an 18 in. length of wire to the hanger bases to support the angel.

Lightly crush some tissue paper and build a ball of tissue around the hooks of the hangers. Wire in place and decorate with gold stars and fringed paper as shown in color picture above.

Push short sprigs of greenery into the wire mesh of the column, and wire longer sprays to the sides and tops of the coat-hangers. Hang clusters of popcorn, wrapped sweets, and marshmallows, all decorated with pink tissue bows, from the greenery.

To make snowbirds: You will need two white eggs, some white paper, and a small quantity of gold paper.

Empty the eggs by making a small hole with a needle at each end. Blow gently until the yolk and white are blown free. From paper cut the pieces as shown in figure 2.

After making the cuts in the semi-circular head and neck piece, glue C over C, A over AA, B over BB, and glue the tabs to the eggshell. Glue the other parts in position as shown in color picture.

To make the angel: You will need plain white typing paper, pink and white facial

tissues or crepe paper, yellow and white tissue paper, gold paper, wire.

Roll tightly the sheet of white paper and cover with a piece of pink facial tissue (for the body). Tie at ends and neck. Enlarge the face and head with extra pink tissue. Roll pink tissue around a thin wire for arms. Tie at right angles to body.

Make an under-robe of soft white facial tissue and a robe of white tissue-paper squares folded in accordion pleats. The hair is fringed yellow tissue. Glue gold paper wings to the back and pin a gold halo to the head. Bend the arms to hold a white paper scroll.

Wire angel and snowbirds in place on the Christmas tree.

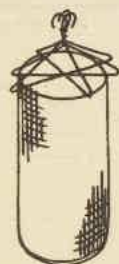


Figure 1

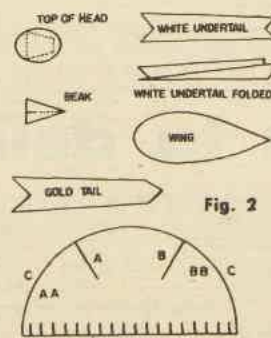


Figure 2

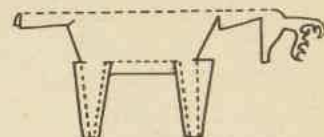
REINDEER MANTELPIECE

CUT-OUT reindeer make a simple but sophisticated decoration for a Christmas mantelpiece.

Materials: Two 20 in. squares of light-weight, pliable flashing (or heavy tinfoil); white paper; silver paper; fairy lights; small tin cans.

Using the diagram at right as a guide, cut each reindeer shape from a 20 in. square of flashing. Use old scissors because the flashing will blunt them.

Fold each reindeer in half along the dotted line. Round the legs by shaping them around a pencil. Bend and model body, head, and tail as shown.



The finished deer will stand about 10 in. high.

Make a shaft for the snowflake star by folding a sheet of plain white paper lengthwise in accordion pleats. Tape the edges together at the back.

Cut a fancy star in a snowflake design from plain paper. Glue to the top of the column and mount on tins as shown.

Decorate the rest of the mantel with lights, greenery, tins, and silver paper as suggested in the color picture above.



GAY CLOTH

WHY not try your skill at making a really stunning decoration for the dinner table—one that will add gaiety and glamor to a holiday spread?

Luxurious in red satin, the tablecloth shown at left could be just as effective in red plastic for children's Christmas parties.

Materials: 1 1/2 yds. 36 in.-wide satin; packet of silver stars; large roll of cotton-wool; glue.

Round the corners of the satin and hem the edges. Split the cotton-wool and glue it around the bottom of the tablecloth. Attach a few silver stars around the sides, being careful not to let the glue spoil the satin.



ABOVE: A circle of cardboard is used as a base for this attractive decoration. Shiny leaves are stapled on the cardboard and fat, round candles placed at intervals. Secure from underneath with fine nails. Wattle, tiny baubles, or berries can be used between the candles.

ABOVE, LEFT: Nothing could be simpler than this trio for a mantel, sideboard, or entry hall. Enormous brandy balloons have been filled with ropes of tinsel and two large baubles added to give extra color and glitter. Using small balls, this idea could be adapted for any size glass.

LEFT: Use a plain candle-holder as the support for this piece. Candles, red ribbon, green leaves (magnolia, camellia, or gardenia), pine cones, and gardenias can then be added to make this inexpensive table centre. Look in your garden for variations on these trimming ideas.

Enjoy Summer with a Kelvinator



Let the temperature rise! Who cares — when you own a Kelvinator? Frosty drinks, cool, crisp salads right at your fingertips. The model illustrated is the Kelvinator "Space-saver-11 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting; exclusive Pantry Door; Full-width Frozen Food Chest; big Meat Keeper; Roll-out Shelves; Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers — and the mighty "Polariscope" Sealed Unit — exclusive to Kelvinator. Price: £231.10.0.

Entirely new models at prices to delight you

NEW FEATURES • NEW COLOURS • NEW MODELS

Now you can afford a glamorous new Kelvinator! When you check the prices of all models, their features and built-in quality, you will agree that *model for model* Kelvinator offers today's greatest value for your money. And *that's not all!* Somewhere in this big, wide and wonderful range of Kelvinator "Space-savers" you'll find a model that is exactly right for your needs — at a price you can afford to pay. If ever you've said to yourself: "I'd love to own a Kelvinator!" — make your wish come true, now!

CHOOSE FROM THESE EXCITING MODELS

Model 477—10½ c.f. — £231/10	Model 267—8½ c.f. — £189/10
Model 467—10½ c.f. — £221	Model 227—8½ c.f. — £173
Model 447—10½ c.f. — £199/10	Model 245—7½ c.f. — £153
Model 465—10 c.f. — £183	Model 217—8½ c.f. — 139 gns.

(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)

Lowest Deposit • Special Terms • 5-Year Protection Plan

ONLY KELVINATOR GIVES YOU ALL THESE TIME AND LABOUR-SAVING BENEFITS!



GLORIOUS COLOUR—inside and outside!

Kelvinator gives you the greatest colour selection ever! Choose from four inside colours: Butter-cup Yellow, Pacific Blue, Surf Green, Golden Sand. New outside colours, too—in addition to Lustrous White and Kelvin Cream. These are: Pastel Green, Pastel Blue and Pastel Yellow — and are optional at extra cost.



New exclusive "Breakfast Bar"
Here is everything you need for a delicious breakfast: eggs, bacon and fruit juices. Each item has its own compartment located at the top of the Pantry Door for instant use.



Big Frozen Food Chest. Keeps up to 35-lbs. of meat, fish, commercial and home-packaged foods—including sandwiches and cakes—fresh. Location puts everything at eye-level. Easy to see, easy to reach.



You'll never have to defrost again!
Nothing to turn on or off with your Kelvinator "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. No need to remove any food . . . not even ice cream. No defrost water to empty.

Choose **Kelvinator** for Better Living

A quality Australian product precision engineered by Kelvinator Australia Ltd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957

Holiday with rewards

HOLIDAY-TIME is almost here again, providing the ideal opportunity to do all those garden "extras" you've been putting off in favor of more routine chores. Here are a few ideas for filling in those spare leisure hours and improving your garden at the same time.

GARDENING



A PAVED PATHWAY or terrace looks more attractive if you fill in the crevices with plants such as Sweet Alice (alyssum), Lithospermum coerulea (low growth, rich blue flowers), Mazus rugosus (rosy, lavender flowers, which like shade), Cotula haastii (pretty cuplike clasping leaves), or Aquilegia alpina (a dwarf columbine with purple flowers; ideal for semi-shade).

Make a cutting bed

WISE gardeners will take advantage of the summer months to add spare compost and old manure to a cutting bed, in preparation for autumn and winter, when many cuttings can be set out.

Apart from the convenience of a cutting bed, it will be a great money-saver in later months when you are looking for more perennials or shrubs to add to your garden display.

This plot should be sandy, for few cuttings like heavy soil that bakes hard, or cakes after rain or watering, as good drainage is essential in any cutting bed.

If your soil is heavy and clay-like, dig it out to a full spade's depth and fill in with good coarse sand. Level off the ground, wet thoroughly, and firm, making the bed ready for cuttings.

This does not mean that cuttings will never strike in heavier soils, but they root with greater success if placed in sand.

For lime-haters, such as camellias, azaleas, rhododendrons, and ericas, a slightly acid condition in the cutting bed is advisable. This can be provided by adding sieved peat, rotted oak leaves, or liquid cow manure to the soil.



LEFT: Brighten a flat-topped garage with a concrete trough filled with flowers, such as petunias, geraniums, dwarf zinnias, fairy roses, and fibrous-rooted begonias.



ABOVE: The hard work of mowing grass between driveway strips vanishes if you dig out the lawn, add good soil, and plant colorful flowers from gate to garage. Select earth-hugging plants which will not interfere with the car's undercarriage. Pretty examples are gazanias, golden alyssum, nierembergias (blue), red-flowering thyme, and Cerastium tomentosum (which has silver leaves and white flowers).

Pot-plant lifesaver

DURING drought, or if you go away for a holiday, make sure your valued pot-plants don't suffer unduly from thirst.

This is a problem you can overcome quite easily by preparing cinder beds.

The cinders should be well washed by the hose to remove alkali and similar materials that might affect lime-haters. Then they should be saturated, and placed underneath and round the pot-plants, leaving only the tops uncovered.

You can do this either by making a cinder bed to the depth necessary to take the various-sized pots or by sinking the pots into the ground after the trench has been well watered and each pot has been well soaked and allowed to drain.

Give the plants a final watering before you go away, and they will be alive and healthy when you return.

And don't forget that plants which normally grow in the house, bush-house, or glass-house should be gradually hardened by a week or two outdoors in a semi-shady place before they are given the "cinder treatment."



"When it comes to family favourites..."

we'd sooner have **tuna**



TUNA CASSEROLE

1 lbs. butter, 1 dsp. flour, 2 shallots, 1 red capsicum, 16-oz. can soup (celery, mushroom or chicken), 7-oz. tin Fancy Light Meat Tuna, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup water, good squeeze lemon juice, dash cayenne, few black olives (optional).

Heat butter, add chopped shallots, diced capsicum; cook gently five minutes. Stir in flour; cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in soup, water; bring to boil, stirring. Add flaked drained tuna, peas, quartered egg, season lemon juice, cayenne, adding salt if necessary. Pour into casserole, garnish pieces black olive. Cover, cook in moderate oven 15 minutes.

HERE'S A NEW TASTE THRILL

to serve in dozens of appetizing ways...

GREENSEAS **tuna**

LUXURY AT A BUDGET PRICE!

One taste makes you want more Greenseas Tuna. It's delicious! America's favourite fish delicacy, Tuna is now caught and canned in Australia by Greenseas. Try some to-day. Greenseas Tuna is rich in vitamin and mineral content... and BUDGET PRICED.

LOOK FOR THESE NEW GREENSEAS LABELS!



EQUALLY DELICIOUS IN



SALADS



SAVOURIES



SANDWICHES

POST THIS COUPON FOR **FREE** RECIPE FOLDER

TO GREEN'S PRODUCTS LIMITED,
28 Cadogan Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.
Please send me a Greenseas Tuna free Recipe Folder

Name
Address

W.W.72.37

the turning point in her career, but only by a coincidence of dates. It was true that Lydia felt a great desire to hide herself away from all sympathetic friends; but she quitted the stage essentially in obedience to another of the theatre's rules: There are always more good little actresses out of, than in, work.

She wasn't a fool. In repertory she'd played a lead one week and stage-managed the next. Offered the direction of "As You Like It" for her old school, Lydia sensibly took it on — between engagements.

Fortunately (since no further engagements appeared), the production proved a success, and since the scholastic community was large and well-knit, and its grapevine was second to none, Miss Paget's services were rapidly in demand. Moreover, scholars postulate parents; with scarcely less rapidly, Lydia graduated to the adult field.

Soon she was sandwiching Ibsen or drawing-room comedy — come one, come all! — between Shakespeare and Greek tragedy. "Aren't you wonderful, Miss Paget!" cried her innocent, amateur flocks, for, back in amateur territory, Lydia's looks and her charm and her ability once more received their due.

It wasn't a bad life. But Lydia hated it.

She was always looking back over her shoulder — to London, to the West End; farther still, to Broadway and Hollywood. She felt irretrievably rusticated, as indeed she was — in the provinces, in the sticks. For her innocent, amateur flocks, she felt chiefly contempt; yet she could never let up a moment from the task of appearing before them glamorous, competent, and debonair.

She also suffered, of course, from money trouble. She made

Continuing

After the Interval

[from page 25]

And she also, of course, remembered Roger.

Can one fall in love with a person who has been unseen and uncommunicated with for nearly 12 years? Perhaps not. But can't one recognise that person as being lovable? Can't one — after nearly 12 years — pardon obtuseness; censure,

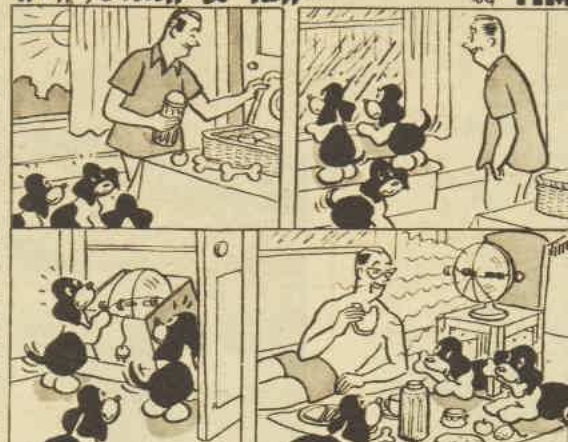
headache. Rehearsals were bedevilled by influenza and concealed rivalries, lost prompt copies and mice in the lighting system; the opening performance only just held together, and even the last was hopelessly ragged. Lydia's temper wasn't improved by the fact that the cast remained delighted with itself.

For once she was too tired and annoyed to take part in the

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



instead, one's own mocking spirit; and deeply, bitterly regret the casual putting aside of a golden chance? The answer is yes.

Mrs. Moore's letter, breaking a 12 months' silence, followed Lydia from a "The Merchant of Venice" to a "Blythe Spirit" — the first production, run of the mill (by now Lydia was able to direct "The Merchant" blindfolded), and the second, a bad

final celebration of a supper on the stage. Though she knew it was a mistake (she should have stayed to praise each performance in detail — and thus make sure of her booking for next year), wonderful Miss Paget checked out.

And so she found the letter at her lodging.

"Foolish and sentimental though it may be," wrote Mrs. Moore, "I am planning for my

birthday the same dinner party of twelve years ago. All quite unchanged — even good Roger is still my bachelor! I haven't bothered you lately—I know how busy you are—but come if you can, dear Lydia, to please an old woman and for old time's sake"

So the chance—the 12-year-old chance — was by a miracle offered again.

This time I won't be such a fool, thought Lydia, driving to her godmother's house.

"My dear Lydia!" cried Mrs. Moore, embracing her.

"My dear Godmother!" cried Lydia, embracing Mrs. Moore.

They then drew back and looked at each other. Mrs. Moore was at an age when time stood still. Her weather-beaten old cheeks were even slightly more rubicund than Lydia remembered, and her small grey eyes at least as bright. She'd worn well. And, to Mrs. Moore's bright old eye, so had Lydia worn well. Only it wasn't quite the compliment to thirty-three that it was to seventy-five.

"How pretty you are still!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore ingenuously.

"Thank you, darling," said Lydia, laughing. "I'm aware that the years have told on me."

"But only around the eyes," consoled Mrs. Moore swiftly. "You haven't been getting enough sleep. I believe you've been burning the candle at both ends!"

This was better. Lydia laughed again, in a gay and blase manner.

"Champagne suppers and night-clubs!" accused Mrs. Moore. "I know! My dear, if I could only persuade you to stay on a week or two, a month, and have a thorough rest!"

"Try," suggested Lydia.

Mrs. Moore first beamed with satisfaction, then shook her head in dismay.

"You must be tired," she said simply. "You should have taken a holiday sooner. But there, I suppose it's the penalty of success! You would do it!" lamented Mrs. Moore. "The theatre called. I knew it would, from the moment you won that gold medal. When you went away—now I can admit it—I actually feared for you! Which only shows what an old fool I was," added Mrs. Moore, brightening, "for how sensible you've been, besides successful, to give up the drudgery of acting to make yourself such a splendid, worthwhile career instead!"

Every assumption was mistaken, and Lydia rejoiced in each. She needn't have feared. Her brilliance and success were evidently articles of faith that Mrs. Moore would never dream of questioning — and that Mrs. Moore's friends, as a consequence, wouldn't question either.

Why, Lydia was going to make the birthday dinner, promised Mrs. Moore; everyone was so pleased and excited at the thought of having her back.

Lydia rejoiced again, for she wished to have—or to appear to have—much to give up, when she accepted Roger.

Everything Mrs. Moore had to tell of him—and what was more natural than that Lydia should enjoy a good gossip about so old a friend? — was what Lydia wanted to hear. That he hadn't married she already knew, but neither had he ever, apparently, contemplated marrying. There was no interim history of any love affair, any courtship that had come to a sad end.

"Though I must say he's

To page 55

It's Springtime in your bedroom all year through...

WITH 'MARYLAND'

by

hollywood

"Maryland" (Design No. 547). Hollywood Side-Liner spread in tailored, fitted style. You'll find a colour you can't resist among Hollywood's 5 glorious background shades. Double-bed size.

HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD.
216-220 WYNDHAM STREET,
ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

Gay as a garden . . . warm as sunshine . . . fresh as a breeze! That's "Maryland"—the latest and very lovely bedspread from the House of Hollywood, creators of individual chenille gowns and spreads. "Maryland's" delightful design is highlighted against a delicately traced jacquard weave. You'll take pleasure, too, in the faultless fit, the sweep of flouncing, the lavish fringe. There's an added note of elegance in Hollywood's own Side-Liner, featured for the first time in "Maryland" . . . an extension of reverse chenille that folds smoothly across your pillows towards a beautifully even floor line. "Maryland"—in velvet-soft Hollywood chenille, the luxurious fabric that never loses its good looks—no crushing, no ironing, no fuss—Hollywood! Prices? As practical as you could wish!

HOLLYWOOD—FOR THE MODERN WAY OF LIFE . . .

JH.16.76g

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957

FINER
FILTER...

...BETTER
TOBACCOS...

...AND KING SIZE
FLAVOUR TOO!

Rothmans
KING SIZE
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
FILTER
ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL LONDON ESTD 1853

So easy to change to—from ordinary cigarettes

WORLD COPYRIGHT

EIGHT FASHION IDEAS TO COPY

● Here are the how-to-make instructions for the beach fashions illustrated in color on pages 40 and 41.

HARLEQUIN SKIRT

Materials required: 2½ yds. lilac poplin, 2½ yds. white poplin, 2 yds. pink poplin, 1 6in. slide fastener, hooks and eyes.

The skirt is made in three layers, one of each poplin (see color picture).

Cut patterns for three skirts (as shown in diagrams). Try patterns on to check for size.

Cut appropriate skirt pieces from each poplin color. The lilac is the standard half-circle. The white (centre layer) has the longer jagged peaks; the pink is the shortest of the trio.

For tall girls, it may be necessary to add an extra piece to the lilac section (as shown at bottom of diagram).

Put lilac skirt on to a large, flat surface, right side up. Cover it with the white section, matching skirts at the waistline.

Turn under the jagged peaks ½ in. all round, pin on to the lilac section, and machine.

Then join on the pink section in the same way.

Suspend the skirt by its waist from a hanger and let it "drop" for at least 48 hours. The parts cut on the bias will stretch, making the hem uneven.

Sew up seam — it goes at the back — being careful to match the different colored poplin peaks. Leave a 6in. gap for the slide fastener. Put in fastener.

Make a waistband from pink poplin: a band 1½ in. x your waist measurement plus 1 in. Secure the waistband above the slide fastener with 2 hooks and eyes.

Have someone level the hem, and then stitch it by hand.

Materials required: 1 yd. velvet, 1 yd. matching rayon for lining, 2 yds. silk fringe, 12 small buttons.

Cut velvet in halves along the lengthwise grain. Turn in 2 in. on all sides of both pieces, and hem.

Cut lining into two pieces 34 in. x 17 in. Turn in ½ in. on all edges of both pieces of lining, and slipstitch to inside of velvet pieces.

Stitch fringe to both ends of one piece.

THE EVENING PONCHO

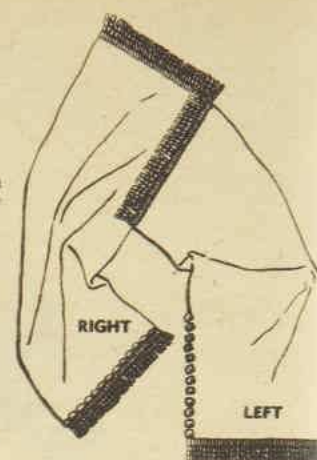
This will be left-side section.

On one end of right-side section, stitch fringe to edge by hand, leaving 12 evenly spaced openings for buttonholes.

Sew buttons in place on left edge of left-side section (see diagram).

Stitch fringe to remaining end of right-side section.

At back of poncho, stitch fringed end of left-side section over edge of right-side section (see diagram).



RIGHT: Poncho, showing buttons and buttonholes.

DRAWSTRING BLOUSE

Materials required: 1½ to 1½ yds. material, 1½ yds. white cord, 5 buttons.

Pattern is same as beach coat. It is cut off — where marked — at waist length.

Seams are NOT allowed on pattern, so allow at least 2 in. below waist for turn-up, which will enclose cord.

Follow how-to-make directions for beach coat.

Make 5 buttonholes and sew on corresponding buttons.

For drawstring waist, turn up a hem, leaving enough room for the cord.

If you want the blouse to be fashionably blousy — or to extend to hip length — extend the pattern from the waistline for the appropriate number of inches, plus the allowance for the drawstring cord.

HARLEQUIN BLOUSE

Materials required: 1½ yds. pink poplin, 1 9in. slide fastener.

Pattern illustrated is for a 36 in. bust. Seams are allowed. For a 34 in. bust, take off ½ in. from all seams except centre front and centre back.

For a 32 in. bust, take off 1 in. For a 38 in. bust, add ½ in. Darts are indicated by dark patches on pattern. Seam darts where shown by thin line.

Pin up side seams, leaving a 9 in. gap for slide fastener on left, and try blouse on for fit. Adjust fit, and then machine side seams. Insert slide fastener. Hem bottom of blouse.

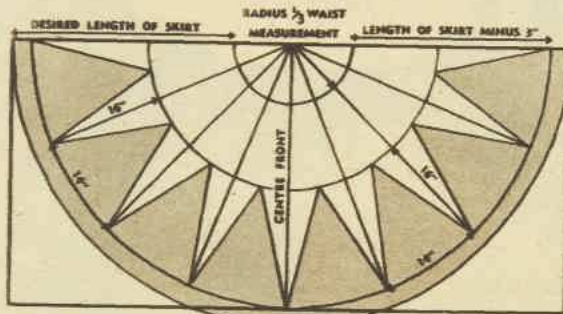
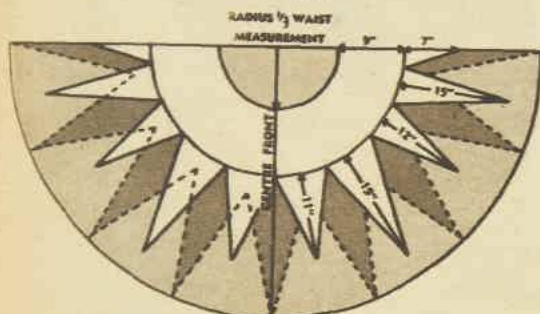
With extra material left over, cut a series of strips on the bias (the "stretch" part of the material as opposed to the straight, on the grain) as long as possible and ½ in. wide.

These are the bindings for the top of the blouse. They form the bow-tied straps.

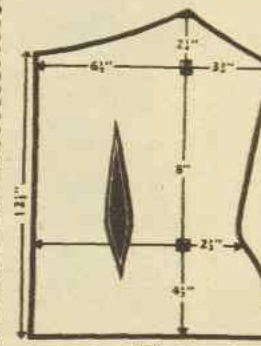
Bind the armholes with lengths about 8 in. long.

Then take a strip 40 in. long and bind the front bodice, matching centre of bias to centre front. This will leave two long tails for the straps.

Continued foot of opposite column



PLACING of three skirt layers: centre half-circle is waist; HARLEQUIN SKIRT. Centre half-circle is waist, last is measured peaks are pink skirt; dotted, show white. lilac section (allow a hem). Peaks show white section.



BLOUSE. Back pattern. Dark patch is dart.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" SAYS **KLEENEX** TISSUES 3/9 2/- 1/6 EVERYWHERE

THE BRUSH OFF

When skin, sunburn lotion and sand stick together, remove surplus lotion with soft, absorbent Kleenex. Also, wrap the bottle of lotion in Kleenex tissue before putting it on the sand. Be sure you carry Kleenex in your beach bag.

QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

Quick way to put in new lipstick — hold refill with a lint-free Kleenex tissue and ease gently into lipstick case. No smeared fingers to worry about. Always keep Kleenex handy for applying and removing make-up — saves towels and hankies from lipstick marks.

WELL OILED

Beware! Junior's just oiled his bike — is advancing to the bathroom — target — your towels! Act quickly — set a decoy with a box of Kleenex — it's your only chance.

HIGH PRESSURE BUSINESS

When hay fever or colds start you sneezing and blowing use disposable Kleenex tissues. Kleenex is so kind to the sorest noses. Extra soft and absorbent and strong — saves washing germ-laden hankies.

NEWS!

Kleenex now in Pink (3/9 size only) as well as White.

And choose a new plastic wall dispenser — six colours.



*Registered Trade Mark

Complete instructions for making: by Dawn James

BEACH HAT AND BAG

Materials required: 1yd. 36in. towelling, 1 doz. small curtain rings, 16 large curtain rings, 1yd. interlining, 3yd. plastic, 2 round handles (about 6in. diameter).

Hat: Cut paper pattern as shown. Seams are allowed. Pin pattern sides together, overlapping by 1/2 in., and try on hat.

Cut one hat piece from towelling and one from interlining. Machine towelling and interlining together along the bottom edge and one side. Turn inside out.

Overlap sewn side over side with raw edges by about 1/2 in. Oversew by hand.

Sew curtain rings, alternating large and small, round bottom edge.

Bag: Cut paper pattern as shown. Placing bottom 18 1/2 in. edge on folds, cut one piece each from towelling, interlining, and plastic.

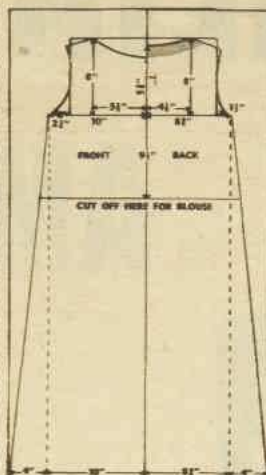
Put interlining and towelling together, with towelling inside, and seam up both straight sides from fold.

Seam up plastic. Turn towelling bag right side out, and put in plastic lining.

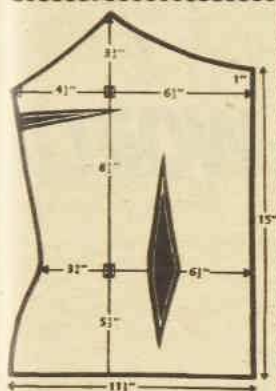
Turn under other edges—as shown by thin line on diagram—by 1/2 in. and machine.

The squared-off part of the top edge is the handle overlap. Place the handles on each side; turn down overlap on the wrong side. Oversew strongly.

For decoration, turn up bottom corners of bag, as shown, and secure by sewing on two slightly overlapping curtain rings in the centre.



COAT. Use same pattern for blouse, cut off at waist.

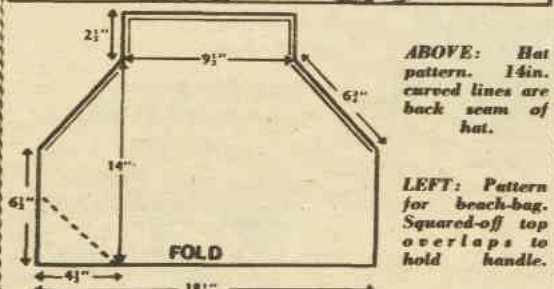
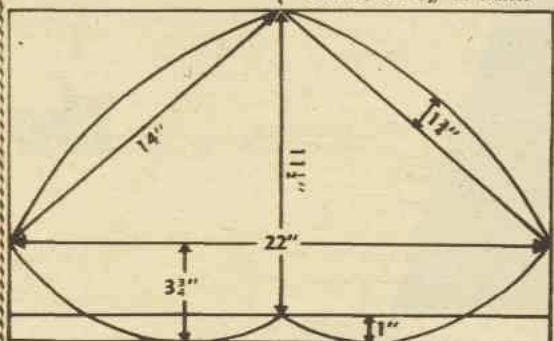


FRONT pattern for harlequin blouse.

Turn under the straps—from tips of strap ends—and hem by hand. It will form a bound edge measuring about 1/2 in.

With a strip 46in. long, bind the bodice back the same way.

Try blouse on again and join back and front straps by tying them in a bow.



ABOVE: Hat pattern. 14in. curved lines are back seam of hat.

LEFT: Pattern for beach bag. Squared-off top overlaps to hold handle.

BEACH COAT-DRESS

Materials required: 3 to 3 1/2 yds. heavy cotton (yardage depends on height of wearer), 14 large buttons.

Cut a paper pattern as shown. Measure from a normal shoulder seam to your hem to gauge correct hem length of pattern. Add 1 1/2 in. for hem.

The pattern is for a 36in. bust. To alter, see directions given for harlequin blouse. Check pattern fit before cutting material.

Seams are NOT allowed on the pattern.

Cut one piece of material for coat's back, placing pattern centre back on fold of material. Cut two fronts.

Pin along shoulder seams and side seams. Try on the coat. Adjust fit if necessary. Machine seams.

Cut a pattern for the coat's front facing, as shown in diagram. (Diagram reaches to waist length; lengthen it to hem length for coat.)

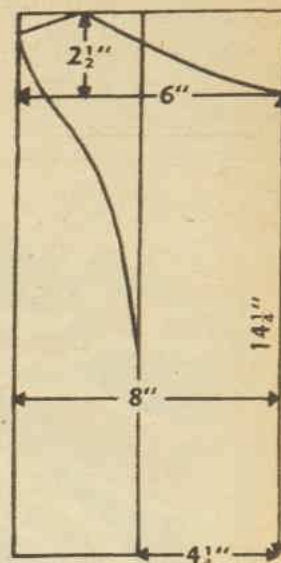
Size of back facing is shown by shaded section on pattern diagram of back.

Seam shoulders of back facing with the two front facings.

Put right sides of facing and coat together, matching shoulder seams. Seam them together, from hem to the hem on the other side. Turn facing under, and stitch in place.

Bind armholes with a strip of the cotton, 1in. wide x armhole size plus 1in.

Make 14 buttonholes down right front (about 3in. apart) and sew buttons to correspond on left front. Put up hem.



FRONT FACING for both coat and blouse.

THE BEACH PONCHO

Materials required: 2 towels, 20in. x 40in., 2 1/2 yds. white cotton fringe.

Machine the fringe to both ends of each towel.

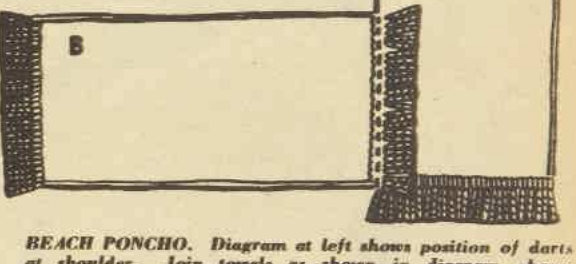
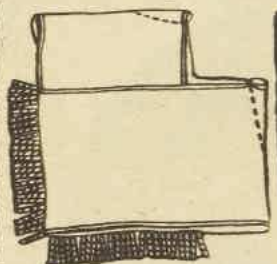
Join the fringed end of one towel to the selvedge edge of the second towel (as shown in diagram).

Then join fringed edge marked A to the selvedge marked B.

overlapping the fringe on to the towel as before.

Turn the poncho wrongside out, and place on a flat surface with front and back neck V's matching.

At each shoulder fold (as shown) make a dart 3in. long, beginning 1in. wide at the selvedge edge and following the grain of the towel.



BEACH PONCHO. Diagram at left shows position of darts at shoulder. Join towels as shown in diagram above.

Twink for two!

"Such a lovely, natural-looking wave", says Mrs. B. Godden of Melbourne. And actress daughter, Judith, says, "We loved this Romantic look — it set like a dream after we'd both had a Twink wave."

Mrs. Godden's bouffant style called for a full head perm with Twink. Judith wanted just a hint of whisper-soft curls so she used Tweeny Twink.

Twink
Full Head Size 13/6

Twinky Twink
ONE LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Like Mother...like daughter...

Silky-soft waves for Christmas

TWINK ONE-LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Whatever your type of hair, Twink gives you glossy curls, deep, lustrous waves from the first comb through. That's because Twink contains a rich, gentle oil conditioner that sinks into the hair actually while it is being waved, making it soft, supple and manageable. There's no frizz or dried-out brittleness, even with the fine hair of a little girl. Twink is the simplest wave ever! No test curls, no neutralizer! The creamy pink lotion does the whole job of waving — in just 15 minutes.

Twinky Twink perms up to 15 curls for only 5/6

- For today's smart, "natural-look" hair-do's that need just a few curls.
- Pots curls exactly where you want them — at the neck-line, on the sides, the fringe up front.
- Makes straight ends infinitely manageable.
- Delightfully easy — just a one, two, three operation of winding, putting on lotion and rinsing.

Twink — or Tweeny Twink — gives the wave you need for the hair style you want



"New Urchin" style — just a few curls with Tweeny Twink.



Bouffant style from full-head Twink wave; set hair high in big curls.



For older women — soft, pretty cluster of curls after full-head Twink wave.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND YOUR NEAREST DEPARTMENTAL STORE

AUSTRALIA LEADS

AMERICA

ENGLAND

... the WORLD



ACTIVATED!
Mortein plus

CONTAINS PYRETHRUM ACTIVATED WITH PIPERONYL BUTOXIDE

THE SUPER INSECT SPRAY
KILLS ALL INSECTS QUICKLY
WILL NOT STAIN
KILL INSECTS IMMUNE TO D.D.T.

GUARANTEED 100% ACTIVE INGREDIENTS
Pyrethrum Extract 98-97% Piperonyl Butoxide 0.26% Melthoxychlor 0.772% equivalent to 0.090% Pyrethrins. All percentages by weight.

SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD., SYDNEY
CONTENTS: 16 FLUID OZS.
Legal under Pest Destroyers Act, 1945 (N.S.W.)

in the war against disease-carrying flies

Mortein Plus, the most powerful household insect spray in the world—and the safest to use—has been scientifically developed in Australia by Australians.

The capital invested in the preparation and marketing of Mortein Plus is Australian capital. Mortein Plus is wholly Australian made.

Here, then, are some facts of which Australians may well be proud:

In no country on earth, regardless of population, do the sales of any similar insect spray equal the sales of Mortein Plus in Australia.

In Australia, Mortein Plus outsells all other insect sprays combined by 4 to 1.

To-day, Mortein Plus protects 4 out of every 5 Australian homes against flies and other insect pests. In no other country of the world is any individual insect spray trusted to anywhere near this extent.

Despite fluctuating costs of materials and production, the manufacturers of Mortein Plus have never at any time "watered down" their product. They have always maintained the high quality for which Mortein Plus is famous. This they have been able to do at exceptionally low prices because more and more Australian housewives insist on buying only Mortein Plus.

Every ingredient of Mortein Plus is an insect-killing ingredient and Mortein Plus contains 180% more pyrethrins (which are rare and costly) than the high AA grade American flysprays.

Mortein Plus is acknowledged by leading authorities overseas to be the most effective household insect spray.

The plain fact is that Mortein kills flies and all insect pests with more speed and certainty than any other spray known.

It is for this reason that Mortein is respected, trusted and used throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth.

Australians recognise Mortein as the really good spray. They also recognise the wise, old national principle—"When you're on a good thing, stick to it!"

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE SAVE MORE MONEY BY BUYING MORTEIN IN THE LARGER SIZES

Continuing . . . After the Interval

from page 50

been run after from time to time!" chatted Mrs. Moore. "No names, of course — that wouldn't be fair — but one young person who came for the hunting made really quite a play."

"Poor Roger! Did he go to earth?" smiled Lydia.

"Not quite, but it made him very surly," said Mrs. Moore. "He was very surly all that winter. But you mustn't imagine he's turned inward, my dear — far from it! I happen to know that yesterday he got his hair cut specially for my party!"

"For that matter, so did I," said Lydia gaily.

Mrs. Moore regarded her fondly.

"So soignée, my dear. And, do you know," added Mrs. Moore, much pleased, "I really think you look better already, less tired and strained, than when you came? I really do!"

In the big, peaceful bedroom Lydia dressed slowly and carefully, taking her time, taking 20 minutes to do her nails and ten to brush out her newly shaped locks, and spending another ten simply relaxed on the big bed.

All she ever actually needed was a quarter of an hour flat, but she was savoring the luxury of dawdling. She savored, too, after years of being cramped, the sheer size of everything: the huge wardrobe with so much room in it, the vast dressing-table where nothing had to be huddled, the spacious breadths of floor between. A bedroom one could walk about in — what luxury, again! A house to walk about in, thought Lydia, instead of a one-room flat. A house of one's own — no landlady — and a husband of one's own. What a fool I was!

Then she laughed at herself in the big mirror and chided herself for being a mercenary wench, as she could do with a light heart, since it wasn't the whole truth.

I must love Roger very dearly, thought Lydia. And I will love him all my life.

Of the moment when he entered the drawing-room — the instant that they re-encountered each other after 12 years — Lydia subsequently remembered practically nothing. It was like a moment of stage-fright; the rest of the cast, unwittingly in this case, pulled her through.

The colonel, doctor, and vicar, and their respective ladies, showing all the pleasure and excitement Mrs. Moore had promised, smothered the hiatus in happy social hubbub. For all Lydia knew, they might have been crying "Rhuharb."

rhuharb," like the traditional Shakespearean throng.

She was aware only of a Roger even burlier than she remembered, well-groomed, close-clipped, of course, and reserved in manner.

Obviously, one couldn't expect him to fall to his knees on Mrs. Moore's hearth-rug.

"So you've come back," said Roger. (At least, that was the first thing Lydia heard him say. He might have said anything, before, without her hearing. Such as: "How lovely you look!") "Your godmother will be glad," added Roger, and, since he had been the last to arrive and since Mrs. Moore's cook allowed for only one round of sherry, there was scarcely time, just then, for him to say more.

Lydia thought she preferred it so: to her surprise, she found she needed a moment to regain complete self-control. Stolidity had advantages; she fancied that living alongside someone stolid, having a little stolidity rub off on one, so to speak, might be very good for the nerves.

Immediately, however, her duty was to be gay and astonishing — to "make" the party — and this Lydia did easily. The glamor and prestige of her theatrical success (to that innocent assemblage) were unquestionable; moreover, mild Mrs. Vicar, dowdy Mrs. Doctor, raw-boned Mrs. Colonel, none of them could hold a candle to her any more than they had been able to do 12 years before.

In looks so much more brilliant, in conversation so much more entertaining, Lydia eclipsed these modest ladies with ease, and with ease beguiled their spouses. It was, indeed, the birthday party of 12 years ago in every respect save one: Lydia now paid more attention to her right-hand neighbor.

Who . . . didn't respond.

Or who didn't respond more than courtesy demanded. Roger listened and laughed, indeed, while Lydia held the table with gay tales of theatrical life, but he himself asked no questions to spur her on — nor did he answer, except briefly, when she turned to attempt more private conversation. If the idea hadn't been so incredible, Lydia would have thought she was boring him.

The more so since Roger responded readily enough, for example, to Mrs. Moore. They made evidently familiar jokes together on the subject of handymen. He responded to

Mrs. Doctor, in more serious consideration of the Cottage Hospital, and to Mrs. Colonel, in debate on the utility of show jumping.

When the talk turned to such solid topics as these (away, so to speak, from the flimflam of the stage), Roger, indeed, showed himself much more to the fore, more a person of significance than he had in Lydia's recollection of him.

All men enjoy the sound of their own voices; but when the talk was theatre talk, Roger sat mute of necessity.

I must learn to listen to him, thought Lydia, instead of talking so much myself.

Heaven knew, she was willing. She'd have listened to him now, gladly, if he'd addressed her. But he seemed to prefer more general conversation — indeed, led it. So, as a side result, Lydia found herself mastering a second lesson. As the talk grew more animated she perceived that a country society, however delighted for an hour by the novel and exotic, is fundamentally more interested in its own country concerns.

The attention she had commanded with the tale of a Royal performance had undoubtedly been great, but the attention commanded by Roger with the tale of a slipped foal was impassioned. Which is as it should be, thought Lydia, leaning forward as eagerly as anyone else to learn the fate of the gentle mare. ("Poor soul!" murmured Mrs. Vicar sincerely.) A wave of sympathy united the whole table; Lydia surrendered herself to it, glad to be at one with such kind neighbors.

So she already saw them — as her neighbors.

For it's not that Roger hasn't anything to say to me, thought Lydia, with sudden perspicacity: it's that he has too much — and that can't be said now. Afterward, in the garden, is when we shall talk.

She sat impatient till the dinner ended, and impatient, too, in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Moore's ladies took their coffee in traditional purdah. With impatience — though she concealed it from such kind neighbors, for Lydia was learning fast — she answered their ingenuously postponed questions on the subject of make-up.

No, never mascara in the daytime, ruled Lydia; in fact, for the country, one might say never mascara period. (Then she had to explain the cliché "period.") But what had Lydia that very moment on her eyelids? Just a touch of "Cote d'Azur," admitted Lydia, and saw blue-eyed Mrs. Doctor

make a furtive, daring mental note.

The hands of the clock stood still while she watched them, then leaped forward as she glanced away. What an age, what an eternity, elapsed! "Our men are never long," said Mrs. Moore complacently. "Here they come now! Roger, Lydia, you two young people, wouldn't you like to take a stroll outside?"

So again they walked between the trees. How sweet the air, how bright the moon! But no ghost of Juliet slipped beside them. Lydia's thoughts searched strictly after Roger's — and still he gave her no clue to follow. He had fallen silent again.

He paced silently at her shoulder, emanating a sort of absent-minded courtesy — like a man courteously performing a duty allotted him by his hostess. Once the path was discovered to be sufficiently dry he fell silent. And, because she wished not to be the first to say, "Do you remember?" and because there seemed nothing else worth saying, Lydia was also silent. At last, however, from sheer nervousness, she remarked on how pretty the garden was.

"It could be, if your godmother got another gardener," corrected Roger.

Did he remember, or didn't he, the last time they had walked there? Lydia still couldn't guess, but was it conceivable that he did not?

They paced on. Now and then Lydia paused, breathing in the sweet air or reaching up to pull at a spray of blossoms. Roger halted politely when she halted, moved on when she moved on, until they reached the open grass plot at the walk's end. Half across the path had spread daisies, long-stalked and unabashed like the daisies in a hedgerow; even closed, they offered patches of hoarfrost whiteness for the moon to silver.

"See what I mean? Needs weeding," said Roger.

"We used to have picnics here," said Lydia. "Little picnics — just tea brought out from the house. Big picnics were on the moor."

"Were they?"

"Don't you remember?"

So after all it was she who said it first. Perhaps she owed it to him.

"I remember you used to like them," said Roger. "As a child, of course."

"I'm glad you remember me as a child," said Lydia very deliberately, "for I must have been much nicer then than when I grew up. Or, at least, when I began to grow up."

For the first time since they had left the house he looked her directly in the face. He was frowning, but he looked at her.

"As a child, and also when you grew up," said Roger with equal deliberation. "I remember you very well. And you haven't altered, if that's what you want me to say. I'm glad that you've done all you set out to, and that you've made such a success of things. I don't mind your standing there so perfectly beautiful while I stand here like a hobbledohoy. My life isn't so bad either. Bits of it may be missing, but in my hobbledohoyish way I've made good, too. Now, on your godmother's birthday," finished Roger, wheeling about, "it's time we went back to her party."

Obediently Lydia stepped aside from the daisy plot and followed him. She saw it was to be a long summer's wooing indeed — with their roles reversed, she was now to be the wooer — but all the summer — all the kind summer — lay ahead.

(Copyright)



... only a healthy skin can be really beautiful!

To clear away skin blemishes and bring out your natural beauty, there is no better method than a twice daily lather with rich medicated Solyptol toilet Soap. Solyptol Soap is gentle, cleansing and refreshing — and mildly medicated. It keeps your skin healthy, and naturally beautiful.



"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

Day-long freshness at a stroke of

Bac-STICK

imported

DEODORANT

Gentle to your skin. Won't stain clothes. As easy to use as your lipstick.

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

CHUCKLERS' ANNUAL . . . Order Coupon

It's so easy to be the favorite aunt or uncle this year! Give the children Chucklers' Annual, the budget-priced Australian book for all boys and girls! It's full of the stories they want to read.

Get your copies now! Fill in this coupon and send with your cheque, postal note, or money order to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Chucklers' Annual is also on sale at The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State.

To:		Address Label		POSTAGE	
CHUCKLERS' BOOK OFFER		BOOK POST		PAID SYDNEY	
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.					
Please send copy of		NAME			
CHUCKLERS' ANNUAL		ADDRESS			
I enclose 12/- per copy (cheque/postal note) plus 1/- postage.		STATE			
NAME		If undelivered, please return to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.			
ADDRESS					
STATE					

BRASSO

strikes a bright note

Keep all your brass and copper shining bright and just like new with Brasso.

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



So crisp, delicious, satisfying—and Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve!

Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most *sustaining* breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

Memo to Mothers: If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes *your* steady breakfast date, too.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Piper thought she was the wrong type for a nice chap like the major. She ought to have been big and brassy, shrieking for champagne instead of sipping tonic with a slice of lemon in it.

The major shouted for the menu and wine list, and ordered like the gourmet Piper knew he was; fresh salmon, roast duck in orange sauce, devils-on-horseback. Piper's mouth watered, but he never ate before a job. He left them to it, and drove to the major's small, solid house in Pinetree Road.

Piper had been there before. In the shrubbery he assembled his lightweight ladder of tubular steel and climbed to the major's bedroom window, overlooking the golf course at the back. Piper already knew that the major and his wife had separate rooms.

He had three things to do. He oiled the window latch, to stop it squeaking later; he removed the live cartridges from the Service revolver in a bedside drawer and substituted blanks; he tried a key in the lock of the black tin trunk that had Major A. L. Cobbley painted on the lid in white. This was where the major kept his tax-free income.

He drove back to the hotel for another drink in the Gluepot. The party had returned to the lounge for coffee and brandy, and the major was telling a long story that amused him vastly, while his wife looked more bored than ever and Turnton cracked another cigar.

At closing time they left, Turnton driving them to the house, where he garaged the car for the major and went on his way.

As soon as Turnton came out of the gates, Piper slipped in. Then the downstairs lights went off and the upstairs ones came on. Mrs. Cobbley's at the front, and the major's at the back.

Piper made himself comfortable in the bushes while he waited for the combined effects of whisky, sherry, champagne, and brandy to put the major to sleep.

At midnight exactly Piper

climbed his ladder, forced the window, and had a look at the major, who was sleeping rosiely, mouth open, one pink-and-white-striped arm stiffly outflung as if supplicating a bookie. Piper opened the trunk and groped for the bundles of notes he hoped the major had tossed into it.

There were twelve bundles—about £2200, Piper reckoned, with a bit over to cover expenses. The major could afford it. He was well off, apart from his tax-free income.

Closing the window behind him, Piper cat-footed down the ladder and dismounted it. His car was on the golf course, and the constable on this beat wasn't due for seven minutes.

By twelve-thirty Piper was in his own rooms, eating the cold ham his landlady had left him and reading the racing form. After a job he always showed up at the usual places; inconspicuous though he was, it didn't do to be missed.

Piper was having breakfast before the major would have stirred.

He picked up the morning paper. His exploits were invariably featured in the evening Press, so it took time for the front-page heading to register: "Midnight Murder; Retired Officer Battered in Burgled House."

Coffee spilled from Piper's cup. He put it down and read the report, which said that shortly after midnight a constable on duty in Pinetree Road, Chipbury, heard cries coming from the residence of Major A. L. Cobbley, where he found Mrs. Cobbley in a distressed condition and the major lying dead in his room, battered about the head.

The bedroom window, wide open, showed signs of having been forced; a considerable sum of money was missing; traces of soil on the carpet and the marks of a ladder in the flower-bed underneath the major's window indicated that the crime was the work of a burglar whose methods were known to the police.

Continuing . . . The Pay Off

[from page 19]

Mrs. Cobbley had been roused by a shot from the major's revolver, which was loaded with blanks. His injuries had been inflicted by the butt of the weapon. An early arrest was expected.

Piper's stomach turned over. Never in his career had he used violence. He liked the major. The murder had been committed as soon as he had left the house, which meant that someone knew he had been there; someone who was using the burglary to frame him—with murder.

Murder meant Scotland Yard and a nation-wide manhunt. If he were caught it wouldn't be the seven-year rap that was a risk of the trade; it would be the black cap and whatever it stood for at that particular moment—a life sentence at the least.

He wasn't taking that for anybody, particularly for Mrs. Cobbley and Turnton. One of them had done it, or both. He had noticed the way they looked at each other—and at the major, as if he were a defaulting bookie on the Downs. By putting her husband out of the way Mrs. Cobbley got his money and her freedom and Turnton got her and the money. That was the set-up.

Piper sweated. He must keep the money, because he'd never dare to do another job. If he did he'd be stuck with murder. The police might not know him, but they knew all about the way he operated.

So did the murderers. While he was watching the major they must have been watching him, judging that he was waiting for the first big win. He could have been seen at the Cobbley house, especially if Turnton and Mrs. Cobbley also took advantage of the major's deep sleep.

Turnton must have come back last night after pretending to go home. The woman had let him into the house to shoot the major while he slept. Finding the gun loaded with

blanks, he had slugged his victim before the major was properly awake and, after giving him time to get clear, Mrs. Cobbley had screamed for the police.

Another thought occurred to him. Turnton and the woman knew what he was, but would they dare to betray him? They had plenty to hide. If he were caught he could make things hot for them with a good lawyer. They were safer while he was free.

Piper began to feel better. He decided to go to the races as usual, and on the way he buried his ladder in a disused gravel pit. His career as a burglar was over. Unless he landed some winners in the next few months he'd have to become an honest man on a weekly wage; better than that cracking granite on the Moor.

There was some slight police activity at the races. He ignored it as he made his usual small bets, but he missed the major. He felt he would willingly pay £2000 to see that tubby, duffle-coated figure chuckling at the bar. Turnton had made him responsible for the major's death and he hated the man for it.

In a few days the murder had faded from the news. It gave him no sense of security. The police were patient. He dropped them an anonymous letter to the effect that Turnton had been carrying on with Mrs. Cobbley, but he didn't expect any results—the inquest had shown Turnton to have an alibi.

A month after the murder Piper saw Mrs. Cobbley and Turnton in the paddock at a three-day meeting. He had known it must happen sooner or later, but he broke into a cold sweat as they turned towards him.

He could have moved, but he didn't. This was his biggest gamble. Would they risk recognising him as a suspicious character who had been seen loitering near the major's house?

He had to know . . . They

sailed past him without a glance. He was safe from them and, with any luck, from the police.

He was heading for the bar, badly in need of a drink, when Turnton intercepted him. "You have two thousand pounds that doesn't belong to you," Turnton said softly. "No doubt you'd like me to restore it to the right owner."

"Yes, I'd like to make it possible for you to do that," Piper said, "but I'm not a killer. You've got her, you've got the major's money. Let me alone."

"Two thousand pounds," Turnton murmured. "That should leave you with enough to get out of the country. Or perhaps you prefer Dartmoor? That man in the mac over there—I believe he's from the Yard."

It might be bluff, but Piper dare not call it. "I've only a pony on me," he muttered.

"Naturally. You'll bring the money tomorrow. We'll meet at the unsaddling enclosure after the three o'clock race," Turnton smiled. "It's time I had a winner."

He strolled on, and Piper, who had never committed violence in his life, had to hold himself back. Not content with murder, Turnton had taken to blackmail. If he didn't pay, Turnton could turn even nastier than he was; if he did, there was no guarantee that he'd be allowed to go free. It might suit Turnton to have the murder case settled.

Over his drink Piper wished he had never taken those notes from the petty cash, long, long ago. He wished the major was here, buying champagne for himself and a cigar for his lackey. He wished he could get Turnton hanged for the murder, with a life sentence as second best.

But he would have to pay. He sat up most of the night thinking it over, and in the end he went to the races next day with the money done up in neat packets, as though they had never been opened.

Turnton was by himself and smoking a very large cigar. "A nice win," he said casually.

"If I were you, I'd take a long holiday."

Piper walked away and found the man in the mac. "If you're still looking for Major Cobbley's murderer he's here on the course," he said coolly. "I pulled the burglary, but Cobbley's friend Turnton did the killing. He's just stuck me for the two thousand pounds I took."

"Can you prove it?" "I sat up half the night marking every note," said Piper. "He'll swear he won the money, but you can check with the bookies."

"Taking a gamble, aren't you?"

"I liked the major," Piper said. "Turnton was after his wife. Try her, too, because it's ten-to-one she doesn't know he's put the screws on me, and four-to-one you can break his alibi."

"I'm a gambler myself," said the man in the mac, "when I get inside information. But if this is a winner your pay-off won't be less than three years."

"I'm thinking of his," said Piper.

As he waited in the little lock-up below the stands he was glad his first theft had been of marked notes. They were hard to explain away. Many a promising crook had come a cropper over that hurdle.

Turnton was another of them. Unable to account for the marked money in his possession, he eventually admitted blackmail, but stuck to the story that Piper was the killer. Unfortunately for him, Mrs. Cobbley contradicted this as soon as she knew he was in custody. The fact that he had gone after the £2000 behind her back was the deciding factor. Women, as Piper had noticed, were seldom good losers.

Three years, the judge said, was a very lenient sentence. With remission, Piper thought, he would be out in time for the 1959 Derby and, now he had done his duty to the major, his luck might change.

It was comforting to know that Turnton wouldn't be seeing any more racing unless they had television on the Moor.

(Copyright)

Pounds to shed? Make

RYVITA

your bread!

Makes you fit—keeps you slim

ALWAYS SOLD IN
PACKETS, SO ALWAYS
FRESH



The modern way to a second-look figure.

This summer, why not enjoy the slim styles and good times that go with an attractive figure? Even if you hate dieting (and who doesn't?) you can lose pounds and like it by simply making Ryvita your daily crispbread.

It takes rye to satisfy. Delicious, crunchy Ryvita satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer because it is a rye crispbread. That is why no other crispbread can take its place. Ryvita, Australia's only rye crispbread, is an energising, sustaining food for the whole family. Its whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins give you new energy and zest

for living. You look better, feel better, as unwanted fat is burnt up in healthy exercise.

Delicious with everything you serve. Munchy, crunchy Ryvita makes other foods taste better. Serve it every day in delicious sandwiches, savouries, after-school snacks—or with cheese and salads. Start today!



So wonderful to give—
so welcome to get

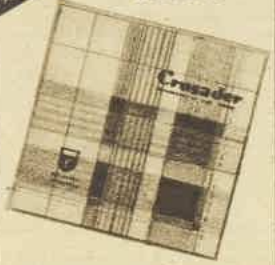
FOR

Xmas



For HER

For HIM



LADIES' Coloured & Floral
Single Cellophane 1/11 1/11
Box of three 5/9 5/9
Box of six 11/6 11/6

MEN'S Coloured White
Single Cellophane 3/3 2/9
Box of three 9/9 8/3
Box of six 19/6 16/6



Manufactured by

PATTON BROS. PTY. LTD., 79-91 SMITH ST., SUMMER HILL, N.S.W.

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER

You'll save pounds, and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet



few gins inside you you'll go on about what a fool you were not to pull out when you had the chance, and become an accountant or a chicken-sexer or whatever you've got in mind..." He looked at David, his little lined, monkey-like face screwed up in amusement. "And the young deputy and assistant pursers will yawn into their glasses and think, 'There he goes again. He's as bad as old Ross with his chicken farm.'"

David flushed. He could not think of any appropriate remark. Fortunately, it was not necessary. Ross went on straight away.

"But don't take any notice of what I say. Chaps only get into mischief from listening to their elders and betters. Why, I remember when I was your age—"

But his story was cut short by the entrance of Ann, accompanied by two stretcher-bearers. The ambulance, they said, was waiting down on the quay.

"Then I'll leave you now," said David. "Goodbye—and best of luck."

"And to you," said Ross with a grin. "You'll need it." Then he made what was for him a remark expressing the highest degree of affection. Still smiling, he said gently, "Try not to act like too much of a fool, won't you?"

They sailed north towards the tropics. The sun moved into a position almost vertically overhead, the hours of twilight narrowed into minutes; the day came and went with sudden violence, like the opening and shutting of a door. The awnings went up on the boat-deck to protect the recumbent passengers from sunstroke.

There was a clear run of ten days before land would be sighted again—in this wilderness of blue motionless sea it seemed like an eternity. There was nothing to look forward to, to think of, to talk about. Social activities wilted in the heat. The ship's life sank into inertia.

During this time, David was mainly preoccupied in adapting himself to his new position. He did not, so far, find any great difference in the work he had to do. Ross had always left most of the routine work to him, anyway. Indeed, one of Ross' great talents was a capacity to persuade others that there was a great deal more work involved in his department than actually existed.

Under ordinary circumstances David would have been grateful for the opportunity to take over the organisation of the department. But these were by no means ordinary circumstances. His personal relations with Julia and Dillon could only be rendered more complex by this unexpected promotion. And if by some miracle of management he evaded trouble from these sources, there was always a possibility of an explosive situation developing among the crew.

One of the most disturbing aspects of his conversation with the captain had been the disclosure that Hume was anxious to help him. That this was no empty promise he found out within the first day of leaving Fremantle. Hume called into the office during the morning.

"Good morning—" he said; and then, with a grin and slight emphasis, "—pursuer."

"Good morning," said David. At least, he remembered with satisfaction, he did not have to call Hume 'sir' any more.

"Like to come along to my cabin for a quick one before lunch?"

"Thanks very much."

David forced himself to reply pleasantly. There was no point in looking for trouble. On the

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 21]

other hand he could not conceal from himself that it was going to be difficult to like Hume. Even when trying to ingratiate himself, the commander somehow succeeded in being offensive.

When Hume had gone out, David saw the two assistant pursers regarding him sardonically from their desks. They were waiting for him to make some comment, but he refrained from doing so; he was not yet sufficiently confident in his new position. He stayed until half-past twelve, and then said to Ackerman:

"I have to go now. Will you take charge of the office?"

"O.K.," said Ackerman. At David left he added, "Enjoy yourself—pursuer."

HUME asked,

"Gin?"

"Thank you." Hume poured out two gins, an ordinary tot for David and a very large one for himself. The disparity, thought David, could hardly be purely accidental. But people developed curious habits on board ship. One got into the way of taking such eccentricities for granted.

"How are things shaking down?" asked Hume.

"No trouble so far," replied David cautiously.

"Bit of a load for you to carry," said Hume, with an elephantine show of sympathy. "You're only a boy, after all. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight." He made no comment, but simply let the words drop as if they were an accusation in themselves. "There are some things you can only learn in the hard school of experience. You don't think so—nobody does at your age. But when you've been at sea as long as I have—"

He never finished the sentence. Instead, he took a gulp from his glass, and looked fixedly at David as if expecting some comment, perhaps even, with luck, an attempt at argument. But David remained silent.

"Of course," Hume went on. "I've no doubt you've got the routine at your fingertips. It would be a bad look-out if you hadn't. From what I can see there isn't much to it, though Ross made it sound like plenty." He put in, with a touch of viciousness, "Most of it's just clerking, isn't it?"

David remembered Ross' advice. Keeping his nose clean was not going to be too easy if he was to be subjected to provocation of this sort.

"There's more to it than that," he said mildly.

"You think so?" asked Hume abruptly. "So do I. Or there should be, anyway. All this berthing and victualling and currency work and what-have-you—that's only part of the job. The other part—the more important part—is dealing with men. Am I right?"

"Yes." David strove to control himself. The difficulty of conversation with Hume lay to some extent in his knack of putting even a correct statement in an offensive way. One had to fight against the temptation to argue with him even when he was right.

"No ship's officer, no matter what his department, is worth a hoot unless he knows how to deal with men. And that—" he said triumphantly, "—is where experience comes in."

David nodded politely. Hume leaned forward.

"Now don't get me wrong," he said, wagging a hairy brown finger in David's face. "I'm not saying experience is everything. You've got to have some

natural talent to start off with. Some people—I'll mention no names—can never learn it. It's not in them. They're soft, if you know what I mean. No confidence in themselves, don't take their job seriously. Once the men feel that, they don't respect you."

He paused again, significantly. Who were these innuendoes directed at, David wondered. The captain? Ross? Ross, most probably.

"But even if you've got that certain thing—whatever it is—I can't explain it—" he was presumably, however, in no doubt that he himself possessed it, "—you still need experience behind you. You learn by your mistakes. I'm prepared," he said handsomely, "to admit that it took me many years to learn what I know today about the handling of men." He picked up the gin bottle and said abruptly, "The other half?"

"Thanks." Once again Hume poured out two drinks, a single for David, something like a treble for himself. Then he went on.

"That's one thing," he said. "The other is this. If you and I are going to do a good job here, we've got to work together. If we can talk over various problems that crop up in a friendly fashion, over a drink, as we're doing today—"

David perceived, with as-

tonishment, that Hume genuinely considered he was taking part in an amicable discussion—"we shan't go far wrong. The captain has plenty on his plate without being bothered with minor administrative matters. He said as much to me only yesterday. So if trouble arises in your department that you can't deal with alone, the thing to do is not to go fussing the captain about it, but to come to me." He regarded David with the simple-hearted bonhomie of a used-car salesman. "See what I mean?"

"Yes. I see."

He saw only too well. It was a very one-sided form of co-operation which was proposed. Under it, Hume would become a sort of unofficial overlord of the purser's department. It had not been suggested that there should be any reciprocal confidences.

David's first impulse was to point this out. But caution restrained him. It was not easy to guess how much backing this proposal had from the captain. Certainly Slade had hinted that he would approve of such an arrangement, though not very definitely. It might be foolish to antagonise Hume at such an early stage. David contented himself with a non-committal smile.

It appeared to be enough. Hume decided that he had

To page 59

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear
... or cut out
ready to make.



"BARBERA"—Front-buttoned dress has a full skirt and pretty guipure lace bodice trim. The material is check gingham obtainable in pink and white, green and white, red and white, blue and white, lemon and white, and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 68/3, 36 and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 38/3, 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 58

made his point, and changed the subject.

"I suppose Ross will have had his operation by now," he said conversationally.

"Yes. They were going to do it last night."

"I hope he comes through all right." His voice took on a certain solemnity. The car salesman was guaranteeing the accuracy of the mileage indicator. "A good fellow, Ross. Of course, I hadn't known him as long as you had . . ." he conceded, "but I took to him right away. I won't say we agreed about everything, mind you—but I respected him and I believe he respected me."

David nodded solemnly. He would have found speech almost impossible at this point. It would, at the very least, make a wonderful story to tell Ackerman and Bodkin.

Hume looked at his watch. "Well," he said, rising to his feet, "it's lunchtime. I won't offer you another drink. No more than two before lunch is my motto." He drained the last of his second glassful of gin.

David at last saw the motivation behind these enormous intakes—evidently the quantity of spirit in each drink was considered irrelevant. "I think you'd be well advised to adopt the same rule yourself," he said severely. "It's very easy to get into the habit of drinking too much at sea."

The official attitude was that the Antigone incident was now closed. The men had behaved badly and been punished for it; a firm line had been taken. Now they would settle down.

Soon there were abundant signs that such facile optimism was unjustified. At first it was nothing more than an atmosphere, perceptible only to the expert. Mistrust and resentment hung intangibly in the air. But as the empty sunlit days passed by incidents began to occur which were of unmistakable significance.

Many of these might possibly have been mere accidents, but others were overt signs of defiance. Every now and then, in some out-of-the-way corner of the ship, the word Antigone would be found, sometimes chalked, sometimes painted, sometimes scratched in the woodwork. So far, apart from obliterating the offending word, the captain had taken no further action.

Of more personal concern to David was the behaviour of the passengers. He observed the usual danger signs without surprise—an increase in trivial complaints and petty squabbles. Attendance mounted at the

doctor's surgery. It was always like this on a long voyage, when the novelty of the experience wore off and idleness became a burden instead of a luxury.

The heat was an added source of complaint, especially among the older people. The third week was well known on the Australia run as a danger period. If it could be survived without serious trouble the rest was usually plain sailing. After Suez the weather was less trying, there was more to see, and the voyage was within measurable distance of its end.

But, for the present, considerable patience was required. Never on any previous voyage could David recollect having felt such an active dislike of his table companions.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The only person to whom he felt no animosity was Mrs. Cranston-Smith, and she was too foolish and too preoccupied with making eyes at Floyd to be of any value in conversation. Between Floyd on the one hand and Mrs. Upjohn on the other had grown up a feud which could plainly only be resolved by the death of one or other party.

The Kelsos remained officially neutral but unofficially staunch allies of Mrs. Upjohn. They whispered to each other continuously over platefuls of salad. Floyd leered at Mrs. Cranston-Smith and she giggled back. Mrs. Upjohn glared at them both in silent animosity. Each day the atmosphere grew more oppressive.

Sometimes David's distaste for his fellow human beings rose so high that even thoughts of Julia proved an insufficient antidote. He met her each day as before, though he found it increasingly difficult to be at ease when they were together in public. Whenever he turned round he noticed eyes averted, voices dropped to a whisper. By this time, he knew well, his romance was not only common knowledge; it was the major item of news to enliven the day's monotony.

It soon became apparent to him that the strain of being constantly under observation was beginning to tell on Julia as well as himself. She was subject to moods, when she would sit for long periods of time in complete silence, hardly appearing to notice his presence. At other times she was

difficult to find. Her usual place on the deck would be empty and he was then reduced to wandering about the ship in the hope of finding her.

On these occasions he had the uneasy suspicion that his pretence of being engaged in an idle saunter deceived no one. Once Floyd, meeting him twice within ten minutes in different parts of the ship, grinned and said, "Looking for your girl-friend?" David, blushing angrily, walked past without replying.

Abandoning the search, he took refuge on the flag deck, a small deck in front of the bridge reserved for the officers. At least he would be able to get away from the stares of the passengers. But here he encountered a situation even more embarrassing. The flag deck was already occupied by three of the junior deck officers—and Ann. They had been playing deck tennis.

Until recently he had been in the habit of playing with them every day at about this time, but after he had met Julia it had seemed a waste of time and he had given it up. Though they greeted him cheerfully, he felt like an intruder. Ann said nothing. Without meeting his eyes she looked over the rail and became unnaturally interested in a school of flying-fish.

She had not forgotten the night when she knocked at his cabin door and he did not reply. He had not realised until now what a decisive moment that had been. Any hope of maintaining a friendship with her on some less intimate plane was now obviously a delusion. After a few lame and disconnected remarks to the deck officers, he retreated to his cabin.

Later, when he reproached Julia with having avoided him, she said, "I'm sorry. I was writing letters."

"Writing letters! You have all the rest of the day—"

"It was too hot earlier on. Besides which, if I want to write letters, I shall write letters. I hadn't made an appointment with you."

"Not exactly. But we usually meet there. You knew I'd be coming."

"If I wasn't there, it was presumably because I was busy doing something else. You were stupid to wander round looking for me—making yourself conspicuous—"

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I see that now. Well, never mind. I won't do it again."

She suddenly said compassionately, "Oh, dear, now I've hurt you and I didn't mean to."

To page 63

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



CRINOLINED FIGURES combine with dainty floral designs on embroidery transfer No. 222 to make delightful decorations for guest towels, traycloths, duchesse sets, and other household linens. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can . . .



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration
Odour-Free
★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient GII, known to science as hexachlorophene.

GII HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with GII, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

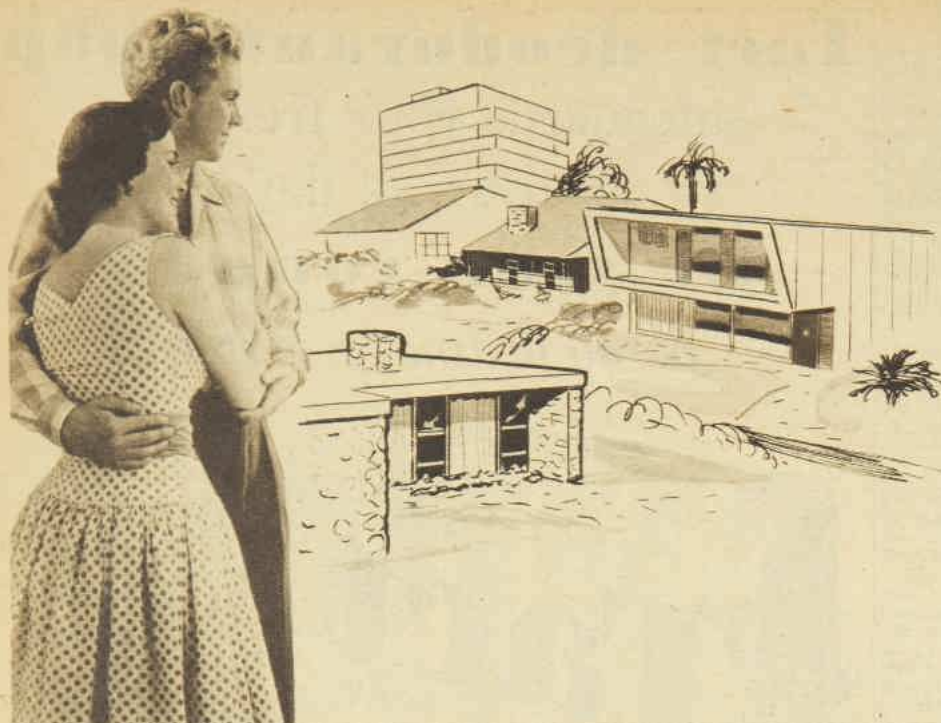
Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. GII is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . and SAVE MONEY!

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1 1/2

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

SO91



Glamorous Living...

... begins with your pride in owning KIRBY-CROSLEY-BENDIX PRODUCTS—the most mechanically perfect appliances ever built. Practical timesavers that will make your home a dream home, a working wonderland where you will have extra days for nothing but fun!



CROSLEY *Shelbrador*

The NEW CROSLEY is excitingly different right throughout. Attractively styled with a keen eye to the future, its smooth sweeping lines will bring new glamour into your kitchen.

3 PRACTICAL SIZES—6 models to choose from, with Automatic Defrosting, the exclusive Crosley Water Chiller and glamorous 'Color-Glo' interiors.

Prices: 11 cu. ft. models from £199/10/-
9 cu. ft. models from £169/10/-
7 cu. ft. models from £159/10/-

A CROSLEY

KITCHEN FREEZER

will save pounds on your food bills. You will be able to buy in bulk and store for months on end.

3 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM—10 cu. ft. upright, a twin to match your Crosley refrigerator—or a 3 or 8 cu. ft. chest-type model. Prices—
from £141/10/-



Gyramatic **BENDIX**

—World's Wonder Washer.

Wait until your friends see the wonders you'll perform with your BENDIX completely Automatic Home Laundry... your clothes so wonderfully white, clean and fresh. Only Bendix heats its own water and, through

Gyramatic balance, it requires no bolting down.

Price: from 198 guineas



KIRBY·CROSLEY·BENDIX



KIRBY Steel Kitchens.

... give you exciting new decorating possibilities and more practical work space. Whether you're planning a new kitchen or remodelling an old one—Kirby Steel Kitchen units will fit snugly into any area—and they last a lifetime.

Prices on request.

KIRBY Adjustable Ironing Table.

... to-day's smartest women use a Kirby Ironing Table—it's quicker, easier, gives better results, helps them fly through their ironing in no time and can be adjusted to any height. You can iron standing or sitting.

Price: £11/18/6

complete with 'Esta-foam' blanket and tailor-made ironing sheet.



CROSLEY CAROUSEL

More than your eyes have ever seen—more than your heart has ever dreamed, the "Carousel" rich in colour, fresh and vibrant, will give you the true realism, the deep, sharp, pure image, the sparkling entertainment you expect from Television. IN 3 GLAMOROUS COLOURS—maroon, beige and grey, with contrasting frontal panels.

Price: 189 guineas
Zoom-a-tenna indoor antenna, 4 guineas
Pirouette legs, 6 guineas

CROSLEY Consoles.

Should you prefer a conventional styling, you'll praise the sheer richness of fine hand-crafted timbers, you'll be thrilled at the Crosley Consoles. They have created the perfect tone chamber—give you a sparkling more true-to-life, living picture.

... they have captured the beauty of three of the most wanted timbers—warm, rich, decorative WALNUT, the luxurious distinction of MAHOGANY and the fresh beauty of cultured MAPLE.

Price: 17" screen, 215 guineas
21" screen, 255 guineas

KIRBY Refrigerated Cocktail Cabinet.

You will create a flair for entertaining when your home boasts of a KIRBY Refrigerated Cocktail Cabinet... a complete refrigerator and cocktail cabinet all in one with glamorous mirrored serving bar, soft strip lighting and finished in handsome Walnut, Mahogany or Maple.

Price: £262/10/- complete

PRODUCTS

Distinguished for Quality and Leadership.

Free Literature for you!
Send this coupon for fully illustrated literature—free and post free—at no obligation.

JAMES N. KIRBY SALES PTY. LTD.
BOX 9, P.O., CAMPERDOWN, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me free illustrated literature on the following appliances... Tick those you require:

CROSLEY REFRIGERATORS	KIRBY COCKTAIL CABINET
CROSLEY KITCHEN FREEZERS	KIRBY STEEL KITCHENS
BENDIX HOME LAUNDRY	KIRBY IRONING TABLE
CROSLEY TELEVISION RECEIVERS	

Name
Address

Good things from Cadbury's for Christmas



5/-

You'll be very popular indeed if you give a 1/2-lb. box of world-famous Cadbury's Milk Tray chocolates. They're everyone's favourite.



5/-

A kind thought . . . the finest chocolates. Cadbury's Selected Chocolates in a trim 1/2-lb. box. Many delicious centres . . . all generously covered with smooth, dark chocolate.



10/-

For that special gift . . . give a 1-lb. box of Milk Tray chocolates. It contains a wonderful variety of rich, tempting milk chocolates.



5/-

Here's a gay, different Christmas gift. Roses Chocolates . . . in the colourful 1-lb. box. Many delicious centres covered with Cadbury fine chocolate.



Give the chocolates you'd like to receive.



10/-

New and special! Roses Chocolates in a smart 1-lb. box. Each chocolate is gaily wrapped in dazzling foil, with a different pattern for each centre.

Look for these boxes with their gay Christmas bands and a delightful range of special packings at your confectioners

AM7/FPC/7

Page 62

(PRICES MAY BE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME COUNTRY AREAS)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 11, 1957

Truly I didn't." She pulled his head towards her and kissed him on the lips. "Do you forgive me?"

"Of course." She sank back languidly among the cushions. "It's so hot. Everything gets distorted somehow — I can't think properly. Do you know it was over ninety this afternoon?"

"Yes. It's always worse with a following wind."

"How long will it last?" "Till Suez, I expect. The Red Sea's usually unpleasant. But that won't be so long now. We shall be in Colombo in forty-eight hours. Have you ever been there?"

"No." "It's a lovely town. I know it well." His voice became eager. "I could show it to you. We could go shopping before lunch. Then afterwards we could hire a car and drive to Kandy. It's a wonderful road, up in the hills. I know some people who have a plantation there. We could call on them."

He looked at her expectantly. After a short pause she said, "It sounds wonderful. I'd love to come."

The excitement at Colombo was considerable. After some indecision the captain had finally decided to put no restrictions on shore leave for the crew, and the passengers, weary of confinement, were going ashore to a man.

The Capricorn was anchored out in the harbor. As they awaited their turns for seats in the launches, passengers and crew haggled with the merchants in the bumboats which clustered against the steep sides of the ship.

David worked furiously in the office, eager to finish as soon as possible the jobs that could not conscientiously be left to Ackerman and Bodkin. Julia had agreed to wait until he was ready. He was just attending to some formalities in connection with the loading of stores when he saw her at the door of the office. He went out to see her.

"Look," he said apologetically. "I won't keep you waiting."

She interrupted, "I'm afraid I can't come with you."

"But why on earth not?"

"I'm so fed up about it." She looked completely crestfallen. "It's my father. He insists on my going with him."

"But surely," said David indignantly, "he can't be as selfish as that? Dash it all—"

"It's not for his own sake. But it seems there are some people he's agreed to meet—on behalf of both of us. The trouble about being in his position is that you have so many social obligations. He shouldn't

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 59

have accepted for me without asking me first, but now he has done it would be terribly rude to refuse." She looked at him plaintively. "You do understand, don't you?"

Numb with disappointment, David could think of nothing to say. This excursion had assumed a great importance in his mind. He had had the idea that once he could get Julia away from the ship the air of artificiality which had always hung over their relationship might be dissipated.

"Yes," he said finally. "That's all right." In the office the agent with whom he had been negotiating about the stores was getting restless. "If you'll excuse me."

After that there was no reason to hurry over his work. He had drinks with Ackerman and then ate lunch in the deserted saloon. Afterwards he felt hot and sleepy; without the sea breeze the air was particularly humid. Before he lay down on his bunk for his afternoon sleep he noticed that the sky, which had been blue all the morning, had begun to cloud over.

He was awakened by a rattling sound, continuous yet of varying intensity, as if someone were throwing gravel against the side of the ship. At the same time the ship heaved a little and a sheet of what appeared to be spray dashed in through the open portholes, soaking him to the skin.

JUMPING off his bunk, he looked out the porthole. It was not spray, but rain. He slammed the portholes shut.

He towelled himself, put on some fresh clothes and went up on deck. Sudden tropical storms of this sort were not uncommon in the Indian Ocean, but while they lasted they were a dramatic spectacle. It would very probably blow itself out soon.

After half an hour the wind dropped and the clouds began to break. It was obviously only a temporary lull. More clouds lay out to sea, more thunder echoed to and fro across the mountains inland. But in the meantime a few boats put out from the landing stage. One of them was a large cabin-cruiser motor launch. It battered its way powerfully through the waves to the Capricorn and made fast to the gangway. Out of it, dressed in an oilskin and sou'wester, stepped Sir Edward Raymond. David looked down, waiting to see Julia. But the launch pushed away from the gangway, and with a burst of power from its engines turned

for home. Sir Edward mounted the gangway alone.

Once under cover, he removed his oilskins and began to shake them. David regarded him with resentment; it was this old man's selfishness which had ruined his day. But curiosity was even stronger. He walked across to Sir Edward.

"Can I help you?" he said.

"Oh—thanks very much."

David took the wet clothes and handed them to a steward who was standing at the doorway of the lounge.

"Take these things away and dry them, would you?"

"Very well, sir."

"I'm afraid they're not mine," said Sir Edward. "They have to be returned to the manager of the Grand Oriental Hotel."

"I'll fix that."

He whispered a few instructions to the steward. Sir Edward was looking out at the harbor with the satisfied air of a man who has survived a dramatic and dangerous experience. He seemed to be in a talkative mood.

"Quite a squall," he said, self-consciously nautical.

"Yes, they're common in this part of the world. Something to do with monsoons, I believe."

"Indeed? Well, it took me completely by surprise. I must confess," he said. "We'd just finished lunch and were sitting over coffee, when a sheet of rain swept through the open door of the hotel and soaked half the people in the lounge." He shook his head reminiscently. "Never seen anything like it."

David expressed polite interest and continued to listen absently as Sir Edward went into a fairly detailed description of his subsequent adventures in the storm. His mind was taken up with speculations about Julia. Why was she not with her father? She had given the impression that they were spending the day together. Had she been with him at lunch? Was she included in that comprehensive "we" who were sitting over coffee when the rain blew in through the door? And if so, what had happened to her since?

"... And they assured me," Sir Edward was saying, "that it was only a temporary lull, so I decided to bolt for the ship while the going was good. Very decent of him to lend me those oilskins."

"Yes, indeed." "The only thing I have a bit of a conscience about is my

daughter. However—she's very used to looking after herself."

Suddenly David was all attention. "Your daughter?"

"Yes." He looked at David, as if for the first time conscious of him as a person. "Of course, you're a friend of hers, aren't you?"

David nodded, in some perplexity. It was plain that Sir Edward knew nothing of Julia's promise to spend the day with him.

"I'd arranged to meet her at the hotel so that we could come back together. However, I left a message and the manager promised to fix up transport. She'll be all right." He smiled. "Not that she'll get much shopping done today."

"I suppose not," said David slowly. He added, with an attempt at casualness, "Was she with you when the storm broke out?"

Sir Edward looked at him oddly. "Good heavens, no. She'd have hardly gone out shopping after that, would she?"

"No, of course not."

"When she left me, this morning, it was blazing sunshine. I should imagine she's stuck in a department store somewhere, waiting for it to stop." He seemed to lose interest in the subject, and in David, simultaneously. "Just about time for a cup of tea, I think." He gave a perfunctory smile and made off for his cabin.

The rain almost stopped, and then started again as badly as before. All through the late afternoon and evening launches went to and fro between the quay and the Capricorn, carrying a mixed cargo of passengers and crew, all soaking wet. David forced himself to keep away from the gangway, not to watch each launch that arrived for Julia.

He would not demonstrate to others, or even fully admit to himself, the depth of his humiliation. She had lied to him. And, what was more baffling, she had lied without any obvious purpose: if she did not want to go with him she could always have refused in the first place, without giving any reason at all. Her behaviour had been not only bad, but inexplicable.

He was determined to demand an explanation, though he could not conquer a certain apprehension about the scene which might follow. He reminded himself that he was the aggrieved party. It should be Julia who was dreading any discussion of the matter. On the other hand, he knew her well enough to suspect that she would not accept reproaches or criticism submissively. The truth was, he realised unhappily, that he did not want to lose her. If she cared less for him that he did for her, she would hold the position of strength, irrespective of the rights of the question.

In his mind he rehearsed conversations, filling in her replies and excuses and demolishing them. He was sometimes aggressive, sometimes affectionate, sometimes superior and understanding. Then, weary of these exhausting exercises of the imagination, he went round the ship looking for her, but without success.

The Capricorn sailed at midnight, presumably with Julia on board, but she was nowhere to be found. The next day he saw her in the dining-room, but she was not on deck in the late afternoon, and did not appear all that evening. He began to wonder whether she had heard from her father of their conversation and was avoiding him.

She was again inaccessible on the following day. David's

To page 69

"All in together"



Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean . . . a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spunk up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.
AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

It's obvious we both use

NUGGET

THE WORLD'S WHITEST WHITE

It's smoother, easier to apply, won't rub or powder off, completely covers grass stains and marks . . .

BIG GLASS JARS

EXTRA LARGE TUBES

CORNS GO FAST

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop corn pain at once. Medicated discs included remove corns. 3/- at Chemists, Grocers, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

P.S. PICTORIAL SHOW . . .

Is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events—price 9d.

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I AM a trained nurse, middle aged, but I often do some nursing work. My son is a jackaroo on a station, and I wrote and told him I was thinking of doing some more work. He replied:

"That's all right, Mum, as long as it's not too hard a job. You know, you're not as young as you look."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. G. Lavater, 94 Waddell Rd., Bicton, W.A.

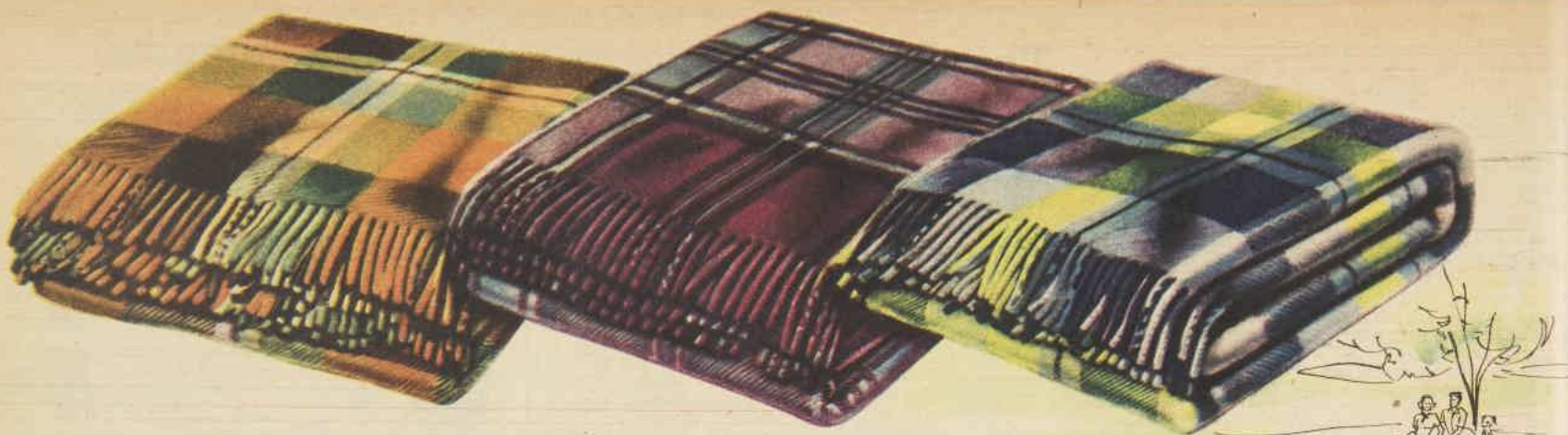
THE BEST BACKHANDER

I HAVE a natural aptitude for handling sick animals, and watching my ministrations to one of these unfortunates one day a friend remarked:

"There's no doubt about it. You ought to be in a zoo or something!"

£2/2/- awarded to M. E. Walker, 19 Bourneville Crescent, Claremont, Tasmania.

Send your entries to The Nicest Compliment or The Best Backhander, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Gay as a highland gathering.....
good for a lifetime of comfort

Onkaparinga

100% PURE WOOL RUGS



Tartan gaiety that's heartwarming as the skirl of the pipes. Pure wool comfort and usefulness that makes your rug an everyday companion, on travel, picnics, or in the home. These unseen value givers are woven into every Onkaparinga Rug... the finest, softest, longest lasting rug you can buy. Choose from 50 colourful Multi-checks, Fascinating Tartans, plain one side for keen clansmen, or double sided for those who love Tartans for their own bright sake. 89 years of manufacturing experience goes into these lovely crease-and-wrinkle resisting rugs. They're perfect for travelling. Perfect for any purpose... Onkaparinga Pure Wool Rugs.



Give an
ONKAPARINGA
RUG
this Xmas

Buy well
Buy wool

Onkaparinga

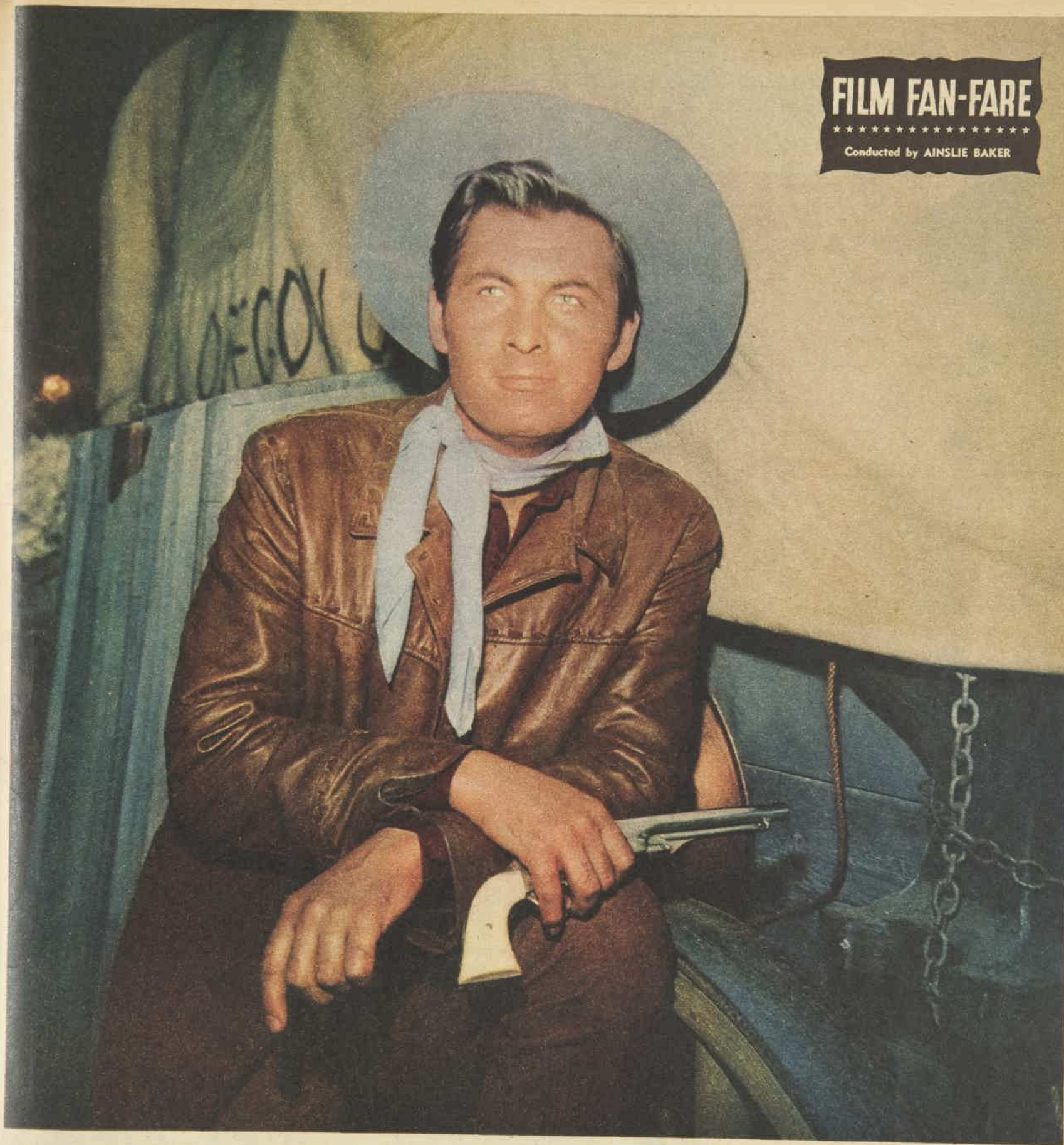
Best in Australia... Best in the World

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

ONKAPARINGA WOOLLEN COMPANY LIMITED
P.O. Box 57a, ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA
Makers of the Famous Onkaparinga Blankets,
Dressing Gowns and Fine Woollens.

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



FESS ON THE TRAIL

★ When he made "Davy Crockett," Fess Parker was living modestly in a one-roomed apartment. Today, one of Hollywood's most eligible — and elusive — bachelors, 6ft. 5in. Parker lives in a spacious bungalow off Benedict Canyon, and has interests in oil wells, a cattle-fodder ranch, and a music-publishing company, all of which pay him handsome dividends.

Fess will be seen soon in his first real Western, "Westward Ho, the Wagons," a Walt Disney Technicolor story of the wagon trains of 1844 pushing toward Oregon. Fess, who has been working hard at his singing, studying with a top Hollywood teacher two hours daily, five days a week, will sing three new songs. Kathleen Crowley is his co-star in the film.



It's
almost
cheating...



to
wear
a
Saville
perfume

but all's fair in love... and
there's nothing so sweet as surrender.
With the magic of your favourite
Saville perfume, it's so easy—
almost cheating...

TUTU—new and disturbingly different.
MISCHIEF—daringly provocative.
SEVENTH HEAVEN—the very breath
of romance.
JUNE—the heart of a thousand
flowers—with a hint of the
Garden of Eden.

Saville

SAVILLE • PICCADILLY • LONDON

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

P.S. PICTORIAL-SHOW...

★ is the magazine that gives you all the news
about show business as well as a host of
interesting pictures about local and over-
seas events—price 9d.



1 SENT to Tokyo as a U.S. counter-intelligence messenger, Wagner learns of a plot on the life of the American High Commissioner. Soon after, his Japanese informant is found killed.



2 TEAMING UP with another U.S. agent (Scott), Wagner's job is to protect the Commissioner and find the murderer of the Japanese. Scott has introduced Wagner to his girl, Joan Collins.

TENSE SPY THRILLER



★ "Stopover Tokyo," latest novel of popular writer John P. Marquand, has been made into a film by 20th Century-Fox. Complete shooting of the picture was done in Japan.

This modern spy thriller, made in De Luxe color CinemaScope, stars Robert Wagner as the American counter-intelligence man, Fannon, and Joan Collins as the girl who loves and loses him. Ken Scott is Fannon's colleague, Barrett, and Edmond O'Brien plays the role of the enemy agent, Underwood.

3 SEARCHING the house of the dead man, Wagner is not suspicious when he encounters O'Brien, and, not knowing he is the man he seeks, lets him leave.



4 MUTUAL attraction between Joan and Wagner grows as they see more of each other. But Wagner, with a job to do, knows he must not become too deeply involved.



5 DURING a search of O'Brien's office by the now suspicious Wagner and Scott, O'Brien unexpectedly returns and shoots Scott in the shoulder. Police, posted outside the building, capture him as he tries to escape.



6 RUSHING to a memorial, where the High Commissioner is about to ignite the flame during the dedication ceremony, Wagner, acting as a photographer, removes the explosives O'Brien has put in the cauldron.



7 DURING a reception that follows the ceremony, Joan tells Wagner she now realizes that to both him and Scott their jobs are more important than any woman.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 11, 1957

This luxurious
66 Set
in lizard grain case
45/-



Give him Gillette

...for years of refreshing shaves

Make his Christmas happy with a handsome Gillette Razor Set—the gift he'll appreciate for a lifetime of refreshing shaves. From the moment he deftly slips Blue Gillette blade into quick-action razor and whisks it over his face, Gillette will give him the most satisfying shaving experience he's ever had.

The smart
Rocket Set in
plastic case
only 12/-



**WHEN YOU GIVE HIM GILLETTE . . YOU GIVE HIM
the world's finest shaving system**

The 58 Set
in rich red
leatherette
32/6



10-Blade
or 20-Blade
Dispensers make
a really practical
Christmas Gift
at 4/4 and 8/8



★★ THE SUN ALSO RISES

Fox drama, with Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Mel Ferrer, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, Robert Evans. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

BETWEEN them producer Darryl Zanuck and his multi-star cast have succeeded brilliantly in recreating Hemingway's "doomed generation" of the early 'twenties, foot-loose in Europe.

In her role, Ava Gardner not only earns superlatives (she is pure, unadulterated Hemingway), but shows herself to have (still) more real sex appeal and allure than any woman on the screen.

Not the most skilful of actors, or attractive of men, Power earns considerable admiration and sympathy with his quiet handling of a most difficult role.

It is impossible to speak too highly of Ferrer, as the rich misfit drawn like a moth to Ava's flame; of Albert, as the good drinking companion; and of Flynn, as the boozy, sponging Englishman to whom Ava is engaged.

Yet it is difficult to put one's finger exactly on why a film that has so much stops short of excellence.

Perhaps it is in the heavy cutting that has gone into the early part, perhaps in the drawn-out bullfight sequences and the loving dwelling of the camera on the colorful spectacle of a Spanish town abandon-

New Film Releases

doning itself to a week of fiesta.

The much-discussed newcomer Juliette Greco establishes herself instantly as an exciting screen personality. Robert Evans, another talked-about newcomer, is commendable in capturing the keyed-up arrogance of the bullfighter. It is a pleasure when Ferrer socks him right on his nasty little face.

In a word: LAVISH.

★ FORTUNE IS A WOMAN

Columbia mystery thriller, with Arlene Dahl, Jack Hawkins, Ian Hunter. Lyceum, Sydney.

QUITE an enjoyable little film results from the investigations of Hawkins, an insurance assessor, into a minor fire at the ancient manor of an impoverished English family.

Not only does it put him in touch again with the owner's wife, Arlene Dahl, an old flame from Hongkong, but subsequent investigations suggest that he's walked into something pretty queer.

Directors Gilliat and Lauder work up a good deal of doubt about faked art masterpieces, a grim old mother, a blackmailer, Arlene's husband, and a second—and this time disastrous—fire at the manor. Despite his bulky presence

and the booming resonance of his voice, this new and frankly romantic Hawkins is someone you'll perhaps like.

No one has ever nominated Arlene Dahl for a best-actress award, but she's so pleasant to look at that it doesn't really matter.

In a word: INTRIGUES.

★ THE MAN IN THE SKY

Ealing-M.G.M. suspense drama, with Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars. St. James, Sydney.

JACK HAWKINS, competent as always, shows up here as a test pilot with a struggling aircraft company in this film in which the end is obvious from the beginning.

The company has Hawkins testing a new freighter, carrying the maximum load, plus two important passengers and crew. The plane develops engine trouble, and everyone bails out except the pilot, who is left with a decision to make—to bail out himself and let the plane crash or to try, against all odds, to land.

There is some fine acting by both Jack Hawkins and Elizabeth Sellars, who plays his wife. But that's all there is.—A.M.B.

In a word: TENSE.

Hollywood battle

IN its effort to boost falling attendances, Hollywood is undecided whether to put its faith in the "ice-water girls" or the "sizzlers" to bring people back into the half-empty picture theatres.

One school of thought is represented by newcomer Suzy Parker and the other by Jayne Mansfield. The battlefield is the world's movie audience and the ammunition is publicity and sex or the lack of it.

The Mansfield supporters believe that out-and-out sex is the answer to getting people back into the theatres. They have launched a campaign of

publicity aimed at building Jayne into a movie queen like Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, and Betty Grable in their heyday.

The other side believes that a red-haired young model from New York named Suzy Parker can become a bigger and brighter star by maintaining the ice-water look of Grace Kelly and of another newcomer, Inger Stevens.

Texas-born Suzy is a former top New York fashion model who took the gamble of walking out of her career to come to Hollywood and take a chance in pictures.

She made her debut in "Funny Face" as the bored, haughty fashion model, and will soon be seen in her first real acting role in "Kiss Them For Me," with Cary Grant and the sexy Jayne Mansfield.

In what is only her second film, Suzy has been given co-star billing, more on the strength of that icy gimmick than on her acting potential, her detractors say.

So while Hollywood vacillates over which type of girl it will be—the chaste, aloof, ice-water, keep-your-distance girls or the earthy, sexy, come-up-and-see-me-sometime girls—film fans are being treated to a battle of hot and cold.



CHRISTMAS WEDDING is tipped for Rita Hayworth and 41-year-old writer-producer James Hill, shown here lighting Rita's cigarette at the Hollywood Press preview of "Pal Joey," in which Rita stars for Hill's company.

THE idea of seeing himself as a Western hero has caused Bob Hope to buy an original screenplay that will show him riding the range. But before this he would like to play a professor of criminology, and has just about decided to do "Experiment in Crime," from the Philip Wylie novel, as his next picture. It would be for independent producer Milton Pickman.



IF SAVING MONEY IS

uphill WORK

JOIN A NATIONAL SAVINGS GROUP

The easy way to save something every pay day is to become a member of a National Savings Group. You just tell the pay office how much you want to save each week and everything is taken care of for you. Your banking is done automatically—you don't have to go to the bank, fill in deposit slips or wait at all.

It's a simple, ready-made savings plan for everybody! National Savings Groups operate in many thousands of businesses, stores and factories throughout Australia in conjunction with ALL Savings Banks. If you do not have a savings account, one will be opened for you at your request.

The sooner you start, the sooner this wonderful savings plan will begin to build up your bank balance. So the time to start saving is now, by joining a National Savings Group.

For information and assistance in setting up National Savings Groups, telephone:

COMMONWEALTH LOANS AND NATIONAL SAVINGS ORGANISATION

Sydney, BX 7131	Melbourne, MF 1941	Brisbane, B 2771
Adelaide, LA 4281	Perth, BA 3113	Hobart, B 7351

determination to see her assumed almost the force of an obsession. He began to grow careless as to whether he made himself conspicuous or not. In the evening she appeared in the dining-room for dinner. He watched her throughout the meal, and afterwards followed her up to the lounge. He found her drinking coffee with the other members of the captain's table; it was impossible to intrude. He sat at a table nearby. He could tell by a slight artificiality of her voice and gestures that she was conscious of his presence, but she gave no sign of recognition.

Finally the group of people at her table began to move. He rose hurriedly and managed to arrive at the door of the lounge at the same time as she did.

"Good evening," he said. His voice came out more loudly than he had intended.

"Oh—hello," she said. It was as if he was a person she had known a long time ago and half forgotten. She appeared to consider the possibility of passing straight by him. But then she hesitated, the others went on, and they were left together.

"Would you care for a walk round the deck?" asked David, wincing at the absurdity of the situation. Like a pick-up on a promenade, he thought bitterly. She was forcing him to act like an adolescent.

She hesitated again. "All right," she said, and moved quickly out on to the deck.

They walked along together for a way. Her shoulders were a little hunched, her head thrown forwards as if she were preparing herself for a dive into icy water. He had the feeling that if he allowed her to complete one turn round the deck, she would consider her obligation discharged and suddenly bolt away from him. He would have to force the issue quickly.

"I haven't seen much of you this last day or two," he said. His voice was still not fully under control. It trembled slightly with agitation.

She chose to misunderstand. "I expect you've been very busy."

"Not particularly. I looked for you often enough, but I couldn't find you."

"I've been around," she said vaguely.

About to accuse her of avoiding him, he realised that he was in danger of going off at a tangent from his main ground of complaint.

"Did you enjoy yourself in Colombo?" he said.

After a slight pause she replied, "Let's not talk about Colombo."

He was taken aback by her effrontery. "Why not?"

"Because I know just what's going to be said. My father told me that he'd met you when he came aboard. Naturally you're angry with me."

"Wouldn't you be angry, if the positions were reversed?"

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 63

"I suppose so," she said indifferently. Plainly this was a form of argument which made little impression on her.

"I think, at the very least, I'm entitled to an explanation."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid that's what I can't give you." As if making a handsome offer, she said, "I'll apologise if you like."

"Do you think that's enough?"

"I don't know. That's for you to say, isn't it?"

It occurred to David that his fears were being justified. The victorious conversations which he had so carefully rehearsed were proving of no value at all. He was prepared to deal with any other form of response—anger, evasiveness, contrition. But this weary indifference disconcerted him completely.

"If you didn't want to come with me," he said bitterly, "why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"I did want to go with you. But something happened. I had to change it."

"Why didn't you tell me the truth, instead of the cock-and-bull story about your father?"

"Because you would have wanted some sort of explanation, and I couldn't give you the real one. I thought the story I told would save your pride. Unfortunately it all came unstuck because of that wretched storm."

"I see."

They walked for a little while in silence. He knew now that there was no object in continuing to press for an explanation. He would not receive one. He could either content himself with an apology or finish the whole affair. The second was the strong and sensible course to take, but he could not bring himself to take it.

He tried to persuade himself that her behaviour was not necessarily inexcusable. She might have some perfectly valid motive which, for private reasons, she was unable to disclose. Or perhaps her inherent theatricality was expressing itself in a desire for secrecy for its own sake. Neither of these was a good explanation. But they were better than nothing. If she would come half-way to meet him he would be prepared to accept them.

"I want to ask you something," he said.

"What?"

"Do you love me at all?"

She paused before replying. "I haven't known you very long, have I?"

"No. But I thought you might have some idea. You see—if you don't—I don't think we have any point of contact."

"Perhaps not." She stopped walking and leaned against the rail. "I don't know. Everything's so very artificial here. One never gets time to look at anything clearly. And everywhere you go there are people watching and noticing. I can feel their eyes on me. It gets on my nerves."

"You shouldn't worry about that."

"I can't help it. I know what they're thinking. No woman likes to be held cheap."

She gripped the rail with her hand and threw her head back. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Julia—"

"It's no use," she said pathetically. "I shall never find anyone to understand me."

"If you'd only give me a chance—"

"But you want to be told everything. I remember you said once that I seemed to know how you felt about some things instinctively without any explanation at all. Didn't you?"

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"Yes. It was true."

"And it meant a lot to you—I can understand that. But I need somebody who feels for me in the same way. And there's nobody."

"I could try—"

She shook her head. "Trying isn't any use. And talking doesn't help either. I could never explain myself properly to you—and if I could you'd hate me."

She looked over the side. After a while she said almost to herself, "The sea looks so inviting. It's calm and peaceful."

Then she turned her face to him. It was contorted with unhappiness. Whether the emotion was justified or not, it was undoubtedly real. In an access of pity he took her in his arms and kissed her face. The rigidity of her body gave way and she fell limply against him, still sobbing.

"Let's go to my cabin," he said.

"No."

"Yes. You must—please."

She appeared to be ready to give way. "I have to go back and show myself in the lounge," she said.

"Well then—after that."

She nodded. "I'll just chat to father for a while."

"Then come down to me. I'll be waiting." He said urgently, "Julia, darling, I love you. I swear I do."

Gently she freed herself from him. "We must go back to the lounge."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

"I see."

the mists which still lay over his mind.

"Julia!" he said.

The woman said nothing. He pulled himself together and sat erect. His mind cleared and he saw the room in focus again. It was not Julia.

Ann continued to look at him without speaking. Her embarrassment was obviously almost as great as his own.

"Sorry," he said.

Conscious of his untidy appearance, he went over to the mirror and began to straighten his tie.

"I knocked," she said apologetically, "but you didn't answer."

"I must have dropped off in the chair," he replied.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you but something rather unpleasant happened, and it may have serious consequences. I thought you ought to know straightway."

"What?"

He looked at her with slight irritation. Her cleanness and neatness, her trim white uniform and collected manner put him at a disadvantage in his present condition.

"Do you know Mrs. Cranston-Smith?"

"Yes. She sits at my table. What's happened to her? She hasn't fallen overboard?"

"Not exactly. She informs me," said Ann, with professional impassiveness, "that she's been attacked."

"Heavens! Does she mean—"

"It isn't quite clear what she means. There's something about a man bursting in while she was asleep and attacking her. . . . She's in a highly excitable state."

"Where is she?" asked David.

"Up in her cabin."

"Who did it?"

"She doesn't know. It was dark."

He pursed his lips judicially. "That sounds a bit unlikely."

"Yes," she agreed, "it does. But I haven't got the whole story. There may be more to it—or less. Either way, somebody ought to look into it as soon as possible."

"Of course." He ran a comb through his hair. "What a thing to happen."

"They called Fellows and myself first. He's talking to her now. He asked me to fetch you."

"Does anyone else know?"

"All the passengers within shouting distance. She screamed the place down. As you can imagine, they're all out there in their dressing-gowns, trying to find out what's going on."

They left the cabin. As they walked up the corridor, he asked, "Who else is in that section?"

"You don't know?" she asked with slight but perceptible surprise.

"No. I can't keep all the berthing arrangements in my head."

"Of course not. It was just . . ." She hesitated. Her voice was artificial with the effort to show no emotion. "I thought—since a friend of yours lived up there . . ."

"A friend?"

"Miss Raymond."

He made no reply. It was an awkward situation between them. Ann's resentment about Julia was apparent in spite of all her attempts to talk in a normal, matter-of-fact way about her. He, of course, knew where Julia's cabin was, though he had never been there. What he did not know from memory, as Ann would have realised if she had been thinking dispassionately, was where Mrs. Cranston-Smith lived.

He looked at Ann, walking with set, unhappy face beside

To page 71

To page 71

To page 71

To page 71

To page 71

To page 71



Protect your sight
with Atlas light

ATLAS

LAMPS and
Fluorescent Tubes



DISTRIBUTORS: VIC.: A. J. Ferguson & Co. Pty. Ltd., 562 Swanston St., Carlton. N.S.W.: D. Hamilton & Co., 36 Chippin St., Chippendale; T. F. Stewart & Co. Pty. Ltd., 231 Clarence St., Sydney. Q'LD.: B. Martin Pty. Ltd., 35 Charlotte St., Brisbane. Synchronome (Atlas Division) Pty. Ltd., 40 Charlotte St., Brisbane. CHANDLERS (Aust.) Ltd., cnr. Albert & Charlotte Sts., Brisbane. S. AUST.: Parsons & Robertson Ltd., 172-174 Pulteney St., Adelaide. W. AUST.: G. G. Martin Ltd., 832 Hay St., Perth. TAS.: Burgess Bros. Pty. Ltd., Franklin Wharf, Hobart. Electrical & Engineering Supplies Pty. Ltd., 9-13 George St., Launceston.

Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious, if you're "on edge" and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value—a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

Sanatogen THE PROTEIN
NERVE TONIC



YOUR SHOES NEED
MELTONIAN
CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS
So good for shoes



... ALSO IN HAND-TUBES

She'll love you for giving her

HILTON stockings

She knows they make her look beautiful



CHOOSE THE STYLE SHE LIKES BEST —

ELATION—

*In lovely Summer colours
PINK MINK, TAUPE, OPALEE,
BEIGE BEAUTY and STAR FIRE,
15 denier sheers — 12/11*

FANFARE—

*Mesh nylons that just can't
ladder—cool and airy for
Summer wear,
15 denier — 16/11*

**WALTZ DREAM
STRETCH—**

*Stretch stockings that will give
perfect fit to all women—
for long wear and comfort — 14/11*

FRENCH 75's—

*Wisps of nylon in three fascinating colours :
BEL AMI, CHERIE and WATERLILY.
The finest, most glamorous stockings of all — 19/6*

Prices vary slightly in some States.

PRODUCTS OF HILTON HOSIERY LIMITED, BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

him, with shame and regret. He would have liked to have been able to explain to her. Explain what? That he was as fond of her as ever before, but that whatever it was that he felt for her had proved unable to stand up against something which, in the present stage of his life, he needed more than mere affection.

He needed, he realised, with a flash of insight into his own condition, to feel something. The intensity, rather than the character, of the emotion was the important thing. It was for this reason, though he had persuaded himself otherwise, that he had started working for Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson had given him fear, Julia had given him desire, frustration, jealousy, disillusion. Ann was in the position of a person offering a glass of wine to a man who craved for heroin. What good would it do to tell her that?

As he followed her up the companionway to A deck, he could already hear the sound of excited voices, and above it a steady, rhythmical sobbing which burst now and then into a more violent sound, rather like a hiccup. He looked questioningly at Ann.

"Yes," she said. "That's her."

They emerged from the companionway just opposite the section. The corridor was blocked with people, most of them in dressing-gowns. In the midst of the hubbub David recognised with misgiving one or two well-remembered voices, notably of Floyd and Mrs. Upjohn.

Ann looked at them and said. "You'd better go out on deck. Once they see you they'll never leave you in peace. I'll ask Fellows to come to you."

David slipped into the shadows of the deck outside the section, while Ann pushed her way through the crowd towards Mrs. Cranston-Smith's cabin. A few moments later Fellows came out.

"Hello," he said. "In hiding."

"I didn't want to talk to anybody until I've seen you."

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

from page 69

"Very wise. It's a real Bank Holiday in there, I can tell you. I practically had to beat them off with my stethoscope." He added apologetically. "I thought you'd want to know about it. There's bound to be a great fuss."

David nodded. "Has she been hurt?" he asked.

"No," replied Fellows carelessly. "In fact, so far as I can gather, there isn't such a lot to it, all boiled down. She's such a hysterical type."

"What actually did happen?"

"According to what I can get out of her she'd gone to bed about an hour ago, and she was fast asleep. Her cabin door was fixed slightly open, on the hook, so as to let some air through. She had the fan and the forced draught full on. They make quite a noise."

"You mean it would have been easy for someone to creep in without being heard?"

"Yes. Especially if she was asleep, as she says she was. When she woke up, this man was bending over her with his face nearly touching hers."

"Quite an experience."

"Yes, indeed," said Fellows.

"For a moment she thought she was dreaming it, then she realised it wasn't a dream and gave a shriek to wake the dead. The man jumped away from her, bolted out of the cabin and off down the corridor."

"Didn't she get a sight of him at all?"

"Evidently not. It was pitch-black, and she was in too much of a state to observe anything." As if determined to be fair to Mrs. Cranston-Smith, he said, "That's understandable, I suppose."

"Did she run out after him?"

"No. She just lay on the bunk shouting, 'Help! Help!' until some of the other women came and tried to quieten her — not with much success. Then Mrs. Upjohn came down and got hold of me."

At the name of Mrs. Upjohn,

David winced. "Does she come into this?"

"I'm afraid so. She has the cabin directly opposite. She's having the time of her life, as you can imagine."

"Yes." There was a short silence. Up to this point David had been sustained by the sense of excitement which accompanies any form of sudden and dramatic activity, irrespective of its nature. Now this purely animal reflex was giving way to a reasoned assessment of the situation, an assessment which could not fail to be depressing. This, he realised, was likely to be a sordid affair under the best of circumstances. Exactly how sordid would depend very largely on the behaviour of the parties concerned. So far, the prospect was hardly favorable.

MRS. CRANSTON-SMITH'S sobbing still continued. It was beginning to get on his nerves.

"She still seems to be making a lot of noise," he observed, irritably.

"Not for long," said Fellows with confidence. "She'll be out like a light within a quarter of an hour, after what I've given her."

David heard a movement behind him. Somebody else had come out on the deck. He turned round and saw Floyd. The lawyer was wearing heelless slippers and a patterned rayon dressing-gown, like a cad in a stage melodrama. He ignored David and addressed himself to Fellows.

"Can I see Mrs. Cranston-Smith?" he said sharply.

"I'm afraid not. She's just had a sedative. In any case," added Fellows with a slight touch of jocular, "I think she's seen enough men for to-night."

Floyd turned on him. "This isn't a time for facetiousness," he said fiercely. "It's a very serious business."

David tried vainly to create a diversion.

"Good evening, Mr. Floyd."

"Good evening," snapped Floyd. He was not to be put off. "A very serious business indeed," he repeated.

"I can assure you I wasn't being facetious," replied Fellows. "I meant exactly what I said. Sister is with Mrs. Cranston-Smith now, and I hope she'll be asleep in a very short time. It would be harmful for her to see anyone."

"I see." Floyd's voice was heavy with disbelief. "I trust this isn't a method of yours of holding her incommunicado."

Fellows looked at him in astonishment. It was his first experience of Floyd. "Really," he said coldly, "I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about."

"I hope not. I can only tell you that any attempt to do so would be extremely ill-advised." Leaving Fellows to digest this vague threat he turned sharply on David. "Now, Mr. Howard, I take it that you are in charge of the investigation?"

David recoiled. He had not visualised anything so formal.

"I came up to see what was going on," he replied, "if that's what you mean."

"Exactly." He swept aside the evasion. "From what I can gather," he said portentously, "an extremely grave offence has taken place."

David tried to control the irritation which Floyd always managed to inspire in him. It was important to be cautious. "I haven't gone into the circumstances fully as yet."

"Well, I should say, the sooner you do, the better. Speaking for myself, I am prepared to give you any assistance in my power."

"Thank you very much," said David without enthusiasm. "Though you don't actually live in this section, do you?"

"No. I was in the next section. I heard Mrs. Cranston-

Smith's screams and came along to see what it was about. I arrived soon after it had happened."

"If you didn't see anything," said David, in a vain attempt to discourage him, "I don't see how you can help us very much."

But Floyd was not so easily discouraged. He was plainly prepared to read a sinister interpretation into any refusal of his services. He gave David a penetrating stare, and then, after a slight, calculated pause, he said:

"Do you know much about the law, Mr. Howard?"

"Not a great deal."

Floyd sucked his teeth triumphantly, as if he had extracted an important admission. "This is a matter of some legal importance," he said. "You may find a little professional guidance of value in due course."

He paused again, expectantly.

"That's very good of you, but . . ."

"Not at all. I'm only too ready to help. Of course," he said significantly, "it would have been better if I had been able to see Mrs. Cranston-Smith tonight. She is a good friend of mine, and I feel sure I could have obtained valuable

information from her. However, the doctor here, for reasons of his own, has decided to keep her in a state of unconsciousness for the next eight hours or so . . ."

"Now, look here—" protested Fellows.

Floyd held up his hand. "It's all right, Dr. Fellows. No doubt you can produce adequate medical reasons for what you have done. My experience is that doctors usually can, and we have to accept them, however ill-advised they may seem to those of us outside the profession, and—" he said acidly, "however unfortunate their results may be."

He turned his attention back to David. "As for you, Mr. Howard, I suggest that you find any other witnesses there may have been, and interrogate them as soon as possible."

"That," said David, his self-control now rapidly disintegrating, "is what I propose to do, as soon as you've finished talking."

Not allowing Floyd time for a reply, he walked into the section and began to push his way through the crowd. Everybody was talking at once.

—And unfortunately I was

To page 74

COLD MEATS

Call for
French's
PREPARED
MUSTARD



No Mix! No Waste!
Ready to serve!

Why pay more? buy the best for less!



4 OZ. TIN 2/5
FAMILY SIZE 4/9



'Way ahead in quality — 'way below in price! Johnson's Baby Powder is so far ahead of ordinary powders that it's a miracle it costs so little. Buy a tin to-day!



Handy twist-top
Seals in fragrance.
Keeps out moisture.



All-metal Container
Ensure freshness to the very last sprinkle

The ONE Powder
made by Specialists in
Baby Care for over 3 generations.

BEST FOR BABY - BEST FOR YOU

Made by JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.



Sunbeam MIXMASTER

This is the gift that eliminates the drudgery from food mixing—saves time . . . saves money . . . pays for itself with the savings made on cakes and biscuits alone. Mixmaster does *all* your food mixing perfectly . . . ensures cooking success *every* time. Available in green, yellow, blue, coral or white. See your nearest Sunbeam dealer today about a Mixmaster for Christmas!

**Give happiness...
Give easier living...**

Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROLLED

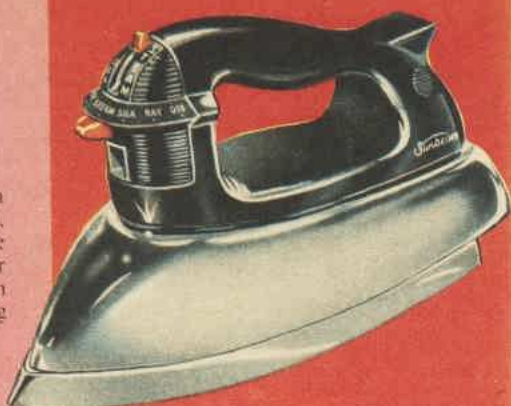
ELECTRIC FRYPAN

Completely revolutionises cooking with amazing Automatic Heat Control! It's the most versatile appliance ever . . . not only fries—but also grills, bakes, roasts, stews, casseroles, etc.



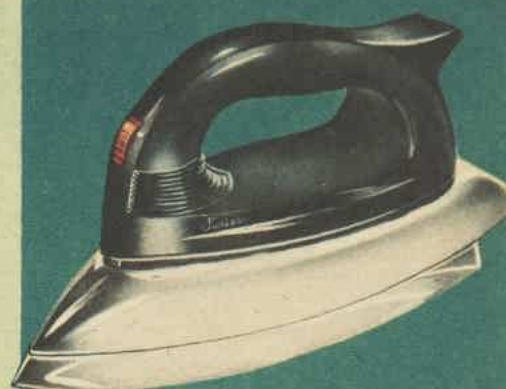
STEAM IRON

It must be a Sunbeam because... it's the lightest, fastest, most comfortable to use. Exclusive all-over cushion of rolling steam gives superior ironing results!



Double Automatic DRY IRON

Weighs only 2½ lbs.—heats in 30 seconds... it's the lightest, fastest automatic dry iron available! Double automatic thermostat gives accurate temperatures... prevents scorching.



Electric BEATER-MIX

Throw away that old-fashioned hand-operated gadget! This powerful, portable electric food mixer puts the pleasure back into cooking. Choose from green, yellow, blue, coral or white.



EGG BOILER AND POACHER

Also scrambles eggs, heats-up leftovers and tinned foods. Cooks snacks and breakfasts... automatically.



Give Sunbeam

COOKER AND DEEP FRYER

Deep fries without a trace of greasiness and is an automatic saucepan, too! Inspires every owner to new cooking adventures... gives a lifetime of easier, better cooking.



AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Perfectly toasts both sides of two slices simultaneously... switches off automatically, then pops toast up or keeps it warm! Provides any shade of toast from light to dark.



Give perfect personal grooming!

MICRO-THIN SHAVEMASTER

Give him sheer shaving satisfaction every day of his life! NEW 20% thinner shaving head now shaves still further below the beard-line than before. Available in two-tone or plain colours in luxury leather packs or in convenient wallets.



Lady Sunbeam

This dainty little electric shaver quickly, safely, conveniently s-m-o-o-t-h-s away hair from underarms and legs... without nicks or cuts, mess or fuss... without the slightest skin irritation. It's the special, personal gift any woman will appreciate this Christmas!

in bed — otherwise I should certainly have seen him —"
"A dreadful thing to do."

"Drunk, I suppose," said Mrs. Kelso mournfully.

Mrs. Upjohn's voice rose above the tumult.

"Sleeping," she boomed, "with the door unlocked — asking for trouble."

"The pair were gel—such a shock—"

"So she says."

At the end of the corridor, leaning against a bulkhead smoking a cigarette, was Julia. She was not taking part in the general conversation. When she saw David looking at her she gave a slight, thin smile and waved her hand at the other women with a contempt which she made no effort to conceal.

She was magnificent in a heavily embroidered flesh-colored kimono, with her mane of auburn hair hanging loosely on her shoulders. She showed no embarrassment at the sight of him. Was it possible, he wondered, that he had misunderstood her, that she had not more or less promised to come to his cabin? He searched her face for some clue to her behaviour. She looked back at him steadily, as if unconscious that any situation existed between them.

He was about to speak to her when he heard the sound of a new voice, effortlessly making itself heard above the others.

"Howard!"

He turned round. Julia vanished from his thoughts as he prepared to face this new prob-

lem. It was not an unexpected development. He had known that it would not be long before news of the event percolated through to Hume.

The crowd made way as the commander walked back towards the entrance of the section.

"What's going on here?"

Before answering, David led him out on deck. Fellows and Floyd were still standing there in conversation.

"You'd better get it from the doctor," said David. "He was here first."

Fellows, welcoming the opportunity to shake off Floyd, walked over towards them.

"What's all this about a woman being attacked?" Beneath the hectoring official manner which Hume evidently considered appropriate to the occasion, there was a perceptible undertone of curiosity.

Fellows told his story again. Hume listened, with occasional grunts. He seemed a little disappointed.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh. Of course," he added, his spirits reviving a little, "that's only her story. I shall have to question her myself in more detail. I shouldn't be surprised to find that he went a bit further than she admits."

David and Fellows said nothing.

"If you ask me, she hasn't told everything she knows," persisted Hume.

"Perhaps not."

Continuing . . . The Round Voyage

[from page 71]

"You bet your life. What's she like to look at?"

"Thirty-ish," said David. "Dark. Not bad-looking."

Hume gave a knowing wink. "You're sure she wasn't expecting the man in question?"

"She'd hardly have made such a racket, in that case."

"I don't know so much. She might have regretted her invitation. What do you say, Doc?"

"I don't know," said Fellows. "Fortunately, it doesn't concern me."

"I'll have to concern me, I'm afraid," observed Hume with a slight pretence of regret. "We'd better get a story from anyone who was around. What about the lady herself?"

"She's under a sedative," said Fellows shortly.

"Knock-out drops, eh? Have to leave her till tomorrow, then. As far as the others are concerned—" He thought for a moment. "No good talking to them up here. We'd better get them to come down to the purser's office. Could you lay that on, Howard?"

Without waiting for a reply, Hume turned and walked away. David glared resentfully at his back as he went down the companionway. The commander was losing no opportunity of emphasising that he still regarded him as a subordinate. Officially, of course, he had no right to do so.

On the other hand, David knew that no good would come of forcing the issue and standing on his rights at this point. A refusal to take orders would only be interpreted by the captain as obstructiveness. And it was, after all, merely a question of personal pride—he had no ambition to conduct the investigation himself. In a matter of this sort the officer in charge had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose. He would be well advised to swallow the indignity and hand over all responsibility to Hume.

Hume took the chair behind the large desk in the centre of the purser's office, with Fellows on one side of him and David on the other. Facing them, on a hastily collected assortment of chairs, sat Mrs. Upjohn, Julia, Floyd, and a certain Mr. and Mrs. Tomelty. Under the bright lights in their night-clothes they looked a grotesque and raffish gathering. Ann, having finally seen Mrs. Cranston-Smith into unconsciousness, entered last.

Hume regarded each person in turn with some solemnity.

"Is everybody here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered David.

Hume studied the cabin plan on his desk. "There are five occupied cabins in the section. The occupants are—Mrs. Cranston-Smith, who isn't here—Miss Raymond—Mr. and Mrs. Tomelty—Mrs. Upjohn—Mr. Osborne—" He gave a puzzled look at Floyd. "Are you Osborne?"

Floyd pursed his lips. Plainly he resented the commander's hectoring tone. "No," he replied thinly.

Hume looked at his berthing plan again. "Then what the blazes—"

Fellows interposed. "Mr. Osborne's in hospital with a carbuncle," he said.

"All right," conceded Hume. "But," he added in what he fondly imagined to be a whisper, "what's this fellow doing here? If he wasn't in the section—"

David saw Floyd preparing to do battle. It would, he knew, require nothing short of a major upheaval to exclude the little lawyer from the investigation and it might possibly be unwise to do so. He would certainly place the most sinister interpretation on any attempt to eject him.

From the point of view of the general welfare of the ship it was advisable to cause as little friction as possible, and, though he himself had not invited Floyd, he had thought it wiser not to forbid him to be present. It was too late now to explain the position in detail to Hume. On the other hand, he felt it necessary to stave off what promised to be an acrimonious dispute.

"It's all right," he said soothingly. "I said he could come along. He was very near when it happened. He—"

He was about to explain as tactfully as possible that Floyd was a lawyer and a potentially dangerous person to offend, but Hume interrupted.

"All right, all right," he said irritably. "If you asked him I suppose he can stay. Though if he didn't actually see anything—"

He shrugged his shoulders as if suddenly tiring of the subject. "Now let's get down to business."

He looked round once again at his audience, this time ignoring Floyd completely.

"As I see it, the situation's pretty simple. The section has the form of a cul-de-sac, shut off by a bulkhead at the blind end. Three cabins on the left-hand side—first one empty, second belonging to Mrs. Cranston-Smith, third to Miss Raymond. Opposite are Mrs. Upjohn and Mr. and Mrs. Tomelty. Am I right?"

EVERYBODY nodded agreement.

"Good. Now you all know," he said, moving into his stride, "what took place—or what is said to have taken place—this evening. Obviously the sooner we find out what really happened the better. I'd like to emphasise that this is purely informal—I'm not taking official statements or anything of that sort—"

Floyd frowned. "Excuse me—"

Hume glared at him under his bushy eyebrows. It was time to put this interloper in his place. "Kindly don't interrupt."

"I simply wish to say—"

"I don't care what you wish to say. So far as I can see you've no business here at all. If you are going to stay, the least you can do is to let me get on without interruptions."

David waited tensely for the explosion, but none occurred. Floyd's eyes glinted venomously, and he took a long, deep breath. "Very well," he said.

Conscious of having dealt resourcefully with this heckler, Hume returned to his speech.

"I haven't spoken to Mrs. Cranston-Smith herself," he said, "because it seems she isn't in a fit state at the moment. However, I'm told that she complained that while she was asleep a man entered her cabin. She raised the alarm and he ran off. She isn't able to give any description of the man. Is that correct?" he asked Fellows.

"Not entirely. She did say that she made a grab with her hand and just touched him. From that she's pretty sure that he was wearing a jersey and a leather belt."

"I see," Hume narrowed his eyes. "That makes it pretty certain that he was a seaman."

"If her observation's correct," agreed Fellows.

"She can't say anything else?"

"That's all I could get out of her. She may be able to give us a clearer idea of things tomorrow."

"Yes," Hume made some notes on a sheet of paper.

"Now, when they heard the

screams various people came out into the alleyway. You, for instance, Mrs. Upjohn?"

Mrs. Upjohn leaned forward eagerly. Her rusty grey hair was bound into a series of parallel bundles by metal curlers, and her nose appeared even sharper and pinker than usual.

"Yes," she agreed. "But unfortunately I was in bed at the time, so I couldn't get out into the corridor immediately. Otherwise I might have seen the man. As it was, by the time I had put on a dressing-gown and opened my cabin door he had just disappeared."

"Just disappeared?" said Hume.

"I heard his steps on the companionway. He can only that moment have left the section."

Hume grunted. "A pity you stopped to put on your dressing-gown."

"I'm not in the habit," retorted Mrs. Upjohn tartly, "of walking about in public in my nightgown."

"No, no, of course not—"

Hume went into apologetic retreat. David began to feel almost sorry for the commander, who had plainly not anticipated what a difficult collection of people he would have to deal with. It was unlikely that he realised the full nature of his problem even now, for he evidently considered that he had silenced Floyd for good and all—a most erroneous assumption if David was any judge.

"But now that you've raised the subject," proceeded Mrs. Upjohn, taking a golden opportunity, "there's something I'd like to say. In my opinion, it's this business of parading round in public insufficiently clad which is responsible for the sort of thing which happened tonight. Girls making an exhibition of themselves on the boat-deck in so-called bathing costumes—"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Sleeping with the door half open—"

Here she paused for a moment to glare meaningfully at Julia. "Asking for trouble. It's not the first time I've heard footsteps down that corridor, I can tell you—"

As David listened, he gave thanks for his own prudence in never visiting Julia in her cabin. It would have been like walking into a trap. Whose footsteps was she referring to? he wondered. He glanced at Floyd, who was gazing at the ceiling as if he heard nothing of what had been said. He was far too poker-faced to be natural.

Hume had finally succeeded in stemming the flow of Mrs. Upjohn's complaints. With desperate firmness he said, "I think I've got your story—that's all we need for the moment." He turned to Julia. "Now you, Miss Raymond."

Julia suppressed a yawn.

"My story's much the same as Mrs. Upjohn's," she said. "I heard the screams and came out of my cabin. But I was too late to do anything."

She spoke as if that was all there was to say, the matter was finished, surely it was now possible for everybody to go to bed? So complete was her assumption, that Hume was about to transfer the question to Mrs. Tomelty. But before he could do so, Mrs. Upjohn spoke again.

"But," she said, turning to Julia with a puzzled expression, "you were in the corridor when I came out."

"Yes—I believe I was."

"Then you must have seen the man. He was only just on the staircase when I got there. He must have been in the corridor a matter of seconds before."

Julia hesitated for a moment. To David, knowing her so well, her confusion was apparent. He



SEE THE
NECCHI
FREE ARM
FULLY
AUTOMATIC
SUPERNOVA



AT YOUR
NEAREST
NECCHI DEALER



P. Bezjak,
167 Sharp Street, COOMA.
William Cooper & Sons Pty. Ltd.,
56 The Corso, MANLY.
David Jones Ltd.,
George St., SYDNEY.
Farmer & Co. Ltd.,
George, Market & Pitt Sts., SYDNEY.
Homecrafts Pty. Ltd.,
650 George Street, SYDNEY.
Kellogg's Sewing Machine Co.,
458 Pitt St., SYDNEY.
Manly-Warringah Sewing Machine
Centre,
24 Sydney Rd., MANLY.
Morley Johnson Ltd.,
546 George St., SYDNEY.
National Sewing Machine Co.,
2a Montgomery St., KOGARAH.
New Era Furniture Co.,
940 Botany Rd., MASCOT.
Olyn's Pty. Ltd.,
208 Pacific Highway, HORNSBY.
Parramatta Electrical & Radio
Centre,
362 Church St., PARRAMATTA.
C. Peterson & Sons Pty. Ltd.,
1108 Pacific Highway, PYMBLE.
N. H. Thorpe & Co.,
471 Hunter Street, NEWCASTLE.
Watford's Sewing Machine Company,
74 Enmore Rd., NEWTOWN.
White's Enterprises,
105 The Crescent, FAIRFIELD.

Retailers
everywhere
are turning to
NECCHI

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

(1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues.
(2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.

"TAN WITHOUT TORMENT"

Contoure
(say CON-TOO-RAY)
BRONZING DISCOVERY

NEW MOISTURE-RICH
SUN CREAM FROM U.S.A.

ONLY 7/6

- Waterproof with silicone — non-oily, non-greasy. Sand won't stick to your body.
- Positively stops burning — screens sun's rays — keeps skin supple.
- Prevents peeling — ideal for children — it stays on!
- Protects you all your outdoor life

SUPERB GOLD TAN QUICKLY!

FROM CONTOURE BARS — LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS

To page 76

It's sew easy, sew simple, now! the new push-button NECCHI

just press the button and **NECCHI** does the rest — automatically!

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But it's not. It's true. Absolutely true. NECCHI has revolutionised sewing. Now NECCHI automatically controls the movements of the fabric and the needle. You just choose your pattern, push the switch, sit back and relax, and watch NECCHI sew and embroider for you. Now NECCHI not only sews plain and fancy, but it buttonholes, it mends, it darns, it monograms, by itself — automatically!

The handsome Supernova. Its sleek functional line — created by a leading Italian designer — has already won several outstanding acknowledgments as one of the finest examples of modern industrial design. The attractive combination of two colours — soft, eye-resting grey and cream — adds to the Supernova a touch of unusual beauty.



This charming frock was made and embroidered on a NECCHI.

Only **NECCHI** has all these advantages!



NECCHI not only does all the work — it does its own thinking, too. By turning the magic "stitch-selector" dial in the lid of the NECCHI accessory box, small windows will show you a sample of the stitch, the "wonder-wheel" to use, and the correct setting for each machine control.

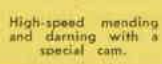


This is the Necchi "cam", the little mechanical "brain" that controls the automatic sewing. It offers you over 200,000 different fancy stitches.

WITH EVERY NECCHI — A LIFETIME GUARANTEE AND 8 FREE SEWING LESSONS!



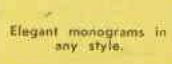
It does buttonholes & it sews on buttons — for keeps!



High-speed mending and darning with a special cam.



Elegant monograms in any style.

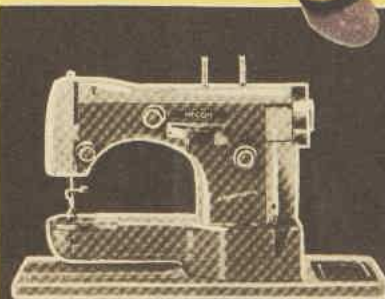


Blindstitching and scalloping with special cams.



It appliques and gathers in a moment.

NECCHI does so much more than other machines. So why settle for less. NECCHI Models from £64/10/0. Small deposits and Easy Payments available.



The new FREE ARM NECCHI fully automatic SUPERNOVA quickly converts to a flat bed machine by an attachable metal platform. The FREE ARM allows you to do all the work of sewing, embroidering, darning on sleeves, socks, trouser pants, etc., quickly and easily.



Standard Cabinet. Beautifully styled, delightfully finished in ash, maple or mahogany. Single leaf, flap-over top.



Contemporary, 5-Drawer, De Luxe Cabinet. Smartly modern—in maple, ash-blond or mahogany finish. Double-leaf, 2-way flap, desk top.



Chair Cabinet. Smartest idea, ever—the chair is actually built into the detachable cabinet front. Flap-over top. Ash, maple or mahogany.



Necchi Supernova Portable. A smartly styled mount with a hand-some, lift-off top. Accessory kit, instruction books and sample - stitch cloth included.

139 Bouverie St
Carlton, Vic.
73 William St.,
Sydney, N.S.W.
68a Railway Par.,
West Perth, W.A.
90 Grote St.,
Adelaide, S.A.
Modern Sewing
Machines,
329 Adelaide St.,
Brisbane, Q'land.

NECCHI
State
Centres

READ THIS
before you
give yourself
another
"SHOCK
TREATMENT"



THERE IS A GENTLE NATURAL WAY to break the laxative habit

Purgatives can harm you! Doctors know that they can be weakening and habit-forming, and that their regular use may irritate and paralyse the bowels. They are quite often the direct cause of chronic constipation and the ill-health arising from it.

Those pills and purgatives in your medicine cupboard were meant to be used only in an emergency. But laxatives can be habit-forming. People who start taking them casually soon find themselves in real trouble. They "need" stronger and stronger doses, until presently they are dependent on a daily shock treatment.

The "price" of purgatives
Laxatives have to be drastic or they wouldn't "work" at all. They jolt the intestine into action, interfere with digestion and nutrition,

and leave you tired, head-achy and out of sorts. Their habitual use paves the way for colds, infections and still more serious consequences. The tragedy is that they only make your condition worse, because laxatives do not — and cannot — reach the cause of constipation.

You must treat the cause
In almost every case, constipation can be traced back to the absence of cellulose material, or "bulk" in our over-refined diet. Bulk plays an important part in the

process of digestion and elimination, by gently stimulating the intestinal walls. Refined foods don't supply sufficient bulk to keep your intestine in regular working order. The only way to restore regularity is to put bulk back into your daily diet.



Minerals and vitamins for health as well as bulk for regularity.

A food—not a medicine

The most pleasant and effective way to get the bulk you need is to enjoy a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal called All-Bran. Made by Kellogg's from the nutritious outer layers of the wheat grain, All-Bran supplies vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron, as well as the bulk you need for natural regularity, without medicines. Unlike harsh laxatives, which can undermine your health and energy, All-Bran actually builds you up while it makes you regular.

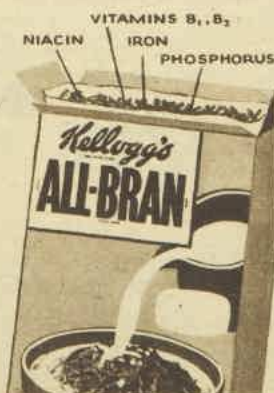


The delicious, easy way to good health and daily regularity without medicines.

Relief from "chronic" constipation

Even if you have been taking laxatives for years, you can break the laxative drug habit. Thousands of unsolicited letters testify to the fact that people who had been enslaved by laxatives for the greater part of their lives have never needed another dose. The answer to your problem is as near as your breakfast table — tomorrow.

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER. Enjoy All-Bran every morning with hot or cold milk. Drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied after ten days' trial, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Continuing . . .

The Round Voyage

[from page 74]

could not tell whether it was equally plain to the others.

"It was dark," she said finally.

"But you must have seen something."

Hume broke in. "Miss Raymond, if you saw this man you must tell us. It's too serious to cover anybody up."

Julia shrugged impatiently. "I didn't see anything clearly — just a shape. Then in a moment he was gone."

"A shape . . . Was it a large man or a small one?"

Again she hesitated. "Rather small."

"Fat or thin?"

"Small and thin. That's as much as I can say."

"Dark or light clothes?"

"Dark."

"Well," said Hume with satisfaction, "we're getting a little further on. Do you think you could recognise him again?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"Did he go up or down the companionway?"

"I couldn't be sure." Then she seemed to take a decision.

"Up, I think."

Hume raised his eyebrows. "He went upwards?"

"I think so."

He looked at her suspiciously. "That seems a most unlikely direction for a seaman to run away. His instincts would be to go below as quickly as possible."

Julia made no reply. David could not help feeling (as Hume himself obviously felt) that there was something wrong about her story. Was it really possible that the seaman had fled upwards, towards the boat-deck, where he had no business to be, and was very likely to be noticed from the bridge? Or was she lying, deliberately telling the reverse of the truth, so as to keep the man out of trouble? And if so, why?

Hume watched her intently for a moment. She returned his stare. "That's all you have to say?" he asked.

"That's all," she replied.

"Right." He scribbled on his sheet of paper and turned to another quarter. "Now, Mrs. Tomelty . . ."

The tension dropped. Mr. and Mrs. Tomelty, a middle-aged Australian couple who shared a cabin next to Mrs. Upjohn, had nothing of any real interest to add. They had come out into the corridor just after Mrs. Upjohn and seen no more than she had.

The interrogation became repetitive and tedious. It seemed to David that Hume was dragging it out, reluctant to abandon his presidential position. But finally he reached the point where there was nothing further to be said. It was already two o'clock in the morning. Surely he would have to let them go soon?

Hume appeared, reluctantly, to be reaching the same conclusion. When he had finished with the Tomelty's he shuffled the papers on his desk and was on the point of adjourning the meeting. It might have been better if he had done so. But he felt the necessity for rounding it off with a little speech.

"Well, there we are," he said, summing-up. "Not much to go on, I'm afraid, but it's as far as we can get tonight. I'm sure you're all very tired and anxious to go to bed and I won't keep you any longer. I want to thank you for the assistance you've given me. I'd also like to ask you to say as little as possible to your fellow-passengers about this unfortunate affair."

"We shall have to go into it more thoroughly, of course, when we have a statement from Mrs. Cranston-Smith. Until then, the less said the better."

He added knowingly, "I've had

experience of this sort of thing before at sea. There's always the possibility that Mrs. Cranston-Smith might withdraw her accusation tomorrow."

Floyd, who had sat silent and impassive since his previous passage of arms with Hume, suddenly leaned forward. "I'm sorry," he said, with a puzzled simplicity which, to anybody who knew him, was quite obviously assumed. "I don't follow what you mean."

David tried to signal to Hume. He was sure that danger lay in wait, though he could not yet see the precise form it would take. There was a sinister gleam in Floyd's eye which promised no good to anyone. After the snubbing he had received, he would take any possible opportunity of making trouble.

HUME was oblivious of any danger. He seemed to have forgotten his previous treatment of Floyd, or was perhaps under the mistaken impression that Floyd had accepted the rebuke in good part and would bear him no grudge. He adopted a patronising, man-of-the-world attitude.

"Well," he said confidentially, "you know how it is, especially in hot weather like this—the women get a bit excitable. Sometimes they complain they've been attacked, but when it comes down to it—"

he gave Floyd something approximating to a wink. "It turns out that the man in question isn't quite such a stranger as they made out."

"I see," said Floyd naively, a man grateful for instruction. "And you infer that such an explanation is quite likely in this case?"

"Well—" Hume grinned. "It's a possibility, isn't it?"

Floyd sat back in his chair, crossed his legs, and swept his dressing-gown round him like a toga. He bared his teeth at the commander in wolfish satisfaction. The trap was sprung, his expression said—there was no need for further dissimulation.

"Your name," he said softly, "is Hume, I believe?"

Hume looked back at him in astonishment. The counter-attack had found him completely unprepared. "Yes," he said.

"Well, Mr. Hume," said Floyd, rising to his feet and beginning to pace up and down the office, with his eyes always on the commander, "I don't know whether you are aware of it, but I am a barrister-at-law. I am also a good friend of Mrs. Cranston-Smith. I have to inform you that what you have just said is a gross and inexcusable slander."

Hume rose from his seat. His face was almost purple with rage and alarm. "Now, look here—"

Floyd ignored the interruption. "In front of an audience of one—two—four—six—eight people you have inferred that this perfectly respectable lady is the type of person who entertains men in her bedroom. I shall naturally advise Mrs. Cranston-Smith tomorrow of what has occurred, and she will then be able to decide on a suitable course of action. I am bound to say that in my opinion she has a cast-iron case for obtaining heavy damages."

He paused for a moment, surveying the rest of the people in the office. They regarded him speechlessly. Satisfied with his effect he smiled around him and walked to the door.

"Good-night all," he said.

To be continued

F4724.—Matron's front-buttoned one-piece dress designed on tailored lines and trimmed with a lace applique. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 4 lace appliques. Price 4/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4732.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's summer dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years for lengths 18, 20, 23, 28, and 34in. Requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

F4749.—Lace-trimmed bed-jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace. Price 3/-.

F9700.—Front-buttoned one-piece dress finished with a rick-rack braid trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. braid. Price 3/9.

F9868.—Dress jacket ensemble. The dress slender and belted, the jacket bosom-length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4719

F4038.—Smartly styled afternoon dress finished with a pretty portrait neckline and two skirt panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4038

F9868

F9700

F4724

F4732

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 609—ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress, featuring one of the new bateau necklines and flattering shirt fullness, is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes grey, green, and white; grey, lemon, and white; red, blue, and white; green, red, and white; green, brown, and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 40/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 40/9. Postage and registration 8/6 extra.

No. 610—ORGANDE THROWOVER

Pretty organdie throwover is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with flower-basket motifs. The material is organdie, the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and pale green. The lace edging is not supplied. Size 36 by 36in., price 7/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 611—TABLE RUNNER

The table runner is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. It is lace-trimmed, and has unusual heart motifs. The material and color choice include cream and white Irish linen and sheet linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 11 by 36in. Price, 7/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 612—BOY'S SHORTS AND MATCHING JACKET
Practical twosome designed for the 3 to 8 years age group is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, green and white, and brown and white. Sizes: 3 years 17/9, 3 to 4 years 18/6, 5 to 6 years 19/3, 7 to 8 years 20/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

612

609

610

611

Faulding

EXQUISITE

Perfumery

the Gift

TO PAY THE PERFECT COMPLIMENT



1/8 to 10/-

Faulding LAVENDER & MUSK—An ever favourite—fragrant and appealing. Attractive gold wrap.



12/6 ea.

Faulding LAVENDER PORTRAIT—Novelty pitcher bottle in rich oval plastic frame.



9/3 and 12/6 ea.

Faulding EAU de COLOGNE—Refreshing and cool. Always popular.



35/- ea.

Faulding DECANTERS—Modern, superbly designed decanter of Lavender, Lavender and Musk, or Eau de Cologne.



24/3 ea.

Faulding WICKER DEMIJOHN—Eau de Cologne. Colourful and gay—a happy gift.



7/6 and 12/3 ea.

Faulding LAVENDER—A delicate, exquisite perfume. In gold wrap.



3/4 ea.

Faulding CHRISTMAS CARD—Perfumery—Handbag bottle on Christmas Card—ready boxed for mailing.



24/3 ea.

Faulding WICKER BOTTLE—Decorative and gay. Lavender and Musk, Lavender, or Eau de Cologne.



15/- ea.

Faulding SPRAY PACK—Dainty spray bottle of Eau de Cologne in attractive carton.



8/- box.

Faulding LAVENDER & MUSK SOAP—3 cakes individually wrapped in gold foil box.

MAKE HIM REALLY HAPPY WITH

the practical gift he would choose for himself.

HAWAIIAN STROLLERS

CASUALS and SANDALS by REGENT



Select from the wide range of styles at all leading shoe stores

For brighter parcels, gayer decorations! Make sure it's festive

CHRISTMAS "Sellotape"

REGD. TRADE MARK



Christmas 'Sellotape' makes wonderful party hats, gives balloons new appeal. You can tape tree decorations and trim the woodwork, too! Make sure you insist on Christmas 'Sellotape'—it's the tape that says "Merry Christmas" every time you use it!

TAPE IT RIGHT! TAPE IT BRIGHT!

... this Christmas



Brighten up your Christmas envelopes the way they do in America. Colourful Christmas 'Sellotape' sticks at a touch and stays stuck. Remember, too: Packing gifts is half the fun! Gay Christmas 'Sellotape' brightens up the dullest wrapping!



MANY WONDERFUL DESIGNS TO CHOOSE FROM

WR652

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is unaware of the dangerous adventure which lies ahead of him when he hears rumors that gamblers are behind the gang war and shootings in the city. The powerful racketeer "Honest" John is in town and is openly advertising the fact that he plans to run a gambling casino despite the fact that gambling is illegal. "Honest" John remains cool and collected when questioned by the Chief of Police, and even offers to invite him and Mandrake to the opening of his casino. Mandrake wonders just what the gambler is up to. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1957



Cerebos
SALT

IN ITS
IODISED
FORM it guards health, assists to
prevent and guard against goitre.



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS



So convenient—so effective

SNO-MIST
POWDER-SPRAY
DEODORANT

THE
BEST COOKS



FAULDING
essences

TEENA by *hilda terry*

DOESN'T HILARY HEARTBEAT
LOOK JUST LIKE THAT LIFE-
GUARD WE HAD
THE CRUSH ON
LAST SUMMER?



HMM... A
LITTLE... BUT
I THINK HE
LOOKS MORE
LIKE BUGJUICE.

OH, BUGJUICE! HOW
CAN YOU STILL LIKE HIM
AFTER THE WAY HE
TREATED YOU AT THE
CARNIVAL... EATING
UP EV'RYTHING HE
BOUGHT YOU?!



OH, HE'S NOT SO BAD...
I SHOULD'VE GONE T'TH'
PROM WITH HIM INSTEAD
OF HARRY... AT LEAST
BUGJUICE GETS HUNGRY!
ALL HARRY WANTED
TO DO WAS GO
WALKING AFTER-
WARDS.

ALL YOU GIRLS EVER THINK
ABOUT IS **BOYS, BOYS, BOYS!**



WHY DON'T YOU GO OVER AND VISIT
WITH VICKY? I NOTICE SHE HAS A
ROOM FULL OF DOLLS!



I'M SURE HER
INTERESTS ARE MORE
SUITABLE TO GIRLS
YOUR AGE...

H'LO, VICKY... MY
MOTHER SENT US OVER
TO PLAY WITH YOU
AND YOUR DOLLS.



I KEEP POPSY HERE,
BECAUSE HIS EYES
REMINDE ME OF
HAROLD—



—AND THIS IS THE
SOUVENIR DAVID WON FOR
ME AT THE CARNIVAL—



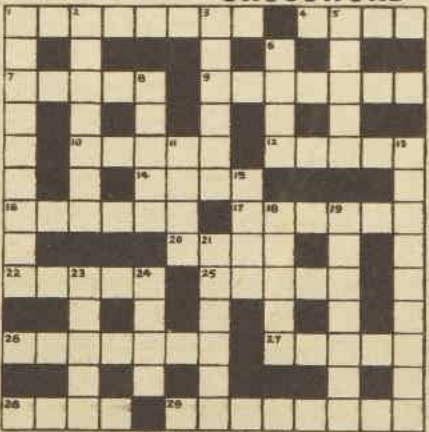
—AND THIS ONE
GEORGE BOUGHT ME
WHEN WE WENT TO
THAT NIGHT CLUB
AFTER THE PROM...

- ACROSS**
1. River which can be sweet and brown, and to be found in a dream era (8).
 4. They are very good friends, and when broken up they are subject of mythology (4).
 7. Poison, though the inside says "no" (5).
 9. Small falcons one of them was greatly valued and liked by Arthur (7).
 10. Moves easily as an outsider could do it if not out (5).
 12. Paid out by using a pen before tea (5).
 14. Always to be found where Eve remembers (4).
 16. Breathe in, not forgetting the beer attached to it (6).
 17. To implant use fin (6).
 20. Where you talk when you talk through the back of your neck (4).
 22. You find them in a church or in the middle of wheels (5).
 25. A saint to set trials when turned (5).
 26. Criminal to be found among Hamburg larrikins (7).
 27. Thomas Hood sang its song (5).
 28. British Crown Colony in a novel (4).
 29. A Poet Laureate shortens (8).

RESTRAINT OR
MAR EDDIE
SPECIMENS
TINK RINGE
GRILLER
EREST STRAIT
AND BEARS
GOLETT BARR
N U A YOUNGER
OAREO NV
M I STATIONER
ELATE OYER
N U TARNISHED

Solution of last week's crossword.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

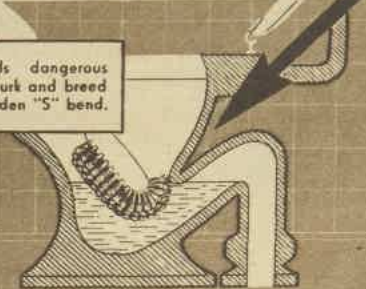


Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN**
1. A pearl-fisher's electric charge used as relaxation (9).
 2. Sole ruler of my French curve (7).
 3. A Morse signal can be branching (6).
 5. Suppose you put a pin in the middle (5).
 6. They deal with humanities though they contain rats (4).
 8. Example of thousand on the mixed dole (5).
 11. It's opposed to odd, yet it is in seventeen, which is odd (4).
 13. Combustible mixture of aluminium which has the merits (9).
 15. Fully developed with a tear on the top (4).
 18. Snuggeries in the commonest suburbs (5).
 19. Lin's gun (Anagr., 7).
 21. Vibrating hot bar (6).
 23. Border with a unit of work in the centre (5).
 24. Only a fish under the foot (4).

No brush can clean
around this dangerous
HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous
germs which lurk and breed
round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright
with a little **HARPIC** every night



HARPIC disinfects and
deodorises—as it cleans

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

**NEW BOOKLET ON
Varicose Veins**

Now you can have walking comfort in featherweight Lastonet Nylons that give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. Lastonet (combined elastic and nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely. For extra relief, apply highly effective Varicosan Chlorophyll Ointment.

★
Knee-length Nylons, 39/6
Thigh-length Nylons, 49/6

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
W.W.N.T.

In the traditional style
—in the home for a LIFETIME



In Swan-Cromalin plate or polished aluminium. Black plastic lid. Holds 6 cups. See these at your store.

SWAN BRAND

Willow
TEAPOT

BULPITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

Arnott's

famous

Nice Biscuits



Floats at the
MARDI GRAS
Carnival at NICE
(Shrove
Tuesday) is the last day
of the Nice Carnival.

ARNOTT'S NICE BISCUITS

So crisp, sweet and dainty;
with a fine, sparkly coat of
sugar, reminiscent of the
sparkle of the blue Mediter-
ranean. They don't need any
preparation and that's what
makes them just right for
picnics and parties and that
quick cup of tea.

There is no Substitute for Quality.

